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Seen and Heard

LOUIS N. MEGARGEE, Publisher

Vol. I.

Philadelphia, October 9, 1901

No. 40

Subscription, \$2 per year.

Published Weekly at 806 Walnut St.

What is nowadays known as Philadelphia journalism is rushing forward with such Cresceus-like rapidity that the New York newspaper fakirs will hereafter be obliged to hide their diminished heads and no longer refer to the godly City of Penn as being slow and unprogressive. Compared with the latest feat of a trio of timid scribes of Philadelphia, the kidnapping and the despoiling of her glittering adornments of a modern Aspasia, the daring of Monte Cristo's brigand friend of the Coliseum, Luigi Vampa, pale into insignificance.

Bless my fading eyes and gray hairs, what are these boys of the Quaker City press coming to? Ross Raymond, a forceful, vigorous writer; a man of exceptional mentality, with all the

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possibilities of a brilliant future before him, is whiling away part of his wasted career in Sing Sing Prison for forgery, or fraud of some kind or other.

Daniel Mills, Jr., with many friends and happy domestic conditions, is a fugitive from his family, a police court warrant hanging over his head, carrying away with him more than twenty thousand dollars as the proceeds of four plays with a fifty cent piece on the roulette table.

Henry Burchell is a pariah in his chosen profession; haled before a police court on suspicion of having participated in the proceeds of the purloinings of the woman who loved him.

Now, Sloan and Wallace and Finlay—although perhaps the latter as a stenographer in a business office cannot fairly be placed in the journalistic category—have predistinguished themselves by an accomplishment in crime that has taxed the credence of old-time detectives, and that has made professional criminals of what are known in novels as of the deepest dye, look

like a speck of sand in the middle of the Sahara Desert.

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And for what?

Is there any one among you, young or old, who can give an explanation of the motives that actuated these young men or an intimation of the grooves along which their mental forces traveled? Bear in mind that this trio and the men previously mentioned were not driven to any of their acts by want. From the top of the list down to the bottom they all wore good clothes, better than good; they wore jeweled pins in their scarfs; they smoked good cigars; they always carried the price of so-called hospitality in their clothes; they were not the associates of professional criminals, and, in fact, their associations were for the greater part elevating.

What moved them?

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The mental physiologist will answer that these men are moral perverts. Well, that is a good general, scientific way of saying that a man is thoroughly and irretrievably bad, but what will

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explain the audacity of this kidnapping episode and its chief participants being calmly found, one in the pursuit of his occupation and the other lounging in his home, with the jewels wrested from the woman's person openly displayed upon them with not the slightest effort of concealment. Is it not inconceivable that those with the audacity to carry such a crime into effect could have been guilty of such laxity in protecting themselves from the punishment thereof? Why, certainly it is.

One who knows Sloan, and one who knows Wallace, and who knows their weaknesses and their incapacities, and that is the one who is now talking to you, does not hesitate in putting himself on record in saying that a master-hand and a dime novel mind gave them the inception of their criminal enterprise and guided their actions, and has been thus far clever enough to partially keep himself in the background. This is no effort to work out a Sherlock Holmes proposition, but a scheme that began so boldly and ended up so weakly betrays the hidden presence of one who supported

the beginning and failed to uphold its latter part.

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Tyros in crime, infants in infamy, would not have fallen as quickly beneath the inquiries of the police authorities as did these men who from the surface of the story you would imagine possessed the courage of tigers.

The moment the boy Finlay was brought before Chief of Detectives Miller and subjected to that persistent official's inquiries, he pitifully broke down and betrayed Sloan. The moment Sloan was taken into custody and put through a similar course of inquiry he betrayed Finlay, and then the two betrayed Wallace, and then all three betrayed the barber, Dunlop. Did men such as these devise a scheme that surrounded an ordinary robbery with scenes and incidents of unnecessary dramatic fervor. The woman could have been robbed the first night just as well as on the third. She could have been more easily despoiled in her house of infamy. But no, there must be long drives, and there must be secret incarceration and

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there must be changes from one abode of imprisonment to another, all betraying that somewhere back of all this was a mind dominated with dime novel exaggerations of how everything in life should be accomplished.

Sure as the narrator is talking to you such a person exists.

He may have been clever enough to cover his tracks. He may hold his associates in subjection, but if ever discovered he will be found a man of absolute courage, moral unconsciousness, mental quickness, and with a brain moved by, for want of one thousand other words of explanation, a dime-novel impulse.

* * * * *

Of course, not one among the four men, without exception, engaged in this kidnapping case are entitled to the slightest sympathy, and to this Wallace should be made no exception. He more than all the others had great opportunities in his career, and came from a line of ancestors who figured prominently in the life of Philadelphia. That makes his participation in the crime more infamous. Talk about his

being led astray by the others is idle when falling upon the ears of some familiar with his ways.

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And there, speaking of the relatives of these young men, is the woe and the pity of it all.

Finlay's parents have ever enjoyed the esteem and respect of those who have known them for many years. Upon them falls the blow most heavily. Then think of the stain that Wallace has brought upon an honored name without the slightest reason for temptation. The story of his family is part of the history of Philadelphia, and especially part of the history of the publications of its laws.

The Legal Intelligencer is the oldest law journal—of course, journal is a misnomer for a weekly publication, but still it is a term that is generally violated—in this country, and it was established by Henry E. Wallace, the prisoner's grandfather, on December 2, 1843, and was conducted by him until his death in 1879, when its management was undertaken by the prisoner's father, J. M. Power Wallace, who is still alive, as is also his mother. Henry E. Wal-

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lace made the publication an almost mysterious power in legal circles and a source of considerable wealth. He appeared to be, from the publishing point of view, among the judiciary a force similar to that represented by District Attorney William B. Mann. By obligatory laws it was made pre-requisite to the advertising of Sheriff sales and all sorts of legal notices, no matter what daily newspapers they might appear in, they should be presented in the columns of the *Legal Intelligencer*, and otherwise it would be considered that no legal publication had been made. Of course, this was a source of a very large income, the advertising rates also being fixed by law.

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Various efforts were made to wrest this power and this advertising mine from Henry E. Wallace. King & Baird attempted to do it with the *Legal Gazette*, but after the publication of eight volumes retired in chagrin. The *Weekly Reporter*, which followed, gave up the ghost after an issuance of five volumes. E. L. Boudinot began the issuance of the *Weekly*

Notes of Cases in 1874, but that publication, after courageously struggling with forty-four volumes gave up the ghost a few years ago. Henry E. Wallace also started the publication of *Philadelphia Reports*, the first eight volumes of the twenty which are now in print being issued while he was alive. His son, however, did not appear to possess the business strength of the father, and the *Legal Intelligencer* fell into the hands of Edward P. Allinson, now deceased, and his estate is probably still interested in the *Weekly*.

With these ancestral conditions and with every aid of education and wealth young Wallace, who figures in the kidnapping enterprise, has without the slightest shadow of an excuse thrown away every opportunity life and good fortune presented to him.

Explain this if you can.

A Respite for the Benedictines

That the French folks like their palates tickled and love their stomachs was never more thoroughly demonstrated than by the governmen-

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tal order granting a reprieve to the Benedictine Monks from the law expelling the religious orders in France. This is not a religious tribute to this famous association, but is due entirely to the fact that the liqueur which bears the name of Benedictine has as its basic principle the growth of certain herbs, which since the sixth century have been profitably produced in the soil of Normandy, principally near the Monastery in Fecamp. Such condition of earth and climate cannot be found at a moment's notice, and to obliterate the amber drops of the beneficent Benedictine cordial from the lips of bibible delights—perhaps gustatory delights would be a better term, for the precious fluid is for the palate and not for the thirst—might lead to a revolution among the excitable Gauls who have revolted against authority upon much less provocation. However it be, the Benedictines remain, and probably their going is a long time away.

The readers of SEEN AND HEARD have been told before that the elimination from the world's liquid products of the Benedictine cor-

dial would mean little to the people of America, for the reason that there is a firm in Cincinnati, moved with such kindly impulses, that it will supply to all who will apply—C. O. D.—bottles similar to those in which the famous liqueur of the monks of Normandy is inclosed; corks and caps and labels and seals all in exact similitude of those which cross the ocean—with the omission of one letter upon the label to protect these kindly gentlemen from the rigors of the law—and give to the buyer the privilege of placing within the flask any poison he chooses to concoct. Or, if the purchaser does not feel fitted for the task of mixing, the Western philanthropists will themselves fill the bottles; cork, cap, seal and deliver them at about one-fifth the cost of the genuine article. They actually send broadcast a price-list in which they advertise that they will sell an “essence” of Benedictine cordial for thirty-five cents an ounce. It is safe to say that in the City of Philadelphia there are not eight public places that contain a bottle of the true Benedictine cordial.

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Yet some people wonder that there are vacant cells in jails.

* * * * *

Let us get away from this asthmatic atmosphere of frauds and infamy and get our minds into the freer atmosphere of the Benedictines.

Who are they?

That is too long a story for us to engage in, but it may surprise many of you to know that the order has its convents as well as its monasteries.

Of its founder, St. Benedict, Victor Hugo enthusiastically wrote: "He is the Patriarch of Monte Cassino; he is the second founder of the Claustal Holiness, the Basil of the West. His order has produced fourteen popes, two hundred cardinals, fifty patriarchs, sixteen hundred archbishops, forty-six hundred bishops, four emperors, twelve empresses, forty-six kings, forty-one queens, thirty-six hundred canonized saints, and has existed for over fourteen hundred years."

* * * * *

So much, however, has been written about the

Benedictine Monks that something concerning the Sisters of the order may prove of more general interest, and nowhere is this information more engagingly and instructively given than in Victor Hugo's "Les Miserables," which greatest of all novels possesses historical as well as romantic value.

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It is into the yard of a Benedictine Convent that Jean Valjean, the galley slave who, through Monsignor Welcome's silver candle-sticks, became a saint on earth, escaped with little Cosette from the implacable Javert and the pursuing gendarmes, and it was there as assistant gardener to Fauchelevent that he remained hid for years while Fantine's daughter was educated by the good Sisters.

Apropos of this incident in his literary monument, Victor Hugo spoke thus—part only of it is repeated to you—of the institution on whose surrounding grounds Jean Valjean toiled.

* * * * *

"This convent, which had existed for many years prior to 1824, in the Little Rue Picpus,

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was a community of Cistercians belonging to the order of Martin Verga.

"These Cistercians were not attached to Clairvaux, like the Cistercian Monks, but to Citeaux, like the Benedictines. In other words, they were the subjects, not of St. Bernard, but of St. Benedict.

"Any one who has ever turned over old folios knows that Martin Verga founded, in 1425, a congregation of Cistercian-Benedictines, whose headquarters were at Salamanca and of which Alcala was an offshoot. This order sent out branches through all the Catholic countries of Europe.

"Such a grafting of one order upon another is not at all unusual in the Latin Church. If we confine our attention merely to the Order of St. Benedict, we find four congregations attached to it, besides the rule of Martin Verga; in Italy two—Monte Cassino and St. Justina of Padua; two in France—Cluny and St. Maur; and nine orders—Vallombrosia, Crammont, the Celestines, the Calmalduli, the Carthusians, the Humiliated, the Olivateurs, the Silves-

trines and, lastly, Citeaux; for Citeaux itself, while a trunk for other orders, is only a branch of St. Benedict. Citeaux dates from St. Robert, abbot of Molesmes, in the diocese of Langres, in 1098. Now, it was in 529 that the Devil, who had retired to the Desert of Subiaco (he was old; did he turn hermit?), was expelled from the temple of Apollo, in which he resided, by St. Benedict, a youth of seventeen.

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“The Cistercian-Benedictines of this order abstain from meat the whole year round; fast in Lent, and on many other days, special to themselves; rise from their first sleep, from one to three in the morning, to read their breviary and chant matins; sleep between serge sheets and on straw at all seasons; never bathe or light a fire; scourge themselves every Friday; observe the rule of silence; speak only during recreation hours, which are very short; and wear coarse flannel chemises for six months—from September 14th, which is the Exaltation of the Holy Cross, up to Easter.

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These six months are a modification. The rule says all the year, but the flannel chemise, intolerable in the heat of summer, produced fevers and nervous spasms. Even with this relief, when the nuns put on the flannel chemise on September 14th, they suffer from fever for three or four days. Obedience, poverty, chastity, perseverance in their seclusion—such are their vows, which are greatly aggravated by the rule.

“The prioress is elected for three years by mothers, called ‘Vocal Mothers,’ because they have a voice in the chapter. She can be re-elected only twice, which fixes the longest possible reign of a prioress at nine years.

“They never see the officiating priest, who is hidden from them by a green baize curtain nine feet long. During the sermon, when the preacher is in the chapel, they draw their veils over their faces; they must always speak low, and walk with their eyes fixed on the ground and their heads bowed. Only one man is allowed to enter the convent—the diocesan archbishop.

"There is certainly another—the gardener, but he is always an aged man, and in order that he may be constantly alone in the garden, and that the nuns may avoid him, a bell is fastened to his knee. The nuns must display absolute and passive submission to the prioress, and it is the canonical subjection in all its self-denial. They must obey as if it were the voice of Christ—*ut voci Christi*; at a nod, at the first signal—*ad nutum, ad primum*, at once, cheerfully, perseveringly, and with a certain bland obedience, like the file in the hand of the workman, and are not allowed to read or write without express permission.

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"Each of them in turn makes what they call 'reparation.' This reparation is a prayer for all the sins, faults, irregularities, violations, iniquities and crimes committed upon earth for twelve consecutive hours—from four in the afternoon till four the next morning, or from four in the morning until four in the afternoon—the sister who makes reparation remains on

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her knees, on the stone before the Holy Sacrament, with her hands clasped and a rope round her neck. When her fatigue becomes unendurable, she prostrates herself with her face on the ground, and her arms forming a cross—that is her sole relief. In this attitude she prays for all the guilty in the world; it is a grand, a sublime idea.

“As this act is accomplished in front of a post on the top of which a wax candle burns, it is called either ‘making reparation,’ or ‘being at the stake.’ The nuns, through humility, prefer the latter expression, which contains an idea of torture and abasement.

“Making reparation is a function which absorbs the whole soul; the sister at the stake would not turn were a thunderbolt to fall behind her.

“Moreover, there is always a nun on her knees before the Holy Sacrament; this station lasts an hour, and they relieve each other like sentries. This is the Perpetual Adoration.

“The prioress and the mothers nearly all have names marked by peculiar solemnity, recalling, not saints and martyrs, but incidents in the life

of the Saviour—such as Mother Nativity, **SEEN**
Mother Conception, Mother Presentation and **AND**
Mother Passion; still, the names of saints are **HEARD**
not forbidden.

“When you see them you never see more of
them than their mouth.”

* * * * *

This may give some of you an insight into a
life you have never dreamed of.
Yet there are those who espouse it gladly.

Bloody Knives Turned Into Shears

A recent commercial movement, of what appeared to be merely local note, is given a wider range of view by the following interesting reminiscence, presented in his usually instructive newspaper form by the Marquise de Fontenoy:—

“I suppose that there are in this country quite a large number of the members of that family and clan of MacDonald whose name will be forever associated with the dastardly massacre

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of Glencoe in 1692, when the MacDonalds of the day, after hospitably receiving and entertaining a part of the Campbells, were suddenly set upon by their guests, taken unawares and massacred almost to the last man. If I ask this question, it is because whenever a MacDonald meets a Campbell at table he is in the habit of either passing to him or else holding toward him a knife, blade foremost—that is to say, pointing the blade at him—by way of indicating that this act of Campbell treachery at Glencoe has never been forgotten or forgiven by the MacDonalds. I wonder if this ancient custom, which has been practiced by the MacDonalds for over 200 years, has been retained by them in this country. I may add that every member of the clan of Campbell understands the custom and appreciates its meaning.”

* * * * *

The question contained in that interesting paragraph is easily answered so far as Philadelphia is concerned, because not only have the Mac-

Donalds and the Campbells who have nestled under the peaceful groves of Penn forgotten the feud of Glencoe, but they have even engaged in the fraternal amity of commerce and, going far beyond the old-time beating of swords into plow-shares, have, to use the words of one of them, and he a MacDonald, "hammered the pointed knives into shears of commerce." Of course, this has distinct and open reference to the firm of MacDonald & Campbell, who have just given accent to the western move of business a new impulse by transferring their amplified conditions of commercial life to their enormously enlarged quarters opposite the old and historic Mint on Chestnut street. That the two young men who compose this firm are not unaware of the story of the old-time treachery, and have agreed with fraternal sentiment that the act of long ago should be forgotten, is strikingly demonstrated by the fact that the entire upper portion of the walls of the first floor of their building is decorated alternately in vivid colors with the insignia of the MacDonalds and the Campbells;

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emblems that few would understand but for this brief tale.

A Few Words About an Ex-Mayor

High public office is generally a thankless task.

If its incumbent makes one mis-step he thereafter, in the minds of many men, lives in the shadow sometimes of wrong and always of disapproval. The good he has done is absolutely forgotten; the evil, if evil it be, hangs over him like a pall, unless some great event concerning him arouses the honest impulse of the real people who are not politicians and care little for them. Grover Cleveland would be a greater man to-day than he ever will be if he had met Czolgosz instead of the universally beloved man—beloved regardless of politics—whose career was prematurely ended by a maggot.

That is enough dissertation upon one of the most unfortunate incidents in American history, but it is merely a preface to the thoughts brought to mind by seeing a one-time Mayor

of the City of Philadelphia walking the other day proudly as a marshal's aide behind the head of the great firemen's parade as it swayed along Broad street. Mind you, there was nothing demeaning in his being there, for another ex-Mayor, still living, William S. Stokley, is properly proud of his one-time and long-time connection with the Volunteer Fire Department, but William B. Smith's presence, joyous in spite of adversity, brought to the minds of many the fact that frowning fortune has made him glad to accept a position as Assistant Fire Marshal at the enormous salary of \$1,200 a year.

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Yet there are those, crimped of soul, who will begrudge him even this and speak only in terms of petty rancour of mistakes made during his administration; truly mistakes, but none of them monumental. But who to-day remembers, and if remembering, will recall what this man has done for the good of the city when he was its Mayor.

To some people it is easy to speak evil; difficult to utter words of praise.

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Did William B. Smith do aught that was good for Philadelphia while he was its Chief Executive?

Did he?

Listen:—

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Seventeen years prior to the day when William B. Smith entered upon the performance of his duties as Assistant Fire Marshal he was inaugurated Chief Executive of the City of Philadelphia in the presence of both branches of the City Councils.

When Smith was Mayor, that official had no such power as is now invested in the incumbent of that lofty position. It was before the passage of the Bullitt Charter, which consolidated all the municipal departments and concentrated all the responsibility and authority upon the Mayor. Yet during his term of office, from April, 1884, to April, 1887, Philadelphia made remarkable strides toward civic greatness and importance, and not a little of her progress was due to the energy, dash and aggressive ability that characterized Mayor

Smith and those by whom he was surrounded during his administration. That he made mistakes is unfortunately too true; that his career in the high office of Chief Magistrate was sadly marred by serious official shortcomings cannot be denied, but upon looking back and viewing his administration with dispassionate consideration, it will be found that the achievements of his administration were substantial and that he originated many reform and new ideas which are in vogue in the city prominent to this day.

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It was one of the most exciting political contests that ever agitated Philadelphia that culminated in the election of William B. Smith to the Mayoralty. His predecessor in office, Samuel G. King, had made a most creditable executive. He was a Democrat, and his nomination by his own party was supplemented by the indorsement of the Committee of One Hundred, a powerful organization that at that time was supposed to hold the balance of power between the two regular parties. Smith

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had a reform record as a member of the Select Council and president of that body, and he was carried into the Mayoralty chair with 79,552 votes to his credit to 70,440 for King. The Smith administration started out under auspicious circumstances. It gained the confidence of the people when the executive named as Chief of Police General James Stewart. Stewart entered the volunteer army at the outbreak of the Civil War as a private, and at the conclusion of the strife had risen through all the intervening grades successfully to the rank of Brigadier General. This excellent record as a soldier appealed to the people, and they believed that the new Chief would reorganize the police force on a military basis. This he proceeded to do, and it is conducted on that basis to-day.

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Probably one of the most important innovations introduced by Mayor Smith and General Stewart was the injection of women into the police service as matrons of station houses.

This was the outcome of agitation on the part of a number of charitably disposed and benevolent women of the city in 1886. After much consideration and inquiry of the police departments of other cities, without any definite or satisfactory result, the Mayor decided to ask Councils for a small appropriation for the payment of four matrons to be assigned to such police stations as the Mayor and Chief of Police might deem best. Councils granted the request, and in October, 1886, Mayor Smith appointed one matron each in the Third, Fourth, Sixth and Nineteenth districts, all located in the central part of the city, where the largest number of arrests of women were made. That the idea was a good one is amply attested by the lapse of years. Now nearly every police station has its matron, and the system has certainly accomplished much in the cause of humanity. Unfortunate women who fall into the grasp of the law for the first time find in the matron a sympathetic friend and counsellor, and she has proven invaluable in caring for lost children and in nursing sick

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prisoners of both sexes. Truly, Mayor Smith's experiment has proved a great success.

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The police patrol service was first installed by Mayor Smith and his Chief of Police. This improvement had been recommended by Mayor King during the closing months of his administration, after an investigation of its operation in Chicago, but Mayor King's term expired before his recommendation could be carried into effect. The patrol wagons started running upon ideas formulated by Mr. Smith and General Stewart, and it is hardly necessary at this late day to more than refer to the incalculable advantages of the patrol service.

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The Police Surgeon and his assistants in the various districts is another institution that the city owes to Mayor Smith. Shortly after his inauguration the Mayor collected information in relation to the work and scope of the police departments of all the other large cities and found that the medical branch of the service was one of the important features in all of

them. He saw the necessity of applying it to this city, and application was made to Councils for the necessary appropriation for such an official, not only to examine all applicants for places on the police force and in the fire department, but to give treatment to the men of both arms of the municipal service, and with the assistance of district surgeons, attend accident cases and persons taken ill at the various station houses. Because many of the members of Councils feared that physical examinations would result in the rejection of men recommended by them for places as policemen and firemen, the ordinance providing for a Police Surgeon was defeated. Mayor Smith, however, feeling the positive necessity for such an official, announced the appointment of Dr. M. S. French, as Police Surgeon, at his own expense, and the entire force was subjected to a rigid physical examination. The wisdom of the innovation became manifest when it was shown that many of the policemen were physically incapable of performing their duties. Men were found so deaf that an alarm of fire

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or other extraordinary noise was unnoticed by them; others, from various causes, were found to be in such condition that they were unable to stand any excitement or endure severe exercise. Pursuit of a prisoner or the handling of a belligerent one would have been a sheer impossibility with some of the men examined. Policemen were also found who could not see any considerable distance nor recognize a face across the street.

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This state of affairs impressed Councils and no objection was made when the Mayor followed up his appointment of Dr. French by selecting district surgeons, many in each case a well-known physician whose residence was in close proximity to the station house. Their duties, briefly stated, were to give immediate attention to injuries and accidents which happened within their jurisdiction of the respective districts to which they were assigned and the examination of the insane in conjunction with the Police Surgeon, the law requiring a certificate signed by two physicians to establish

proof of insanity. After renewed applications Councils finally admitted the necessity for the medical branch of the police service, and in making the appropriations for the year 1886 provided a salary of \$1,800 for a Police Surgeon. Mayor Smith had recommended a salary of \$1,200 only, so that the action of Councils in increasing the item fifty per cent. illustrates their appreciation of the value of the new idea. The district surgeons were continued under councilmanic sanction, and no one will dispute that they constitute an important factor in the police bureau at the present time. The district doctors are not paid fixed salaries, but their fees for attendance are fixed by a schedule of reasonable rates. They attend policemen at their homes when the latter are ill and furnish the certificates which show whether or not the officer's illness was contracted in the line of duty. If it was so contracted the man receives pay during the time of the continuance of the disability.

From the Police Surgeon plan grew the present uniformed Medical Emergency Corps of

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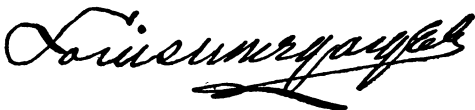
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the city, which is a most beneficent feature of the municipal government. During the Smith regime, also, the Policemen's and Firemen's Pension Funds were inaugurated.

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Smith—not being a strong advocate of dignity—called himself the “Dandy” Mayor, and as the “Dandy” Mayor he is affectionately referred to by many of his admirers who are still in the employ of the municipality.

These words are simply to remind Philadelphians of what he has done for their good as an offset to the jeers of those Philistines who are ever, as Matthew Arnold says, “ignorant, narrow-minded and deficient in great ideas.”

A handwritten signature in cursive script, likely reading "Louis M. G. G.", with a decorative flourish at the end.

Seen and Heard

LOUIS N. MEGARGHE, Publisher

Vol. I. **Philadelphia, October 16, 1901** **No. 41**

Subscription, \$2 per year. **Published Weekly at 806 Walnut St.**

The contention between *The North American* and *The Inquirer* as to the responsibility for the Goodrich abduction contains a revelation that is humiliating to all those who have regard for high ideals for what is known as the art of journalism. Since the stupidest days of newspaper life in Philadelphia—which was before *The Times* was started, in March, 1875, and many years after the *Aurora* had infamously lampooned George Washington—there has never been such a disgraceful exhibition of newspaper blackguardism as is displayed by these two journals.

There is not much choice between them.

It is a case of the pot calling the kettle black; or of the shovel mocking the poker. Both of

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these publications give expression to a condition of degeneracy in journalism that reaches the altitude of disgracefulness.

The Inquirer accused *The North American* of having brought about the crime with which the kidnappers are charged.

No sane being believes that.

The North American accused the City Administration, aided and abetted by *The Inquirer*, with having concocted a scheme to bring infamy upon the publication through which the son of the Master Hypocrite of the age is losing money rapidly.

No sane being believes that.

What a miserable mix-up all this presents; journalism degenerated to the level of the bargain counter; to the foetid atmosphere of the common scold; through a condition that does not warrant respect or confidence; all brought about by commercialism in journalism.

It's a pitiable spectacle. It's a sad study.

Where to-day is the Greeley who will walk into the editorial room and hang up his coat along-

side of those of sub-editors and reporters and direct the destinies of a nation while writing in his shirt sleeves?

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Where is there a Dana who, regardless of the purse strings, dared to do what he thought should be done and made policy paramount to price?

Where is there a Henry J. Raymond, a master-mind in an art corrective of all public wrong, and who knew naught except the execution of his duty as one who was trusted atop the tripod?

Where are such men as these to-day?

Name one in Philadelphia; name one in New York.

When one considers the blackguard attack between the bargain counter of *The North American* and the Cheap John show of *The Inquirer*, one cannot wonder at the decadence of American journalism.

In New York, with Pulitzer, the pariah; Hearst, the bandit, and Bennett, the alien, it is not to be wondered that those conditions of public printing that should be the bulwark of

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the liberties of the people are looked upon with sneering contempt and consuming anger. As to the local hair-pulling between *The North American* and *The Inquirer*, fair-minded people are naturally tempted to say, "A plague on both their houses," for each one is worse than the other.

Kidnapping is Easy

There are some who profess to believe that the kidnapping of the modern Aspasia, Mabel Goodrich, is an impossible story for the reason that it could not happen in such a large, active community as Philadelphia.

What rot.

The narrator has had some experience in the kidnapping business himself; using that term in its much-abused significance. As a matter of fact, a kidnapper is one who, to use the Danish word "nappe," which is equivalent to our "nab," snatches "a kid," which is common English slang for a child. Thus you see that while kidnapping is the theft of a child, the

law amplifies the term to embrace even such
fleshly mountains as Mabel Goodrich.

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But to return to our mutton.

Which in this case is the narrator in the guise
of a kidnapper, and he only desires to revive
the story at this time to show how easy it is
to seize people in the heart of a great city and
take them where the captor wishes.

It was in the spring of 1882 that the narrator
became suspicious that Dr. William S. Forbes,
demonstrator of anatomy in Jefferson Medical
College, was purchasing dead bodies taken
from violated graves. He set about examining
the matter very carefully, but found it no easy
task. In order to see if what he merely sus-
pected had any basis of probable fact, a re-
porter of the *Philadelphia Press*, of which I
was then City Editor, was sent to the
College to quietly interview students about
dissecting and the number of bodies they
used in a year. The ostensible intent of
this was that the daily journal in question

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wished to publish what in newspaper parlance is known as a "special" article—as distinguished from a current news article—upon college dissecting. In this way it was possible to make an approximate estimate of the number of bodies used in one year by Jefferson students. It was then an easy matter to obtain from the various public institutions and officials, whence human bodies could be legitimately obtained for dissecting purposes, the exact number of corpses sent to the College building on Tenth street. The results plainly revealed that there was some ground for the suspicion entertained, because the figures apparently showed that the Jefferson students were yearly plying their knives upon about two hundred more dead bodies than they could legitimately receive.

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To solve the problem whence the extra corpses came was not a simple task, when it is considered that it was impossible to tell where to begin. Constant watching revealed the fact that at midnight, once or twice a week, a mys-

terious wagon drove up to the Medical street entrance of the Jefferson College; that the men having it in charge carried keys of entrance, and that they invariably drove the wagon within the building and closed the door behind them. But there was no way of telling whence this wagon came, and it was found impossible to follow it without attracting suspicion. Close watching through the side windows of the College building, from a dark alley, after these men had entered, revealed the fact that their wagon invariably contained a load of dark-colored corpses.

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There are only two cemeteries in this city for the burial of Africans, and these were carefully watched, and yet the espionage had to be of a character that would not create alarm among the grave robbers. After several weeks of ceaseless watchfulness it finally became apparent that the men paid their ghoulish visits to Lebanon Cemetery, on Passyunk road, west of Broad street. It is a lonely neighborhood, among truck farms, and it appeared almost impossible to get near enough to the men to

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identify them without alarming them. When the wagon left the cemetery with its load it was driven away very rapidly. The narrator and a companion made frequent efforts to crawl upon the men while at work, but the barking of dogs warned them that their approach would be detected.

Finally one night an expedient was adopted which was successful. When the wagon wheels were heard crackling over the graveled roadway of the cemetery—the still night air carrying the sounds a considerable distance—two men rolled up Passyunk road, arm in arm, and boisterously engaged in a simulation of a dual state of intoxication. As the wagon, which was being rapidly driven, approached, they deliberately staggered across the road, and directly against the horse, trusting to the driver of the animal to draw him back on his haunches. This incident led to a wrangle, during which an opportunity was afforded to read from the side of the wagon the name of Frank McNamee and his address, which was on Sansom street, below Tenth.

Mental photographs were also made of the other robbers.

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A pair of fast horses was stationed near-by, and they carried the investigators to Jefferson College a few minutes in advance of the robbers. The secluded window furnished a place of observation, from which was seen the wagon entering the building. An oil-cloth covering, when removed, disclosed the bodies of four negroes. These were rudely pulled from the wagon by their heels and tumbled into a pickling vat. With the identity of the men revealed and the place of the robbery located, it appeared a comparatively easy matter to capture the men while engaged in their nefarious work. But just when everything was arranged in readiness for that feat, the robbers ceased their labors.

The pickling vats of Jefferson College were filled to the brim and the college term would soon end.

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Nothing was then to be done but to rest impatiently, with the suspense made torture-

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some by fear that the discovery would leak into some other newspaper office. There was a determination that the men should be captured on their very first trip in the autumn, and with that intent the watch was resumed the first day of September, 1882. It was continued through all that and the next month and part of November without result. Finally at 11 o'clock, one dark night, the wagon, with McNamee himself and one Pillett upon it, left the Sansom street stable and drove down towards the cemetery. A coal-black negro, Levi Chew, had gone down there early in the evening to get the bodies out of the graves, he being assisted in his work by his brother, Robert Chew, who was the faithless resident superintendent of the burial ground. The plan was to have the bodies ready when the wagon arrived, so that it could be driven quickly away. It took quick work to circumvent this. Four reporters were summoned, three of whom, when they started, did not know the nature of their mission, and another assistant. All drove hastily to Broad and Passyunk road in two

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closed carriages. They left the vehicles concealed under trees and walked up the road. The wagon had already left the cemetery grounds. McNamee was driving, and beside him were seated Pillett and Levi Chew. At the point of a cocked pistol the narrator commanded their surrender. There was little hesitation and no opportunity for escape. In a few minutes McNamee and Pillett were handcuffed together, the big negro in the custody of the two reporters, and the other two reporters were proudly driving the express wagon, beneath whose oil-cloth covering were six dead bodies.

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Three live men and six dead men made a rather good haul for one night, but the feat, from a newspaper standpoint, would not be completely successful if other journals were permitted to share in the news. Yet it seemed almost impossible to effect such a capture near the very heart of the city without the fact being discovered. The dead bodies, well covered up, were driven to the Continental Hotel sta-

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ble—then on Sansom street, below Ninth—the man in charge being told that the wagon contained a load of stolen furs, and hence the musty odor. If he had ever looked beneath the oil cloth he would have had a fit. The three robbers were placed in the two closed carriages and driven boldly down Chestnut street and past a score of reporters who were lolling around the Central Station, then at Fifth and Chestnut streets, waiting “for something big to turn up.”

The men were locked in a previously secured room on Third street.

Before daylight the narrator and one companion had gone back to the cemetery and arrested the superintendent and conveyed him to where his fellow-robbers were. A few days later, at the instigation of the trustees of the Lebanon Cemetery, a warrant was issued for Dr. William S. Forbes, demonstrator of anatomy at Jefferson College. The keys of the college were found in McNamee's possession, and later that individual confessed to Dr. Forbes' complicity in the affair.

You all know the rest of the tale.

The grave robbers were sent to prison. Dr. Forbes was saved; how, it is not worth while to argue now. Suffice it to say that he lost the respect of his fellow-members of Jefferson College, who thought that frankness was preferable to—well, we won't use any hard word, such as perjury. The beneficent result of the capture was that the Legislature passed a law which makes abundant provision for all dissecting rooms, and yet retains the sepulchre of our dead inviolate.

But the point of all this is contained in the expression of the fact that three live men and six dead bodies were taken possession of in the heart of the City of Philadelphia, conveyed along its two chief thoroughfares, Broad and Chestnut streets, before midnight, and not a police officer nor a newspaper man was cognizant of the fact.

Compared to that the abduction of Mabel Goodrich is child's play.

Of course, he who did this was acting in the interest of the law, and not in violation of it.

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Yet the fact remains that with one possessed of determined nerve, abduction is easy.

All About a Welsh Rabbit

Here is an inquiry that concerns a matter dear to many stomachs:—

Dear SEEN AND HEARD:—In the woman's department of the *Philadelphia Inquirer* I find this response to one who makes inquiry as to the making of a Welsh rarebit:—

Mrs. Rorer gives the following recipe for making Welsh rarebit:—

Two cups of grated cheese. Yolks of two eggs. One-half cup of milk. Salt and cayenne to taste.

Toast carefully square slices of bread with crust removed. While hot butter them, then plunge in a bowl of hot water, place on a heated dish and stand in the oven to keep warm while you make the rarebit. Put the milk into a porcelain or granite saucepan. Stand it over a hot range, and when the cheese and the eggs and the milk are well mixed, pour it over the toast and serve.

Let us dissect this infamy.

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In the first place there never was a woman who knew how to make what "she," and only "she," terms a rarebit, and what Mrs. Rorer could communicate to the world outside of her kitchen on this particular subject—and many others—would fill many books. Her suggestion as to the making of this inviting bit of toasted cheese with use of eggs and milk is apt to send a thrill of horror through the frame of those who know what's what in the gastro-nomic line.

In the second place there is no such thing as a Welsh "rarebit." Welsh "rabbit" is the name. It is a good, old-fashioned English dish. According to a recognized authority—and here the narrator quotes—"it became popular about the time that chop houses succeeded ordinaries more than a century ago. In those days men about town were not like the weaklings of this degenerate age. Instead of suckling silver-headed canes they ate underdone beef-steaks. Vinegar and hot pickles found much acceptance with them. Burton ale was their

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morning pick-me-up. Any one who presumed to call himself a man regularly took his three bottles of port after dinner. When men of this stamp spent an evening together they wound up with supper. Although they all must have had consciences, they did not lie awake o'nights thinking of their sins. This is the more remarkable because their usual practice was to eat three or four Welsh rabbits before going to bed. Such men cared nothing for the morrow or gave a thought of the stores of gout they were gathering up for their children to inherit. Few of the large towns in England are without one man who can make a Welsh rabbit. There are still dozens of old taverns in London where a frugal bachelor with good digestive powers may drop in during the small hours and have a supper fit for the gods for one shilling and sixpence. Nay, he can even watch the incarnation of the rabbit itself—the collecting together of the homely tinware grater, the bits of stale cheese, the moderately thick slices of bread not too fresh, the pat of fresh butter, the pinch of dry

mustard, the gill of old ale. Then he can feel the appetizing smell of toasting cheese as it floats through the room from the small saucepan advantageously placed on the clear coke fire. Just at the moment when the keenness of his appetite prompts him to order a 'pint of bitter' to take the edge off it, he finds his rabbit, sizzling hot, placed before him.

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"Welsh rabbit is a dish native to English soil. Apparently it will not bear translating in this country. The horrible compound advertising by flaring placards in front of cheap eating houses under the name of 'Welsh rarebit' bears as much relation to genuine Welsh rabbit as the latter does to a jack rabbit. Nor are the first-class restaurants any better in this respect. That hideous monstrosity of a word, 'rarebit,' appears on the Frenchified bills of fare. Chefs who might prepare dishes for canaries exceedingly well, cannot appreciate the strength and tenderness of a properly-made Welsh rabbit. Their art is to dally with delicate flavors, to subdue strong meats, to

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waste their lives in the elaboration of a popular sauce. The true Welsh rabbit never came from such effeminate hands. Yet there must be reasons why Welsh rabbits have not thrived on American soil. Money can accomplish most things, and money is here in plenty. Given the proper materials, an experienced chef finds no difficulty in preparing successfully the most complicated dishes. It seems a simple enough task to toast some bread, to throw cheese and ale together in a pan, to heat some plates, to pour the melted cheese on the toasted bread. But here again art conceals art. The man who makes Welsh rabbits in a London tavern has little choice of materials. For him there are not spread three kinds of cheese, but the rind of one. The ale with which he is furnished is the worst in the tap room. Only the condiments which he uses are the best of their kind. Still, the man is a true artist. Mere fallacious measures from a cookery book do not suffice him. He grates just enough cheese to satisfy his eye; he gauges the hotness of his fire; his instinct tells

him when to hold his hand when pouring out his old ale, his conscience warns him when his rabbit is done, but not burned. No one can refuse his tribute of admiration to the man who can throw his soul into the making of Welsh rabbits, provided he can do it successfully.

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"There are fiends in this city who torture men with Welsh rabbits made with milk instead of old ale. Such there be in so-called temperance restaurants. The work of their hands has a dirty white appearance; it has the consistency of molasses with none of its sweetness; it becomes cool, yet does not get tough. Some miscreants use inferior cheese in preparing Welsh rabbits. They cater to the immature palates of striplings. Perchance a proper man, rotund of figure and base of voice (tenors do not take kindly to Welsh rabbits), comes along that way and sniffs the fragrant smell of cheese. Rashly he orders one of these abominations. Visions of the first night that he filled up the vacuum caused by unrequited love with

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a double Welsh rabbit pass before his eyes. He laughs inwardly when he thinks how sick his chum became after his first Welsh rabbit. He remembers how well he enjoyed the last Welsh rabbit that he took at the Stork in Liverpool before going on shipboard as a preventive against seasickness. As his thoughts wander in this fashion the wretched serving man, who masquerades as a waiter, places the dish before him. Faugh! One mouthful is enough. The thin skimmed-milk cheese has no power to charm. He flings down the money for his check and neglects to tip the serving man. Then he walks forth to find some friends with whom he is sufficiently intimate to quarrel. Some wretches, usually of German upbringing, substitute tasteless lager beer for good, old English ale. These are the villains who paralyze live rabbits with cold plates. To them a Welsh rabbit is toasted cheese and nothing more. There is no yearning in their souls to reach the altitude where the true Welsh rabbit flourishes. They never get out of an atmosphere of bad cheese and mild mustard. Yet they brazenly 'hang out their banners on the outer walls' announcing fat Welsh rabbit warrens concealed behind their doors. And the weary hunter wastes another night and spoils

another supper after his vain chase after the Welsh rabbit of his youth.

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"Worst of all is the complacent host who holds fast to the fallacy that the most expensive cheese makes the best Welsh rabbit. He is the swindler who charges high prices and tries to justify himself by urging that he only uses cheeses like Stilton and Roquefort. Thus he spoils good cheese and makes rarebits—not Welsh rabbits. Such compounds are greasy and lie heavily on the conscience, producing nightmares, with troops of murdered Welsh rabbits rushing over steep precipices into the unfathomable abysses. Men of this stamp should be confined in dungeons and fed on nothing but rarebits of their own making. There is no authority in history or literature for the horrible word 'rarebit.' Dr. Trench, in a moment of weakness, pointed out to the vulgar, in his 'Study of Words,' that Welsh rabbit was a corruption of Welsh rarebit. The good Archbishop never gave any warrant for using the word rarebit in this sense. All that he meant to convey was the origin of the sound English term Welsh rabbit. There are those who are content to take the English language as it is and are modest enough to

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"doubt their ability to mend it. Such men believe in the influence of authority in matters of opinion. They think reverently of the wisdom and the digestions of their ancestors. But there are other men who would tinker the universe if they had a chance. These are the Anarchists who talk of rarebits, who eat rarebits, and who die of discontent and dyspepsia."

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There is one thing the narrator would like to add to this rhapsody, and that is that in the absence of a very brisk fire, a chafing dish is the best medium in which to set a Welsh rabbit dancing. Have your plates in front of the fender and your toast ready, and when the chafing dish has done its work with the cheese and the old ale and the dry mustard—a strong pinch of paprika won't hurt—pour the melted cheese over the toast and begin the enjoyable task of mastication promptly, and continue it rapidly, sending up between mouthfuls benedictions to the Supreme Being—who has permitted you to live.

But for heaven's sake, Mrs. Rorer to the contrary notwithstanding, don't use eggs and don't use milk.

And spell it "rabbit."

Anarchy and Socialism

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Here is an inquiry that brings before us a problem that has perplexed many:—

Dear SEEN AND HEARD:—In order to determine a dispute anent President McKinley's assassination, will you kindly give a definition of the difference between Anarchism and Socialism?

Yours truly,

AN AMERICAN CITIZEN.

The two terms mentioned in the above query are so frequently improperly intermixed, even by men of recognized intellectual acumen, that the narrator hesitates to give a solution to a problem that has disturbed better brains than his.

From my humble point of view the best definition of true Socialism is contained in Victor Hugo's "Les Miserables," wherein he says:—

"All the problems which the Socialists proposed to solve—setting aside cosmogonic visions, revery and mysticism—may be carried back to two principal problems: The first problem, to produce wealth; the second, to distribute it. The first problem contains the question of labor, the second the question of wages. In the first, the point is the employment of strength, and in the second, the distribution of enjoyment. From a good em-

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ployment of strength results public power, and from a good distribution of enjoyment individual happiness. By a good distribution we mean not an equal, but an equitable distribution. The first quality is equity. From these two things combined, public power abroad and individual happiness at home, results social prosperity—that is to say, man happy, the citizen free and the nation great.

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“England solves the first of these two problems—she creates wealth admirably, but distributes it badly. This solution, which is complete on one side only, fatally leads her to these two extremes: monstrous opulence and monstrous misery. All enjoyment belongs to the few, all privations to the rest—that is to say, to the people; privilege, exception, monopoly and feudalism spring up from labor itself. It is a false and dangerous situation which bases public power on private want, and roots the grandeur of the State in the suffering of the individual. It is a badly-constituted grandeur which combines all the material elements, and into which no moral element enters.

“Communism and agrarian law fancy that they solve the second problem; but they are mistaken. Their distribution kills production.

Equal division destroys emulation, and consequently labor. It is a distribution made by the butcher, who slaughters what he divides. Hence it is impossible to be satisfied with these pretended solutions. To kill riches is not to distribute them. The two problems must be solved together in order to be properly solved; the two solutions must be combined and form but one. If you solve only the first of these problems, you will be Venice, you will be England. You will have, like Venice, an artificial power, or like England, a material power; you will be the wicked rich man. You will perish by violence, as Venice died; or by bankruptcy, as England will fall. And the world will leave you to die and to fall, because it allows everything to die and to fall which is solely selfishness, and everything which does not represent to the human race a virtue or an idea.

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"Of course, it will be understood that by the words Venice and England we do not mean the people, but the social structures—the oligarchies that weigh down the nations, and not the nations themselves. Nations have ever our respect and our sympathy. Venice, as a people, will live again; England, as the aris-

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tocracy, will fall, but England the nation is immortal. Having said this, let us proceed. "Solve the two problems; encourage the rich and protect the poor; suppress misery; put an end to the unjust oppression of the weak by the strong; bridle the iniquitous jealousy which the man still on the road feels for him who has reached the journey's end; adjust, mathematically and fraternally, the wage to the labor; blend gratuitous and enforced education with the growth of childhood, and make science the basis of manhood; develop the intelligence while you occupy the hand; be at once a powerful people and a family of happy men; democratize property, not by abolishing, but by universalizing it, so that every citizen, without exception, may be a land-owner (an easier task than is supposed)—in two words, learn to produce wealth and to distribute it, and you will possess at once material greatness and moral greatness."

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All those wonderful words suggest a modern Utopia, where laws and morals and politics are perfect, and yet there is nothing impracticable in the great Hugo's sentences.

It's a dream of an ideal condition of life.

Anarchy, on the other hand, demands that

there should be no ruler, no government, no chief; social chaos. Its advocates preach that there should be an absence of government on the ground that all government is insufficient. It cries for absolute individual liberty regardless of the liberty that comes only from order and governmental control. With disheveled hair and the dripping knife of the assassin, it insists that there shall be no supreme power, either judicial or otherwise, and each man shall be a law unto himself.

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The latest book that discusses these momentous problems—questions in debate to-day and that will be debated by our children's children—is a work on "Contemporary Socialism," by John Rae, and which has been elaborately diagnosed in a critical essay by Mayo W. Haseltine, in the *New York Sun*, who knows more about books than any man in America. The brief spaces of SEEN AND HEARD are too limited to give full justice to this theme as presented by both author and critic, but some extracts may both inform and interest you. What follows is from both Rae and Haseltine: There is no doubt that during the last decade of the nineteenth century the Social Democrats, considered as a political party, made a

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remarkable advance in several Continental countries, and it is equally certain that they evinced a simultaneous growth in the moderation of their aims and in the circumspection of their methods. Within the ten years mentioned the Socialist vote at the elections for the German Reichstag has risen by 50 per cent. In 1890 it was 1,427,000; in 1893 it was 1,788,700; while in 1898 it was 2,120,000, or one-third of the whole poll. By means of the vote last named the party returned fifty-seven out of the 397 members of the Reichstag, and made the Socialist group the strongest but one of the fifteen groups which sit and fight in that assembly. In France, where the Socialists are more divided than in Germany, the joint Socialist vote was only 91,000 at the parliamentary election of 1899, but it rose to 598,000 in 1893, and to 839,888 in 1898; the party now has thirty-eight seats in a Chamber of 581, and, a thing hitherto unheard of, one of the Socialist deputies is a member of the Cabinet. Belgium, long indifferent to the movement, gave a strong Socialist vote in 1894 at the first general election held after universal suffrage had been granted, and it has been increasing that vote ever since. At the election in 1898, more than a third of the whole votes recorded were cast for Social Democratic candidates, and twenty-nine Socialists were returned to a Chamber which contains 152 deputies in all. In Italy at the parliamentary election of 1895 the Socialist vote was 76,000; in 1900 it was 215,000; the number of deputies rose from sixteen to thirty-four. Mr. Rae adds that at the

date when this edition of his book was published (January, 1901) eleven of the parliamentary representatives in Austria were Socialists; in Denmark, nine; in Holland, four.

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Our author directs attention to the fact that in Austria the success of the Socialists at the general elections is really more important than it appears, because the classified property qualifications for the suffrage are unfavorable to them. In 1897, when they returned fourteen members to the Reichsrath, they cast 700,000 votes, and, though they gained no seat in Vienna, they polled in that city 90,000 votes to their opponents' 120,000. At the recent elections in 1901 they returned only eleven members, but they won two seats in Vienna, and increased their total poll over the country by 20 per cent. In 1892 the Social Democratic Congress at Vienna expelled the revolutionists, as the German Congress at Erfurt had done the year before, whereupon the revolutionists allied themselves with the Anarchists. Since then the Social Democratic party in Austria has concerned itself much with the interests of the peasantry, and has become strongly anti-Semitic, on the ground that the Jews, who are increasing much faster than the Christians in the Hapsburg dominions, are not only the peasants' financial creditors, but have become the greatest landlords in both the Cis-Leithan and Trans-Leithan States, though they have only been allowed to hold land in Hungary since 1848, and elsewhere since 1860. According to Mr. Rae two Jews now own one-fourth

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of all the land in Hungary, and a single Jewish family, the Rothschilds, own a third of Bohemia. Jews are also large employers of labor. It is said that half the industrial laborers, and a full quarter of the agricultural, work for Jews.

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While Mr. Rae denounces anarchism as the latest and most misshapen offspring of revolutionary opinion, he insists that it is no new party, but merely the extreme element in the modern Socialist movement. It is true that Mr. Hyndman and other Socialists disavow the Anarchists altogether, and proclaim them the very opposite of Socialists, as being individualists of the boldest stamp. In Mr. Rae's opinion the contention will not stand. It is not disputed that individualist Anarchists exist. The Anarchists of Boston, for example, are individualists; one of the two groups of English Anarchists in London is individualist; but our author points out that these individualist Anarchists are very few in number anywhere, and he maintains that the mass of the party whose deeds excite abhorrence on both sides of the Atlantic is undoubtedly more Socialist than the Socialists themselves. The Anarchists are more Socialist, because they are disposed to want not only common property and common production, but common enjoyment of products as well. They are more democratic because they will have no government of any kind over the people except the people themselves—no king or committee; no representative institution, either imperial or

local; on the contrary, they would have every little industrial group manage its public affairs, as it will manage its industrial work. In the third place, Anarchists are more revolutionary than their Socialist comrades, because they have no faith in even temporary constitutional procedure, and think that to make trouble is the best way to bring on a big revolution. Other Socialists prepare the path of revolution by a word propaganda; but the Anarchists believe they can hasten the day of triumph best by a propaganda of deeds.

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Here are a few words about the term "Nihilism:"—

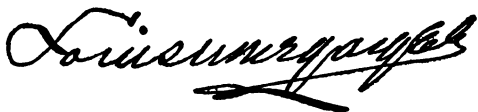
The word nihilist was first employed by Turgeneff in his novel "Father and Sons," and was thus defined: "A nihilist is a man who bows before no authority and who accepts no principle without examination, no matter what credit the principle has." According to Baron Fricks, Russian nihilism represented at the outset the transfer of the critical spirit, the spirit of intellectual revolt, from religion to politics and social life. The word seems to be more descriptive of the earlier developments of the Russian revolutionary movement than of the later. Up to the emancipation of the serfs nihilism may be said to have been a benignant growth, to use a medical expression; it was that great historical measure which converted it into a malignant and deadly suppuration. The clamor of the victims of the Emancipation act woke up all the earlier discontents of the

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country. The Poles, indeed, and the dissenting sects seem to have contributed but a small contingent to the nihilist ranks; but the Jews, exposed as they are to barbarous persecution, have from the beginning filled the secret societies with determined members. Even though the Revolutionary Executive Committee ultimately issued a proclamation against the Jews on the ground of the extortion practiced by Jewish money-lenders on the peasantry, there are still many Jews among the Russian revolutionists.

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A heavy talk that; but it may have taught you something worth the teaching.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, which appears to read "Louis Brandeis". The signature is written in dark ink and has a long, sweeping underline.

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LOUIS N. MEGARGEE, Publisher

Vol. I. **Philadelphia, October 23, 1901** **No. 42**

Subscription, \$2 per year. **Published Weekly at 806 Walnut St.**

It may surprise some folks that the men accused of the kidnapping of Mabel Goodrich are not quickly put to trial.

District Attorney Rothermel is quoted as not believing in their quick subjection to judicial judgment. One cannot blame him for this, because he is apt, if the accused men are charged with kidnapping, to lose his case, and such loss may injure his candidacy. These words may sound strange, yet they are not a defense of the accused men.

The new law provides for the punishment of those who hold a person for ransom, with the intention to extort money.

Mabel Goodrich was not kept in confinement for such purpose.

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She was robbed, and those who despoiled her of her diamonds and her purse were simply robbers and not kidnappers.

The law upon the subject is clear.

Here it is:—

Section 1. Be it enacted, etc., That hereafter any person or persons charged with the crime of taking or carrying away, or decoying or enticing away, or secreting, any child or person, with intent to extort money or any other valuable thing for the restoration or return of such child or person, or with having aided, assisted or abetted in the taking or carrying away, or in the decoying or enticing away, or the secreting of any child or person, with intent to extort money or any other valuable thing for the restoration or return of such child or person, shall be triable therefor exclusively in the court of oyer and terminer and general jail delivery of the county where such offense was committed.

Under that law the men who took possession of the body of Mabel Goodrich were not guilty of kidnapping.

They were simply robbers.

The Oldest and the Newest

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It is an interesting theatrical fact that Frank Howe, Jr., is at one time the manager of the oldest and the youngest theatre in America; the first The Walnut, the second The Garrick. There is little to tell about The Garrick, on account of its youth, except that it has been opened by a cad, who is probably the greatest actor in America to-day, and it is beyond a question that it is the handsomest play-house that this country knows. From a real estate point of view, you may like to know that it is owned by that member of the drug-making firm of Powers & Weightman (Weightman is his name) who owns more real estate than any American living, and who has amassed most of his wealth through quinine pills. He has entrusted to the care of young Frank Howe a play-house such as people of this country have never seen before.

It is absolutely, in all its equipments, a marvel; a condition of architectural instruction and histrionic adornment.

But young Howe still retains the management

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of the oldest play-house in America, the Walnut Street Theatre.

A word about its career is therefore pertinent. The story concerning it has been told by someone whose name the narrator is not possessed of, being concealed in the brochure of a theatre party's programme.

This is the tale:—

"The oldest theatre in the United States, both as a structure and a place of amusement, is the Walnut Street Theatre, in Philadelphia. It was originally built in 1808, at what was then considered to be the outskirts of the city, and it was intended for equestrian performances. Pepin and Breschard opened the building at the New Circus, February 2, 1809. The original walls are still standing, with the exception of the front on Walnut street, which was rebuilt in 1828. From the outset serious pantomime on horse and on foot was part of the entertainment. When the novelty of the equestrian performance commenced to subside stage productions were added, the name of the house being changed from the New Circus to

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the Olympic Theatre. The stage department was under the direction of Dwyer, a celebrated general comedian who had made his first appearance in Philadelphia in 1810, and McKenzie, who had long been a Philadelphia favorite. The company was a strong one. The new establishment was opened January 1, 1812, with 'The Rivals,' followed by horsemanship, and 'The Poor Soldier' as an afterpiece. The season lasted until the middle of May, and the bills indicate that it was an unusually brilliant one. The Olympic was re-opened in September for the season of 1812-13, but closed suddenly at the end of three weeks. After that the house continued to be used as a circus at intervals, with an occasional dramatic season on the 'commonwealth' plan, until 1820, when Warren & Wood, in consequence of the destruction of the Chestnut Street Theatre by fire, leased the building for the accommodation of their houseless company.

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"As originally constructed for circus purposes, The Olympic had a large dome over the ring,

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which interfered with its acoustic properties as a theatre. This dome was removed by the new managers, and a flat ceiling, which remains, substituted for it. Other important alterations were made. An incident of Warren & Wood's management was the first appearance of a young gentleman of Philadelphia, Master Edwin Forrest. Master Forrest's first appearance was immediately followed by the great actor, Edmund Kean. It was worthy of note that on Kean's first night some of the critics were loud in condemnation; 'quack,' 'mountebank' and 'vulgar imposter' being among the epithets applied to him. But in spite of these unfriendly judges, great crowds of playgoers eagerly allowed themselves to test the strength of that western wall. They are testing it still, for in November, 1892, Joseph Jefferson, as Rip Van Winkle, tempted \$2,186 into the Walnut Street Theatre; and the following year, in the same month, \$2,000.25, representing paid admissions, was taken for a single performance given by this distinguished actor, while the present season Madame Modjeska drew \$2,280

on Thanksgiving night, and \$2,316 on her farewell night. Edmund Kean's highest receipts during his first engagement were \$1,397, on the occasion of his first benefit, and \$1,351 when he first appeared as King Lear. Master Forrest, on the contrary, drew only \$319 when he made his debut, and for his benefit, the meagre sum of \$215. These fluctuations, great as they were, by no means mark the limit. Even Kean played Shylock for the second time to only \$400.50, and King Lear, later in the season, to \$412.50. Frequently the receipts, even with the aid of stars, fell below \$100, and one night a snow-storm reduced the sum for Sheridan's 'Rivals' to \$65.50. The highest sum ever received for a single night during Warren & Wood's management was \$760, for the benefit of the Orphan Asylum in 1822, after the dreadful calamity in which more than twenty of its inmates perished.

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"After the retirement of Warren & Wood from the Walnut Street Theatre, it was re-opened

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as The Olympic for the season of 1822-23, with a combined circus and dramatic company under the management of Price & Simpson, the managers of the Park Theatre in New York. The resident director was the famous 'Joe' Cowell. This arrangement lasted until the close of 1826, when Cowell secured from The Amphitheatre, as the house was sometimes called, the privilege of becoming stage manager for William Wood, after the dissolution of the partnership of Warren & Wood. The next year, however, Cowell returned to The Walnut as a partner, the name of the combined equestrian and dramatic play-house being changed to the Philadelphia Theatre. His management proved highly popular and prosperous, the elder Booth being one of the great stars that Cowell brought to the house. It was during this period of prosperity that Cowell tore out the Walnut street front and rebuilt it, only to be forced out of the management by an arrangement with William R. Blake, the comedian, and a hotelkeeper named Inslee, who was reputed to be very rich. The new firm of Blake

& Inslee discarded the circus elements in the entertainments and began the season of 1828-29 with a strong dramatic company. The season was brilliant, but it ended in disaster. The house then passed under the control of Chapman, Greene & Edmonds, in 1829-30, who brought in a new company, at the head of which was Joseph Jefferson the first, William Chapman and 'Joe' Cowell. This season, too, was a brilliant one, but before it closed Sam Chapman was in jail for debt, and the partnership collapsed. Afterward S. and W. Chapman succeeded in making an arrangement for the control of the theatre. The arrangement was seriously affected by the sudden death of S. Chapman, and after an ineffectual effort by the Chapman family to retain the direction the establishment again changed hands.

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"The next managerial firm to test the fortunes of The Walnut was known as Maywood, Rowbothan & Pratt, in 1831-2. It was under their auspices that Malibran, the greatest singer of

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her time, appeared at The Walnut. As they also had control of the Chestnut Street Theatre, they undertook to open and close the two houses on alternate nights. The experiment was, of course, disastrous for both theatres. Afterward, in 1833 for a brief period, the company played at The Walnut, while the Montessor troupe turned The Chestnut into the Italian Opera-House. Maywood & Company retained control of the two houses until 1834, when they became lessees of The Arch, as well as The Chestnut, and gave up The Walnut. Mr. Maywood and his partner, in abandoning The Walnut for The Arch, which had been a powerful rival for both houses, believed that they would have a monopoly of the best talent. In assuming that The Walnut would be at their mercy they made a mistake. At the time Francis C. Wemyss, who had been a popular actor in Philadelphia, was managing the Pittsburg Theatre with little encouragement. Hearing that The Walnut was in the market, he quickly returned and secured the lease within forty-eight hours after his arrival. The

theatre was redecorated at considerable expense, and Wemyss opened it as the American Theatre, December 22, 1834, with the favorite old comedy, 'Wild Oats,' in which he acted Rover. He was succeeded in 1840 by Dinneford & Marshall; the latter, E. A. Marshall, afterward became sole manager. Marshall retained his interest in the Walnut Street Theatre until 1856, and was succeeded in the management by Mrs. M. A. Garretson. In 1855 the property was purchased by John S. Clarke and Edwin Booth, the former being the present owner. Mr. Clarke was the manager for the next ten years, Thomas J. Hemphill and Thomas A. Hill being successively the acting managers.

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"In 1875, George K. Goodwin became associated with Mr. Clarke, and soon became the lessee of the theatre. Mr. Goodwin died in 1882. Under the combination plan the managers have been Fleishman & Hall, Israel Fleishman, Rich & Harris and Frank Howe, Jr., its present director. In 1892, the interior

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of the house, including the stage, was torn out and rebuilt under Mr. Howe's personal supervision. Fanny Davenport, Madame Modjeska, Joseph Jefferson, Richard Mansfield, Nat Goodwin, Stuart Robson, William H. Crane, and, in fact, all the dramatic stars who are popular to-day gave delighted audiences beneath its tiny roof; and a remarkable circumstance in connection with The Walnut which has no parallel is the fact that, in the eighty-seven years this house has been used as a place of amusement, it has never missed a season. While the exterior of the building represents all the quaintness of colonial architecture, the interior, both on the stage and in the auditorium, is probably as well equipped as any play-house in the country, as each succeeding manager has felt it incumbent upon himself to add all improvements known to his time; and while the house is now in its eighty-eighth year, yet for all practical working purposes it is essentially a modern theatre."

A bow to the oldest.

A wish for the newest.

Irishmen With Dutch Names

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There is newspaper editorial curiosity aroused over the fact that the Manchester School Board, of England, at a request of some eminent religious influences in Gorton, a town said to be under the control of the Manchester board, had agreed to have the Irish language taught at the public expense in the public schools. Attention is called also to the fact that twelve years ago, in Ireland, the public authorities had sanctioned the teaching of the Celtic tongue in advanced classes in the national schools, and that the Government had also established teachers of the Irish tongue where the national school system did not exist.

As a side story to this, it may surprise many of you that there is living to-day in this city of ours a man by the name of Joseph W. Steinhäuser, who makes a livelihood by giving instructions in the original Gaelic, or Irish tongue.

Now, get that idea into your noddles for one moment.

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His name is Steinhauser, and he not only talks but teaches Irish. For many reasons, not necessary to dilate upon now, the phlegmatic German and the mercurial Irishman are considered as being of widely-diverging or strongly-opposing nationalities. Yet the roster of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, of this city, shows many names plainly Teutonic in origin but ornamenting the doorplates of those who dispense Irish hospitality.

Why this is thus is the subject of an interrogatory which the narrator will endeavor to answer.

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All Irishmen do not whirl shillelahs, as witness the peace-making Quakers who settled in the northern part of the Emerald Isle, and many of whom afterwards figured in the early history of Philadelphia. All Irishmen are not of the clans of the Macs and the Os, as witness the Germans, forgotten now by most men of Irish birth, who settled in that portion of the Green Isle which the name of Limerick has made famous, and whose descendants are now

located in considerable numbers in Baltimore and to lesser extent in this city. The story of the pilgrimage of their ancestors was recently told at considerable length in a German newspaper of this city, and that narrative, in a condensed form, and with some additions of local interest, has been translated into the English tongue through the efforts of Peter S. Dooner, the proprietor of the well-known hotel that bears his name. Through his efforts much light has been thrown upon the origin of those Irishmen who stagger through the world under the unnatural weight of ponderous German names. From him, and from the source mentioned, have been gleaned the facts that follow.

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Before beginning the narrative it may not be amiss to mention to some of you that by "Palatines" are meant people who came from the Upper and Lower Palatinates, two separate states of the old German empire, not contiguous, though under one ruler. Their territory was subsequently comprised in that of Bavaria, Baden, Hesse-Darmstadt and Prussia.

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In the year 1709 a great number of Palatines were induced to emigrate; partly on account of the distress consequent to the French war, but more so on account of the glowing accounts from the first German emigrants to Pennsylvania. They came in great numbers to Rotterdam, depending for assistance on England, whence already, in 1878, a great number of Palatines had been transported to New York. They came, however, in too great numbers, and there was no vessel to convey them from Rotterdam to London. For some time they were cared for in the former city, but, when this proved too great a burden, England had them transported to London, where they were housed and properly cared for. But on the 1st of June the number had already grown to 10,000, in consequence of which England caused a publication to be made in Holland, on June 24, 1709, that no new immigrants would be thenceforth received. Nevertheless, until October, 1709, some 4,000 or more crossed over. The expense of supporting these Germans at "Greenwich Camp," near London,

was defrayed by large collections through a committee, to which the highest persons in the realm belonged. Queen Anne gave \$800 daily. But even for wealthy England this burden soon became too great; therefore efforts were made to send these people to America, and many of them went to Schoharie, in New York. Many of them died, but there still remained a large number, so that 3,800 Palatines were sent to Ireland, where they settled in the County of Limerick, making splendid progress as skillful farmers and mechanics, such as linen weavers.

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Charles Blind, of London, has given the *Western Post* some interesting information concerning these Germans in Ireland, who, up to the beginning of this century, had not entirely forgotten their language and nothing at all of their German customs. Says he: "Eight acres of land were set aside for each person (man, woman and child), at five shillings per acre, for the German immigrants, and the Government pledges itself to pay the ground taxes

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for them for a period of twenty years. The 'Blue Book' states that they were an industrious and frugal people. Their number, however, was greatly diminished later on through emigration to America, and at the present day there are proportionately but few descendants of these in Ireland."

In 1780 Farrar, the historian of Limerick, gave the following description of the German settlement: "The Palatines still retain their language, but it is on the point of declining. They elect a burgomaster, to whom they appeal in all cases of dispute. They are an industrious people, and they have leases from the landlords at moderate rents. They are, therefore, better fed and clothed than the mass of Irish farmers. Furthermore, their husbandry and harvest are better than those of their neighbors. By degrees they abandoned their 'sauer kraut,' and lived on potatoes, milk, butter, oat and wheat bread, some meat, and poultry, of which they kept a great number. Their wives are very industrious. Aside from their domestic occupations, and attending to

the children, the women bring home the corn, plow, and assist the men in everything. In one word, the Palatines, through their improved agriculture, have greatly benefited the country. They are a hard-working, independent people, who are mostly occupied on their own little leased farms."

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In the year 1840 Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall described these Palatines as "different in disposition and habits from the other inhabitants of the country. The elder people of a family still uphold to a high degree the language, customs and the religion of their old native country, but the younger ones mingle with their Irish neighbors, and intermarriage with them also takes place. At present the German language is entirely extinct there."

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Dr. Mitchell wrote in May, 1893: "Originally differing from the natives in language (although even the oldest of the present generation know nothing of the German language, whether spoken or written), as also in descent and religion, nevertheless these Palatines keep

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together as members of the same relationship, and exercise their religious services among themselves. The majority of them have decided foreign features and are of strong bodily frame. Their countenance is of a dark hue; their hair dark, and eyes brown. These last indications, however, might seem quite natural. The dark-hued skin of tillers of the soil is accounted for in the same manner as that of seamen. However, if we note the statistics of the eyes, hair and complexion of the inhabitants of the present Bavarian Palatinate, that lies so close to France, we will find that 59 to 66 per cent. of the inhabitants of the various districts have either blue or gray eyes, 53 to 64 per cent. light hair, and 80 to 90 per cent. white skins. According to this, therefore, a considerable intermingling of the Palatines in Ireland with the natives must have taken place. The comfortable and spacious houses built by these immigrants have now fallen to decay, portions of the walls still holding them together. The newer dwellings, located some distance from one another, are, to all appear-

ances, comfortable, provided with either a straw or a slate roof, and are one or two stories high. Almost all of them have a pretty little flower garden in front, while many others have orchards either alongside of their houses or in the rear. Evidently economy and industry prevail among these inhabitants."

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The names of the Palatines who are still in Ireland indicate but little of the German origin of these people. Either the names are corrupted or else others have replaced them. Baker, Miller, Lodwig, Modlar, Pyper, Reynard, Shire, Stark, and Switzer could easily have been Becker, Muller, Ludwig, Mottcler, Pieper or Pfeifer, Reinhart, Schier, Stark and Schwiezer. Other names are Bovanizer, Bowen, Doube, Delmege or Delmage, Gilliard, Latchford, Ligier, Ruttle, Tesler, Travers, Blenkinsop, Stoffel, and Steinhauser.

No doubt there are many others that these facts may now bring to your mind, and thus you may find an explanation of some of the antics of your friends or neighbors that are in-

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consistent with the German names they bear.
Thus you find Irishmen with Dutch names.

The Wonderful Number Seven

The narrator has often been puzzled about the mental wonders of the number seven.

With it men can control minds that consider themselves uncontrollable.

From "Gleanings from the Curious" we learn that in the year 1502 there was printed at Leipzig a work entitled "Heptalogium Virgilii Salsburgensis," in honor of the number seven. It consists of seven parts, each consisting of seven divisions. In 1624 appeared in London a curious work on the subject of numbers, bearing the following title: "The Secrets of Numbers, according to Theological, Arithmetical, Geometrical and Harmonical Computation; drawn, for the better part, out of those Ancients, as well as Neoteriques. Pleasing to read, profitable to understand, opening themselves to the capacities of both learned and unlearned, being no other than a key to lead men to any doctrinal knowledge whatsoever." In the ninth chapter the author has given many notable opinions from learned men, to prove the excellency of the number seven. "First,

it neither begets nor is begotten, according to the saying of Philo. Some numbers, indeed, within the compass of ten, beget, but are not begotten; and that is the unarie. Others are begotten, but beget not; as the octonarie. Only the septenarie, having a prerogative above them all, neither begetteth nor is begotten. This is its first divinity or perfection. Secondly, this is a harmonical number, and the well and fountain of that fair and lovely Digamma, because it includeth within itself all manner of harmony. Thirdly, it is a theological number, consisting of perfection. Fourthly, because of its compositure; for it is compounded of the first two perfect numbers—equal and unequal—three and four; for the number two, consisting of repeated unity, which is no number, is not perfect. Now, every one of these being excellent of themselves (as hath been demonstrated), how can this number be but far more excellent, consisting of them all, and participating, as it were, of all their excellent virtues?"

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Hippocrates says that the septenary number by its occult virtue tends to the accomplishment of all things, is the dispenser of life, and fountain of all its changes; and, like Shakes-

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peare, he divides the life of man into seven ages. In seven months a child was not named before seven days, not being accounted fully to have life before that periodical day. The teeth spring out in the seventh month, and are renewed in the seventh year, when infancy is changed into childhood. At thrice seven years the faculties are developed, manhood commences and we become legally competent to all civil acts; at four times seven man is in the full possession of his strength; at five times seven he is fit for the business of the world; at six times seven he becomes grave and wise, or never; at seven times seven he is in his apogee, and from that time he decays. At eight times seven he is in his first climacteric; at nine times seven, or sixty-three, he is in his grand climacteric, or year of danger; and ten times seven, or threescore years and ten, has, by the Royal Prophet, been pronounced the natural period of human life.

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In six days Creation was perfected, and the seventh day was consecrated to rest. On the seventh of the seventh month a holy observance was ordained to the children of Israel, who feasted seven days and remained seven days in rest; the seventh year was directed to be a Sabbath

of rest for all things; and at the end of seven times seven years commenced the grand Jubilee. Every seventh year the land lay fallow; every seventh year there was a general release from all debts, and all bondsmen were set free. From this law may have originated the custom of binding young men to seven years' apprenticeship, and of punishing incorrigible offenders by transportation for seven, twice seven, or three times seven years. Every seventh year the law was directed to be read to the people; Jacob served seven years for the possession of Rachel, and also another seven years. Noah had seven days' warning of the flood, and was commanded to take the fowls of the air into the ark by sevens, and the clean beasts by sevens. The ark touched the ground on the seventh month, and in seven days a dove was sent, and again in seven days after. The seven years of plenty and seven years of famine were foretold in Pharaoh's dreams by the seven fat and the seven lean beasts, and the seven ears of full corn and the seven ears of blasted corn. The young animals were to remain with the dam seven days, and at the close of the seventh day were to be taken away. By the old law, man was commanded to forgive his offending brother seven times. "If Cain

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shall be revenged sevenfold, truly Lamech seventy times seven."

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In the destruction of Jericho, seven priests bore seven trumpets seven days, and on the seventh day surrounded the walls seven times, and after the seventh time the walls fell. Balaam prepared seven bullocks and seven rams for a sacrifice; Laban pursued Jacob seven days' journey; Job's friends sat with him seven days and seven nights, and offered seven bullocks and seven rams as an atonement for their wickedness; David, in bringing up the ark, offered seven bullocks and seven rams; Hezekiah, in cleansing the temple, offered seven bullocks and seven rams and seven he-goats for a sin-offering. The children of Israel, when Hezekiah took away the strange altars, kept the feast of unleavened bread seven days, and then again another seven days. King Ahasuerus had seven chamberlains, a seven days' feast, and sent for the queen on the seventh day; and in the seventh year of his reign she was taken to him. Queen Esther had seven maids to attend her. Solomon was seven years building the temple, at the dedication of which he feasted seven days; in the tabernacle were seven lamps; seven days were

appointed for an atonement upon the altar, and the priest's son was ordained to wear his father's garment seven days; the children of Israel ate unleavened bread seven days; Abraham gave seven ewe-lambs to Abimelech as a memorial for a well; Joseph mourned seven days for Jacob. The rabbins say God employed the power of answering this number to perfect the greatness of Samuel, his name answering the value of the letters in the Hebrew word, which signifies seven—whence Hannah, his mother, in her thanks, says, "That the barren had brought forth the seventh."

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In Scripture are enumerated seven resurrections—the widow's son, by Elias; the Shunamite's son; the soldier who touched the bones of the prophet; the daughter of the ruler of the synagogue; the widow's son of Naam; Lazarus, and our blessed Lord. Out of Mary Magdalene were cast seven devils. The apostles chose seven deacons. Enoch, who was translated, was the seventh after Adam, and Jesus Christ the seventy-seventh in a direct line. Our Saviour spoke seven times from the cross, on which he remained seven hours; he appeared seven times; after seven times seven

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days he sent the Holy Ghost. In the Lord's Prayer are seven petitions, expressed in seven times seven words, omitting those of mere grammatical connection. Within this number are contained all the mysteries of the Apocalypse revealed to the seven churches of Asia; there appeared seven golden candlesticks and seven stars that were in the hand of Him that was in the midst. Instance the seven lamps, being the seven spirits of God; the book with seven seals; seven kings; seven thunders; seven thousand men slain; the dragon with seven heads; the seven angels bearing seven vials of wrath, and the vision of Daniel seventy weeks. The fiery furnace was made seven times hotter for Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego; Nebuchadnezzar ate the grass of the field seven years. The elders of Israel were seventy. There are also numbered seven heavens, seven planets, seven stars, seven wise men, seven champions of Christendom, seven notes in music, seven primary colors, seven deadly sins, seven sacraments in the Roman Catholic Church, and seven wonders of the world. The seventh son was considered as endowed with pre-eminent wisdom; the seventh son of a seventh son is still thought by some to possess the power of

healing diseases spontaneously. Perfection is likened to gold seven times purified in the fire; and we yet say, "You frighten me out of my seven senses." There were seven chiefs before Thebes. The blood was to be sprinkled seven times before the altar; Naaman was to be dipped of the head seven times in the sea for purification. In all solemn rites of purgation, dedication, and consecration, the oil of water was seven times sprinkled. The house of wisdom, in Proverbs, had seven pillars.

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The Number Three

But more as to numbers, and still with "Gleanings from the Curious" as an authority: When the world was created, we find land, water, and sky; sun, moon, and stars. Noah had but three sons; Jonah was three days in the whale's belly; our Saviour passed three days in the tomb. Peter denied his Saviour thrice. There were three patriarchs, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. Abraham entertained three angels. Samuel was called three times. "Simon, lovest thou me?" was repeated three times. Daniel was thrown into a den with three lions for praying three times a day. Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego were

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rescued from the flames of the oven. The Commandments were delivered on the third day. Job had three friends. St. Paul speaks of faith, hope, and charity,—“these three.” Those famous dreams of the baker and butler were to come to pass in three days; and Elijah prostrated himself three times on the body of the dead child. Samson deceived Delilah three times before she discovered the source of his strength. In mythology there were three graces; Cerberus with his three heads; Neptune holding his three-toothed staff; the Oracle of Delphi cherished with veneration the tripod, and the nine Muses sprang from three. The witches in Macbeth ask, “When shall we three meet again?” The Pope’s tiara is triple. We have morning, noon, and night; fish, flesh and fowl; water, ice, and snow. Trees group their leaves in threes; there is three-leaved clover. What could be done in mathematics without the aid of the triangle? Witness the power of the wedge; and in logic three propositions are indispensable. It is a common phrase that “three is a lucky number.” Life stands on a tripod, the feet of which are the circulation, respiration, innervation; death is therefore the result of a failure in the heart, the lungs, or the brain. Finally, there is earth,

heaven, and hell; and above all, the Holy Trinity.

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God Reigns and the Government at Washington Still Lives

Here is an interesting communication that corrects an error made by the narrator concerning an historical narrative:—

2130 N. 19th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

MR. LOUIS N. MEGARGEE,
Publisher **SEEN AND HEARD,**
801 Walnut St., City.

Dear Mr. Megargee:—In the current issue of your unique and excellent *Magazinet* I notice you have quoted most opportunely on the outside cover the now world-famous phrase, "God reigns and the Government at Washington still lives," a sentiment that has become immortalized by its association with three of our martyred Presidents, but are you not in error in ascribing its authorship to William McKinley, who was but 22 years of age at the time of President Lincoln's assassination?

I know you are too accurate and veracious a writer to let this bit of misinformation—doubtless a slip of the pen—go uncorrected, and so I quote from "Bent's Familiar Short Sayings of Great Men," in proof that our second martyred President, James A. Garfield, was the real author of the thought. I send this communication in no carping or pedantic spirit, but as a bit of information that may not be known to

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a generation that was unborn at the time of the Lincoln tragedy.

On page 244 its origin is explained as follows: "At the conclusion of a brief speech made by General Garfield at a mass meeting in front of the Merchants' Exchange, in New York City, April 15, 1865, the day of President Lincoln's death, the excited throng was demanding vengeance upon certain newspapers for utterances considered treasonable. Two men lay dying in the street for exulting in assassination, and telegrams from Washington gave intimations of other probable victims of a general conspiracy. At this critical moment a man known to but few stepped forward, and, beckoning to the crowd with a small flag, spoke these words in a clear and impressive voice: 'Fellow-citizens, clouds and darkness are round about Him; His pavilion is dark waters and thick clouds of the skies. Justice and judgment are the establishment of His throne. Mercy and truth shall go before His face. *God reigns, and the Government at Washington still lives.*' The effect was instantaneous. The crowd listened, and became calm, and the meeting afterwards was quietly dissolved."

Respectfully yours,

CONVERSE CLEAVES.

That's the kind of a letter worth printing.

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read "Converse Cleaves", with a long, sweeping underline.

Seen and Heard

LOUIS N. MEGARGEE, Publisher

Vol. I.

Philadelphia, October 30, 1901

No. 43

Subscription, \$2 per year.

Published Weekly at 806 Walnut St.

The stern ceremony and the strict ethics pursued during the course of the Schley inquiry at the Washington Navy Yard should prove a lesson to civil courts in many of our large cities, where lawyers are given a license that the law does not intend and that the judges should not permit.

The dignity of the proceedings has been impressive, and whether or not Schley shall be given the verdict that the people expect it can never be said that the proceedings of the tribunal before which he sat were not conducted in order and dignity.

But naval affairs have always been noted for this stern adherence to good manners and to traditional customs.

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The narrator had this strongly impressed upon his mind when, during the Peace Jubilee, following the settling of the Spanish War, the men of the army and the men of the navy who had been most prominent in the active operations on land and on sea at Santiago de Cuba were the guests of the Clover Club. Few of those who had achieved fame during those historical movements were absent. The President of the United States, the lamented McKinley, was there, and with him three members of his Cabinet. It was a hot night, and, although heavy clothing was oppressive, the men of the navy appeared buttoned to the throat in heavy frock coats and with trappings of undulating lace. The men of the army appeared upon the festive scene with opened sack coats, frogged in black, and white vests—fatigue uniforms—pictures of coolness.

Fix that in your mind as point No. 1.

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When President McClure began the introductions of talkers, of course the President was first called upon, and possibly some of the Cab-

inet officers succeeded him, but when it came to a discussion of the Spanish War the first man that Colonel McClure introduced was Robley D. Evans, the famous "Fighting Bob," who was then a Captain in Uncle Sam's service. He arose, shook his head, and said: "Mr. Chairman, I'm very sorry, but I have nothing to say." Men acquainted with his ability to talk as well as to fight looked surprised. President McKinley's face was turned directly toward him, and with a bow of his head and a wave of his hand, he said: "Go ahead, Captain; we would like to hear from you." Thereupon Evans, who had meanwhile retaken his seat, again got upon his feet and made one of the cleverest addresses in description of the sea battle of Santiago that was ever said or penned, talking for fully half an hour. Fix that in your mind as point No. 2.

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Later in the evening, the narrator being perplexed by these two points which have been presented to you, and being seated alongside, at that time, of Captain Evans, asked him for

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an explanation of the differently-uniformed conditions of the men of the army and the navy, and of why he had at first refused to talk, and then at a nod from the President had spoken so fluently.

This was his answer: "The ethics in the navy are more rigid than those in the army, possibly because we of the navy have less to do, and seek in the rigidity of rules a discipline that the army is better able to practice in other forms. For instance, here to-night we men of the navy would give anything to be able to appear in the undress uniform of the military officers, but we are not permitted to do it. Why? Because the Commander-in-chief of the army and navy of the United States, who is the President, is present, and we were notified of the fact in advance that he would be here. Therefore we must, in his presence, appear in our fullest dress uniform. As a mere Captain, I'm obliged to have five different forms of naval attire to confront five different forms of ceremonial occasion. It's obligatory. It is a rule of the navy. So we have sweltered here

to-night, while our military brothers have been cool and happy."

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"Well, what was the meaning of your elocutionary hesitation?"

"Oh, that is easily explained. Colonel McClure, in introducing me, was not aware of the rigid rule among naval men, that an inferior at a public function must not speak prior to his superior."

"But, Captain, there is no one here higher in authority than you who was present at the battle of Santiago, Schley and Sampson both being absent?"

"Being present at the battle of Santiago has nothing at all to do in the naval department with social precedence. There is one here higher in rank than I, although he has not been in active sea service for some time, and that is Commodore Casey, who is in charge of the League Island Navy Yard. Colonel McClure evidently did not think of that, or was not aware of the naval ethics on the subject. I could not speak before he did."

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"Then how was it that you did speak before he did?"

"Ah! because I was commanded to by his superior officer, President McKinley, the Commander-in-chief of the army and navy; and when he said to me, 'Go ahead, Captain,' that was not only a permission, but a command."

Would you think that these men of war bothered themselves about such matters?

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Yet they go still further.

Schley, now an Admiral, when Captain of the New York, when that cruiser was in Hampton Roads prior to the breaking out of the Spanish War, gave the narrator several evidences of the severe ethical discipline enforced upon his vessel. This was in April, 1896. He gave a personal inspection to every part of the boat, daily devoting two and one-half hours to this task. The vessel is such a large one that this could not be entirely done in less than five hours, and so he alternated with an inspection of the upper parts and lower parts on succeeding days. He was so accustomed to having his eye take in

every detail that he could do this work with the rapidity referred to, as he said at the time, "just as one woman can pass another in the street and take in every detail of her costume." During these journeys he made keen observations, but never uttered one word of chiding, even if complaint was deemed necessary, but when he reached his magnificent headquarters he summoned his chief officer and to him made the criticisms, which were conveyed to every subordinate whose work had not been properly performed.

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This rule made him an absolute autocrat, as he should have been, upon the cruiser. No king within the confines of his realm had greater power. He was an absolute monarch. As he once laughingly said: "Like the old Bedford whaler, 'I am supreme by divine right and because I know everything that is going on.'" To be sure, the exercise of the death penalty is no longer in the power of the officers of the United States Navy, since Midshipman Spencer, the son of one of President Jackson's Cab-

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inet Ministers, was hung at the yardarms by a fearless Yankee captain, who would not brook mutiny; but discipline aboard United States vessels is pursued to such a degree that a subordinate officer, no matter how distinguished his political or social ancestry, has not a solitary right extended to him beyond that accorded by his position.

For instance, aboard the New York, when lying in Hampton Roads, was a cadet who comes of a very distinguished family. He was but recently graduated from the Annapolis Academy. There was a charming society woman staying at Old Point Comfort who was well acquainted with the young fellow's mother and desired to send him a message. Meeting Captain Schley in the corridor of the Chamberlain Hotel, she said: "Oh, Captain, I am so glad to see you. I wish to send a message to young Blank, who is aboard your vessel, and I would be so much obliged if you would convey it to him."

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Said the captain gravely, with a slight inclina-

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tion of his body and with just a tinge of hauteur: "Madame, I will see that he gets it." There was that in his manner which at once left the impression that an impropriety had been committed, and the lady was almost tearful in her beseechment that she should be told what wrong she had done. Under pressure, the gallant mariner finally said: "Madame, if I came to your house, and, having rung the bell, should summon your husband to the doorstep, and then should ask him to take from me a message to your cook, I would be guilty of exactly what you have done in the ethics of the navy."

Naturally there was a profuse apology, but the gentleman in the son of Neptune showed himself, when he said, with a polite bow: "Madame, where no offense is intended none can be committed. Let me have your note and I will see that it is delivered."

It was subsequently handed to the coxswain of the Captain's launch, and through that humble mediumship committed to the young cadet. To some people that may sound like unneces-

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sarily strict regimen, but it is to the observance of such small things that is due the marvelous discipline which is discovered on the vessels which fly the flag of the American navy. And no one flew it to a better purpose than the man who bears the name of Schley.

Took Lover's Place in Prison Cell

It is telegraphed from Bassett, Nebraska, as an extraordinary discovery that a woman had exchanged places with a convict in his prison cell. There is nothing particularly remarkable about this.

It is not an infrequent occurrence.

One of the most striking examples of it is brought to mind by the presence in Philadelphia of Andrew Mack, the actor, who is now playing a successful engagement in the Walnut Street Theatre, and who is the recognized successor as an Irish comedian of the unfortunate William J. Scanlan.

Scanlan married a woman (a woman who was good to him) who was once Maggie Jordan.

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All the surroundings of her early life, the careers of some of her nearest relatives, were such as were calculated to bind by ignoble ties any one but a person of most remarkable character. But she rose superior to her environments, and remains unscathed, when few of her sex would have escaped scathless. In her girlhood days, in New York, she engaged herself to marry William J. Sharkey, a well-known sporting man of very fascinating exterior, and they were still affianced when Sharkey killed another well-known metropolitan character. The murder is a famous one. Public opinion took sides in the matter. Sharkey's friends claimed that the homicide was committed in self-defense, but, nevertheless, the gallows stared the prisoner in the face. In this emergency, made bold by the impulse of her affections, Maggie Jordan obtained permission to visit her lover in his cell in the Tombs Prison, and while there she exchanged clothing with him and enabled him to escape.

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Sharkey fled to Spain.

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Maggie Jordan was arrested, but the public sympathy, which was aroused in her behalf, quickly gave her release, and she at once sailed across the sea to join her affianced husband. But, alas! her awakening was a rude one. She found that her hero was nothing more than a common ruffian; the man for whom she had risked her liberty and reputation was unworthy of her love. In sorrow she returned to this country—Sharkey flying to Cuba—and sometime afterward Maggie Jordan met and married William J. Scanlan.

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The domestic life of the young couple was most happy. Man and wife were almost inseparable. Many will remember how, whenever the Irish comedian appeared upon the stage, his wife almost invariably sat in a private box, anxiously and affectionately watching his every movement—hanging upon his every utterance. Mrs. Scanlan displayed a business ability which is exceptional in one of her sex. She took charge of her husband's personal affairs, induced him to take higher steps in his profes-

sion, and when he made money invested it for him in real estate and first-class securities. Through her care, acumen, and energy, Scanlan became one of the richest young actors in America.

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Then came darkness. Through that still-unexplained condition of things which has brought mental affliction and obliteration to many of the brightest minds of the American stage, and in this particular instance unexplained by any suggestion of excess or dissipation, Scanlan one day became an inmate of an asylum for the insane. He was taken to Bloomingdale, where the light of his life flickered out.

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After that sad event there was no Myles Aroon upon the American stage until ten seasons ago, when Andrew Mack, with Mrs. Scanlan's permission, essayed the part. At that time, while playing in Harlem, Mack visited his predecessor, then in the Bloomingdale asylum. The story of that meeting is a piteous one to those who recall the bright-eyed Irish lad of a few

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years ago. Mack, having been shown into the room, found Scanlan sitting with his head in his hands, a picture of despair. His entrance did not disturb the one-time favorite comedian, and even when he spoke Scanlan did not move. The spectacle of the wasted, bent figure of a man who had moved thousands to tears and to laughter troubled his successor beyond the latter's control. With wet eyes he was about withdrawing, when Scanlan started, lifted his head and gazed vacantly toward the visitor. Mack stepped forward, called the unfortunate man by name, and extended his hand. But Scanlan remained motionless. For several seconds the two stood gazing at one another. Then Mack, in a soft tone, began singing Scanlan's famous lullaby. "I do not know what prompted me to do it," says Mack, in telling the story, "but I thought that possibly poor Scanlan might recognize the music with which he had soothed so many hearts. At first he stared at me in a strange way, and for a moment I thought his memory was returning to him. He took a step toward me, and as I be-

gan the chorus he raised his hand to his forehead, brushed back his hair, sank down in a chair beside me, and covered his face with his hands. When I finished the song I again called him by name, but he did not look up. The sight so overcame me that I cried like a child, and left the room."

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A Story from Russia

From far-away Russia comes to SEEN AND HEARD a story singular in many respects.

Comes from a man who has the best-approved record in the entire consular service; a personal friend of the narrator; a man who has been in the United States Government service in that distant clime for thirteen years; a native of Philadelphia—and yet for diplomatic reasons his name dare not be mentioned.

Some of you can guess who he is.

The story is not remarkably dramatic or romantic, but it throws a light on Russian prison life and Russian official life that few of you dream of.

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We are taught to believe that the vast Empire of the Czar is held in dominant terror by Nihilists; that the people are at constant odds with the Government.

Intelligent men who have been to Russia bring back to us information that is not contained in sensational novels, showing that such is not the case.

Well-informed men bring to us statements that the prisons of Russia are better conducted than some of those in this country, and that the Anarchists of America are more abundant, less policed and more assertive than the Nihilists where the White Czar reigns.

Viewing these statements—and these statements are reliable—the accompanying story is worth listening to:—

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Many years ago an American Consul, whose post was pleasantly situated in a far-away Russian city, received a letter which caused him to hurriedly put on his hat and leave his office, and drive to the main prison of the city. The letter was as follows:—

To His Excellency, the American Consul-General.

Petition of Louis Lanzadas, American Subject,
Detained in the Main Prison.

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Five months ago I was arrested in the town of Yiesk, where I had arrived on a foreign steamer, and was shortly afterward brought to the prison in this city. After going on shore at Yiesk I took a walk out in the country and was suddenly taken ill. When I tried to find my ship it was gone, and, as I could not speak Russian and had no passport and nobody knew me, I was arrested as a tramp. As I am not a tramp, and never intended tramping, and as I possess and can produce evidence of my descent, I put myself under Your Excellency's protection as an American, and humbly beg that you will take the necessary steps that my case be brought to a speedy end. I also beg that you will ask that I be brought to your residence, where I shall be able to explain in my own language and enable you to make exact inquiries with regard to my identity, because here, in another language, I am utterly unable to give any evidence, and am therefore, without any fault of my own, made to undergo punishment. Having thus brought my case to your notice, I humbly beg for a reply through the chief of this prison.

The American Subject, Louis Lanzadas.
The applicant not being able to write, the signature has been affixed by N. N.
I hereby certify that this petition has been written at the office of the Main Prison by the arrested Louis Lanzadas, detained by order of

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the District Court, in which he is accused of being a tramp.

(Signed) The Chief of the Main Prison.

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The drive to the prison was not a long one, and when the Consul arrived at the gates he handed his official card, with the request that it be at once delivered to the Governor of the prison, or whoever was in charge. After a short delay, the Consul was politely requested to enter, and was at once shown to the Governor's private office. A few words sufficed to explain the object of the visit, and the Consul found that the Governor was greatly interested in the Lanzadas case, and was very sympathetic. The Governor was a man about sixty years of age, rather tall and stout; his uniform indicated that he was a military man and held the rank of colonel. He had a good face, and his reputation was that of a very humane man. It was this trait that secured him the important, though very undesirable, position as Governor of one of the largest, as well as one of the most troublesome, prisons in European Russia. The better class of the military

officers do not covet these prison posts, though every inducement is offered them by the Government to accept such positions. The class of men who formally apply for these positions are the class whom the Russian Government seldom or never appoint. During the conversation which took place before the arrival of Louis Lanzadas, whom the Governor had sent for, the Consul was informed that the most troublesome feature of the prison life was its overcrowded condition; this was the Governor's complaint, and not the prisoner's.

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There were at the time in the prison nearly three hundred desperate criminals, who were under the heaviest sentence that Russian laws can inflict—transportation for life to the Island of Saghalien. These men were all murderers, or had attempted murder, and the Governor complained that while the law supposed that these men were in solitary confinement pending their deportation to Siberia, he was utterly unable to provide the accommodation which the law required, and, in consequence, had as many

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as eight and ten of these men confined in one room. It was the duty of the Governor to visit the prisoners once each day, and the Consul was told that in order to comply with this requirement of the law the Governor was obliged to pass through the corridors and rooms where the murderers were confined, with an armed bodyguard, and even with this guard it was anything but a safe journey, as on the occasion of each visit he was grossly insulted by the prisoners and spat at by them. The Consul inquired in what manner the prisoners were disciplined for thus acting, and was told that they were not subjected to any discipline, for the reason that in the eyes of the law the heaviest punishment possible had already been inflicted on these men, and the Governor would lose his post in disgrace if it were known that he had inflicted further punishment.

The Consul remarked that this was a feature of Russian prison life that was not generally understood abroad. The Governor replied that he had been told that there were a great many things that were not understood abroad about

Russia, and he added that while prisoners in Russian jails had died from numerous diseases, but few died insane. The Consul did not pursue the subject, but inferred that the Governor had been reading translations from American newspapers about the effect of solitary confinement in the model American prisons.

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The arrival of the prisoner, Louis Lanzadas, put a stop to the conversation. The prisoner was brought in by two of the prison guards, who saluted the Governor and then retired. The prisoner was clad in the usual prison garb of dark gray, coarse cloth, which resembled a dressing-gown; underneath, the prisoner wore a suit of coarse linen, or muslin. He was about five feet four inches in height, squarely built, with jet black hair and very black eyes, and his complexion was deathly pale. The type was unmistakably Spanish. The Consul breathed a sigh of relief. "Are you an American citizen?" said the Consul. "Yes," was the reply.

"What State do you come from?"

"From Chili," said the prisoner.

"But you stated in your letter that you were an American subject, and appealed to me as

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your Consul to help you. How do you explain?"

"Why, it is all the same, Mr. Consul—South America and North America—we are all the same people, and what's the difference? I have often been in the United States, and that's where I learned English."

"How old are you?" said the Consul.

"Twenty-four years," was the reply.

The prisoner then stated that his birthplace was near Punta Arenas, in Chili, and that he left his native country when he was a boy of about thirteen years of age, and had led a roving life as a sailor ever since. He came to Russia on board of an English steamer, whose name he was unable to state clearly, but which he called "Rabies." In answer to the question, he stated that he could neither read nor write. He could not spell his name, and, though he had tried over and over again to pronounce it to the authorities, he had not succeeded in making them understand how it was pronounced. He admitted that he might have taken a little too much to drink after he came on shore from his ship, and that accounted for his being left.

Sailors, of course, do not have passports, but when they happen to be left behind by their

ship their identity can easily be established by the records to be found at the consulate of the country under whose flag the ship sailed, as it is the captain's duty to report such cases before he leaves port, or as soon afterward as may be possible. Yiesk is a small village situated on the shores of the Sea of Azov, and ships taking cargo from the place must do so on lighters, as owing to the shallow water the vessel must remain several miles out in the roadsteads. There is no British Consul at Yiesk.

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It is a very serious offense in Russia to be found without a passport, and persons thus found who cannot or will not give an account of themselves which can be verified, and prove their identity, are detained in prison or else sent to Siberia as tramps. It would appear that the Russian authorities had endeavored to verify the statements made by Louis Lanzadas, but were unable to discover anything which would confirm them. The British representatives at the various ports on the Sea of Azov had been communicated with, but they knew nothing whatever about the man or his case. No such ship as the "Rabies" was known, nor had any British captain reported that one of his men was missing. The Consul explained

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to the unfortunate man that while he could not officially take up his case, as he was not an American citizen, yet he would privately do all that was in his power to secure his release and would act in the matter as far as the Russian authorities would permit. Lanzadas informed the Consul that he was very well treated in the prison, and had plenty to eat, but he begged for some tobacco and a pipe. His health was not very good, owing to one or two attacks of rheumatism, brought on, he thought, by the dampness of the prison. He had had a severe attack of rheumatism some years ago, and was apt to feel a twinge whenever he got wet. The Consul asked to see the Governor, who had, with a delicacy which is beyond praise, left the room shortly after the prisoner had been brought in, leaving the Consul and the prisoner alone.

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On the Governor's return, the Consul proceeded to explain the circumstances of the case as elicited from the prisoner, and asked permission to leave some money to procure tobacco and a pipe for Lanzadas, and also to be permitted to send him some underclothing. The permission was at once granted, and when

the Consul rather hesitatingly asked whether the Governor had authority to permit his prisoner to be sent for an hour or two occasionally to the Consul's house, the answer was that the Governor would assume this authority and send the man whenever the Consul desired to have him. The conversation with the Governor was in Russian, and the Consul was proceeding to still further explain some of the points in the case when to the astonishment of both Governor and Consul the prisoner broke in, and in excellent Russian was correcting some of the minor details which the Consul had been telling the Governor.—“May the devil take him, if he is not speaking Russian,” said the Governor.

“Where did you learn Russian? Are you Russian?” said the Governor.

“No,” was the reply, “I am not Russian, but I think if you had been shut up in an English jail for five months and heard no other language but English, you would speak English just as I do Russian.”

The Governor looked at the Consul and shook his head and said, “The poor chap is right.”

Bidding the prisoner good-bye, and telling him to keep up his spirits, the Consul, after thanking the Governor for his courtesy and

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kindness, and declining an invitation to inspect the prison on that occasion, left the jail.

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The judicial and other authorities were subsequently visited by the Consul, and every effort was made to secure Lanzadas' release. The Consul offered to pay the man's expenses and send him abroad if the authorities would order his release. The judges were quite willing, in fact, anxious, to let the man go, but it would appear that failing to establish his identity Lanzadas was regarded in the eyes of the law as a criminal, and could not be released. Every possible clue that the prisoner could suggest was followed up, and in each and every instance the result was nil. The Register General of England, whose duty it is to keep a complete list of all crews leaving British ports, was communicated with, but with no result. The unfortunate prisoner was allowed to come to the Consul's residence on three or four occasions, and all that could be done to cheer the poor fellow up was done. Later in the year his case was again brought before the Court, with the result that it was less favorably regarded, owing to the fact that his failure to establish his identity, and also his knowledge of

Russian, led the Court to look upon him with suspicion. When the Consul attempted still further to intercede for him, it was explained that these cases were not rare in Russia, and for all the Court knew, the man might be a notorious criminal from a distant part of the Empire. On the slightest proof that the man was a foreigner the Court stood ready to turn him over to the Consul.

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Unfortunately this proof was not forthcoming, and it is not difficult to understand the reason. Louis Lanzadas was absolutely illiterate, and did not know how to spell his name. His life had been that of a sailor from his boyhood, and he probably changed ships as often as he entered new ports. As he did not know how to spell his name, and claimed to be an American, no doubt his name would be spelled according to the fancy of the various consular clerks, whose duty it is to register sailors leaving British ports. Chili had no representative in Russia during this time, and it was due entirely to the courtesy of the Russian officials that the American Consul was permitted to interest himself in the case, and, in justice to the authorities, it is but fair to state that every possible assistance was given in the effort to establish the identity of the prisoner.

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Months passed during the time the efforts were being made to help the prisoner, and toward the end of the year the Consul received a communication from Lanzadas begging for an interview and appealing to the Consul not to forget him. The Consul visited the prisoner and did what he could to encourage the hope of release. The Consul informed Lanzadas that he was on the point of leaving his post in order to visit the United States, and that he would take the papers in the case with him, and would present them to the Chilian Minister at Washington, and that without doubt a request for his immediate release would be forwarded to the Russian Government. The poor fellow looked very mournful as he sadly bade the Consul good-bye.

The Consul presented the case at Washington, and active steps were being taken to secure Louis Lanzadas' release, when the Consul received a letter, of which the following is a copy:—

To the Acting Consul:

In consequence of your letter No. 640, of the 18/30 June, I have the honor to inform you, dear sir, that, by order of the Juge d' Instruction, dated April 1/13, Louis Lanzadas was put into the local main prison under the proven

charge of being a tramp, and that on the 27th May last he died in the prison hospital.

(Signed) The Governor.

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Louis Lanzadas was a prisoner for fifteen months, and died without being able to lift the veil which covered his past.

Julia Marlowe's Promoter

The vicissitudes of fortune which the ordinary theatrical agent encounters were fully exemplified by the late Ariel Barney, whose death last week was such a surprise to the theatrical world.

He was of an excellent Canadian family. His father was a judge, and he was given a good education. His earliest predilection after leaving school was for a journalistic career, which he began on the local staff of the *Cleveland Plaindealer*. After a couple of years service on that paper he thought he saw brighter prospects in the theatrical world, and he sought the aid of my informant to assist him in getting a position as an advance agent. Through him he made the acquaintance of the Frohman brothers, and through them he got the position he desired. Energetic, honest, and a good actor, his services were soon in demand,

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and he was soon in the front rank of those who were known in the business as good men ahead. He was a man of ideas, and some of them were excellent. Some of them were well meant, but injudicious.

Among the stars he handled was the lady whose stage name is Julia Marlowe, whose newspaper introduction to Philadelphia was made through a letter written by me from New York to the *Philadelphia Times*. In that letter, to oblige a friend, I incorporated a paragraph about Miss Marlowe in which I stated that in a few months she would make her debut in this city, and that Philadelphia would find her a lady of great talent, who would undoubtedly in time prove a worthy rival of Mary Anderson for their favor. That that prophecy has since been fulfilled admits of no question, though she didn't at once take Philadelphia by storm. Her first engagement in this city was played at what was then known as the South Broad Street Theatre, and the entire receipts of the house for the first week were less than one thousand dollars.

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Through the assistance of the gentleman who induced me to mention her in my New York letter, prominent journalists here were induced to take an interest in her. She was moved to

one of the theatres on Chestnut street, where she almost immediately became a favorite, and the third week of her engagement was played to over eight thousand dollars of receipts. She has ever since been one of Philadelphia's most popular and profitable stars.

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After leaving Philadelphia Mr. Barney came to the conclusion that it would be a good streak of managerial policy to induce Miss Marlowe to seclude herself as much as possible, when not on the stage, and to earn for herself a reputation for "exclusiveness," which would be valuable advertising assistance.

Perhaps he was right, but he sometimes carried his idea to the border of ridiculousness. For instance, in Washington one night she had among her auditors and patronesses Mrs. Frank Hiscock, the wife of one of New York's Senators. The next day Mrs. Hiscock had sent to her from the Congressional Conservatory a magnificent bouquet. It happened that the lady was going out for the day, and, not wishing the flowers to waste their sweetness in her vacant rooms, she called a bell boy and sent them, with her compliments, to Miss Marlowe, who was also a patron of the Arlington Hotel. They were duly delivered, but when Mr. Barney heard of the transaction he was

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angered because he had not been consulted and his permission to send the flowers obtained. But, apart from these bizarre ideas of management, Ariel Barney was at heart a good fellow. He had many good engagements, and most people who knew him thought he was financially well-to-do, but with the exception of a claim against Francis Wilson for a percentage of his past profits for a season or so, which claim was disputed, he died without leaving much beyond his memory for his young widow and child, and a number of managers have each chipped in a hundred dollars for a fund to provide for them.
Sad world, isn't it?

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "Francis Wilson". The signature is written in dark ink and features a prominent, sweeping flourish at the end.

Seen and Heard

LOUIS N. MEGARGEE, Publisher

Vol. I. Philadelphia, November 6, 1901 No. 44

Subscription, \$2 per year. Published Weekly at 806 Walnut St.

Here is a singular confession that SEEN AND HEARD presents to you.

Of course, there may be a mental contention as to whether or not a truly-told story and one that is born of the mind are equally good.

This thought is brought to mind by the condition of so-called journalism that is now not merely disgracing, but certainly discrediting, Philadelphia journalism.

For a man to tell a tale that would form a basis of a novel is not wrong; but when he gets into the habit of imagining things that are not true he is a dangerous writer.

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All this is brought to mind by a personal communication from a recent reporter on the *North American*, and who has naturally graduated to

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the *New York Journal*, and who has made SEEN AND HEARD his confident. Says he:—

"I'm about to go on the *New York Journal* to-morrow, having had as much of the *North American* game under the present conditions as I can well stand for. Before I left here I wanted to tell you about some great fakes of which I have been guilty. You know the claim to being the greatest fakir in the world is somewhat in dispute. The title is claimed by Joseph Mulhatton, who perpetuated the Texas Meteor story, published in the *Fort Worth Gazette* nearly twenty years ago, and many other masterly efforts. However, his work was in country newspapers, whereas all of my gigantic efforts appeared in great modern dailies. I was the author of them all."

Here is the confession of a recent employee of the *North American*, a newspaper that to-day enjoys the reputation of being the most inaccurate publication of its class in the entire world.

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Thus says the fakir:—

"In 1883 the *Baltimore Day* swallowed whole a column story of a boy with hydrographic eyes who suddenly appeared in Hartford County, Md., during a severe drought, and who was

endowed with the seemingly marvelous gift of being able to detect streams of running water under the earth. Notwithstanding the fierceness of this proposition, it went broadcast over the entire country. Frank Leslie's illustrated newspaper sent writers and artists to Maryland, and the old *Day* received an impetus which clung to it until its final crash a few months later. The success of this maiden effort inclined me to the opinion that newspaper stories were too tame, inadequately pictured at their fountain head, and that the true writer should write not for the one hundred who do know, but for the one hundred thousand who don't.

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"Following this strain of reasoning the staid *Baltimore Herald*, under the Hoopers, came out with a triple-leaded column of a new and second moon, revolving between the present satellite and the earth. This astonishing discovery was attributed to a mythical Professor Allan Winstanley, of the equally mythical University of Kansas City. Professor Winstanley, in most commending terms, told how 'the strange aberration in the tides which has puzzled scientists for years, the tidal waves, and water-spouts are now easily explained by the influence of this hitherto unsuspected planet.'

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The story then went on to say that Professor Basil Gildersleeve, head of the Johns Hopkins University, had been in communication with Professor Winstanley, and pointing the University telescope to the quarter of the heavens indicated by that eminent astronomer had also seen the new moon. The story made a great sensation. It was reproduced all over the country, and incidentally drew forth a storm of protest from Professor Gildersleeve. The latter took up two columns of space in the *Baltimore Sun* in a learned denial of the existence of the alleged planet, and it wound up with the statement that at all events the new moon could never have been seen by Professor Winstanley, which was, of course, perfectly correct.

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“Various other stories from time to time were equally noteworthy, and some of the choicest appeared in Philadelphia. The medium selected was the *Philadelphia Times*, and the first really great effort was the ‘boagum,’ a strange animal which was supposed to have been brought here from South America on the brig Daisy. The publication of this romance was followed by the Academy of Sciences taking action, and a delegation was appointed to visit the ship

and report on the monster. Finding that the story was a fake, they went to Colonel A. K. McClure and demanded that the writer be discharged. The Colonel managed to pacify them and also the Captain, but unfortunately a fellow story slipped into *The Times* the very next morning in which Professor Allan Winstanley visited Philadelphia opportunely and inspected the 'boagum,' classifying the latter as a living species of the extinct 'hellodotherium,' whose remains have been heretofore found only in the upper Pleocene and Mioocene of Greece.

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"This praiseworthy effort was followed shortly by a wonder. In three-column measure, on the first page, *The Times* told of an expedition being fitted out in Philadelphia, engineered by wealthy Jews, with the end in view to rescue Dreyfus from the Devils Island. The sweet air of probability which characterized this tale, the allusion to Cramp's shipyard, and the mention of many prominent names caused it to make the rounds, as the boagum story had done, of every paper from Maine to California. Incidentally, both resulted in not a little trouble for *The Times*."

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These are revelations that a newspaper man who loves his art hates to make, but they have their corrective influence, intending to show to what debasement newspapers of the Wana-maker class have brought the Fourth Estate, and the Estate that should be the First Estate.

The Kind of Man Senator Shoup Is

A special dispatch from Boise City, Idaho, brings the information that former Senator Shoup has resigned as a member of the Republican National Committee, in which he represented Idaho.

This brings to mind a man whose life's story forms part of that of his country in a dramatic form such as few have colored it with.

George L. Shoup was a resident of the little mining town of Denver, Colorado, more than thirty-five years ago, when on one hand he was denounced as an infamous leader in the Chivington massacre, but lauded among his neighbors as the hero of the battle of Sand Creek.

The surrounding country was overrun with a band of aborigines known as the Sand Creek Indians, under the leadership of White Antelope. They were what are known as "friendly Indians," although that term always causes an

outburst of indignant protest from the man who became Senator from Idaho, and they were treated with particular favoritism by the Government. Notwithstanding their demonstrations of affection, numerous outrages were traced to the warriors of the tribe; men were murdered, women outraged, children stolen, property purloined, and stock driven off the ranches. To all demands for aid the United States officials responded that the Sand Creek Indians were "friendly," and could not be the authors of the outrages. One day mutilated bodies of four settlers were brought into Denver. They had been treated with nameless violence. People of what was then a mining camp—now a great and prosperous city of the West—arose in indignant might. A militia regiment of four hundred men was at once organized; all trained, picked men, familiar with Indian methods. George L. Shoup was one of this body. He was not its nominal leader, but in the events which followed he took virtual command and led the fighting.

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The men who went out upon this expedition were not noisy, blatant ruffians. They were quiet-voiced, gentle, but determined citizens of a pioneer town; nearly all with what have been

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described as "the inevitable blue eyes which seem to prevail among the heroes of the West." They followed the Indians, found their village at nightfall, and prepared for attack at sunrise. A line of pickets was thrown out to guard against surprise. During the night one of the "friendly" Indians sneaked up to one of the watchers, killed him, scalped him, cut out his heart, divided it into four quarters, and laid it upon the bleeding body. This was the spectacle which confronted the band of avengers in the morning. The sight drove them to frenzy. They fell upon the Indians with merciless purpose, sparing neither warrior, squaw, nor papoose. Crazed by the knowledge that their brethren had been subjected to torture beyond belief, and whose description is unpermissible in print, knowing that the squaw had subjected women in captivity to fiendish cruelties beyond the comprehension of the ordinary mind, and that the children of the tribe would only grow to fuller height to perpetuate the methods of their ancestors, the men of Denver, kindly-hearted and gentle, struck down squawas well as brave, and dashed out the brains of infants upon the rocks of the plains. It was a battle of annihilation. White Antelope and all his people were absolutely wiped

from the face of the earth. Not one lived to tell the tale. But from that day to this, a period covering more than thirty-seven years, there has never been an Indian outbreak in Colorado.

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Colonel Shoup led the men who destroyed that band of Indian marauders. That the claim made for the Indians of being "friendly" was a mockery was demonstrated by the fact that in their camp were found the scalps of three women still wet with blood, and a vast amount of plunder which had been stolen from settlers and from trains passing through that region. When subsequently asked why he permitted butchery to extend to both women and children, Colonel Shoup quietly answered: "It was impossible to control my men. The spectacle of their comrade, with his dismembered heart smoking upon his breast, made madmen of them. As to the squaws, they fought us more desperately than the warriors. They crawled on their hands and knees in efforts to cut us down. There was not a man among us who had not witnessed evidences of the most nameless atrocities which they had perpetrated upon white women—members of their own sex. The battle was probably, consider-

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ing the numbers involved, one of the fiercest in the history of the world. It was a hand-to-hand conflict from beginning to end, and if we had not wiped the Indians out of existence they would have destroyed us. I admit that it was a butchery, but a necessary one."

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Western history will ever refer to the battle of Sand Creek as an event to be recorded in testimony of the valor of George L. Shoup, and among the people of that section of this great country his name is synonymous with integrity and humanity. In Government circles he was called a murderer, but he was not a contractor nor a politician in the days when contractors and politicians lived by deceiving the people regarding Indian affairs.

What Scalping Means to Indians

No story of the annihilation of the White Antelope village of Indians, man, woman, and child, under the leadership of Senator George L. Shoup, would be complete without a reference to another famous Indian fighter, the famous Neil Howie, Shoup's contemporary.

In the pioneer days, to reach Montana from Cheyenne, in Wyoming, required a roundabout

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journey that involved a double crossing of the Rocky Mountains, with a change of base at Salt Lake City. The United States Government brought about a better condition of travel by constructing a trail through the Gallatin Valley, along the course of the Gunpowder River, reaching around the base of the mountains in a curvilinear form, which avoided the heights of the Rockies. To protect this route from marauding Indians three forts were built—Reno, Phil Kearney, and C. F. Smith. These were garrisoned by United States troops. In 1863 the murderous Sioux from the Yellowstone Valley pursued a sanguinary course up through the Gallatin Valley and into Montana. It was marked by rapine and plunder. They besieged Fort Reno and killed many of its garrison, including a brother of A. K. McClure. They environed Fort Phil Kearney and wiped from the face of the earth every human being whose walls it failed to protect. Then they surrounded Fort C. F. Smith, where two hundred Union soldiers found themselves surrounded by more than one thousand death-seeking Indians. Escape seemed impossible. A courier got word of this condition of affairs to General Hancock, who was then stationed at St. Paul, and he sent a message to

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the Governor of Montana, at Bozeman, calling upon him to relieve the besieged garrison. The Chief Executive of the Territory of Montana at that time was Green Clay Smith. He had been a member of Congress from Kentucky, but President Lincoln made him Territorial Governor of Montana. He was seated on the porch of his residence in Bozeman when Hancock's message was handed to him. To a visitor from the East, who was seated by his side, and who is the author of this narrative, he said: "What in the name of heaven can I do? Fort C. F. Smith is 250 miles away. The country between here and there is filled with Sioux Indians. Our militia force consists of exactly 427 men. Not a man of them could reach Fort C. F. Smith alive. I am absolutely powerless. However, I will send for Colonel Howie."

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At that time Colonel Neil Howie was United States Marshal for the Territory of Montana. He was a typical frontiersman. He commanded the Montana Volunteers, and it has been said of him that "General Sherman might have been at Bozeman City with 5,000 troops and the people of the Gallatin could not have escaped the scalping knife of the savage, but

Colonel Howie, with less than 400 men, protected 100 miles of exposed frontier but a little distance from the hostile tribes."

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It was to this man that Governor Smith addressed himself, handing him General Hancock's dispatch and saying: "Colonel, we can't do anything for those poor devils in Fort C. F. Smith. We haven't enough men, and those we have couldn't get there. Am I not right?"

"No," said Colonel Howie, quietly, without any exhibition of excitement, and with the gentle voice of a woman. "There is no trouble about that, Governor. We can arrange that matter and still leave the Montana frontier protected. I will need some picked men and a good leader for them. I think Captain McCabe is best fitted for this undertaking. I will go out and find him."

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McCabe was another gentle-voiced man with blue eyes. He didn't make much noise. He acted. He said to the Governor: "Oh, yes, it is easy enough. But I'll need 40 of the best men I can select. You can keep the rest of your volunteer force here." Governor Smith looked at him in amazement. So did the visitor from the East. They both thought

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that he was either insane or a braggart. Governor Smith said to him: "How in the name of heaven do you expect to raise the siege of Fort C. F. Smith with 40 men when you know that it is surrounded with more than 1,000 bloodthirsty Indians, and that the country between here and there is covered with thousands more murderous Sioux?"

Said McCabe: "Why, Governor, it is easy enough. The Indians know us and know that we know them better than they know themselves. You folks from the East have an idea that what you call Indian atrocities are simply unmeaning exhibitions of brutality; that scalping, for instance, is simply a form of torture. In that you are mistaken. The Indian believes that no man can go to the happy hunting ground—heaven we call it—who has been deprived of his hair. Their motive in scalping a victim is to carry out fiendish hatred to its utmost by preventing him from having a happy hereafter. Therefore, to deprive an Indian of his scalp is to rob him of his hope of a happy hereafter. My men never kill an Indian without scalping him, and the Indians know that. The 40 men I will select for this expedition are unerring in their aim with the rifle. They can shoot 16 shots in 16

seconds, and every ball means a dead Indian, and every dead Indian means a scalp, and every scalp means a warrior deprived eternally of a chance of ever reaching the happy hunting ground. My 40 men will walk from here to Fort C. F. Smith without firing a shot."

"Incredible," said Governor Smith.

"True," said Captain McCabe.

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What was the result?

Forty men walked 250 miles from Bozeman to Fort C. F. Smith. Indians watched them on every side. By days their progress was signalled by circling columns of smoke, and at night by fire from mountain tops. But not a shot was fired. When they got within sight of Fort C. F. Smith the 1,000 whooping Sioux who held the garrison in siege fled, and the 40 frontiersmen from Bozeman marched in and escorted the 200 Union soldiers back to the Territorial capital without the loss of a life.

Not a shot had been fired.

Not a scalp had been lifted.

This is unwritten history.

The Draft Riots in New York

A condition of American history that is not creditable to its metropolitan city is brought to

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mind by the death of George Wright Dilks, a one-time police inspector, who took a prominent part in an attempt to suppress the draft riots in the early sixties, and for his participation therein was commended for his bravery. Under the prior calls for volunteers, the State of New York was reported by the Adjutant General, at the close of Governor Morgan's term of office, on the last day of 1862, to be deficient to the extent of about 28,000 men, and of these figures 18,000 were credited to the City of New York. There had, however, been no lack of cordial co-operation between the governments of the nation and of the Empire State until Horatio Seymour was inaugurated as Chief Executive, on January 1, 1863. Being desirous of securing his earnest aid in common with that of the governors of all the loyal Northern States, Mr. Lincoln, soon after Governor Seymour's inauguration, addressed him a letter in the course of which he said:—
“You and I are substantially strangers, and I write this chiefly that we may become better acquainted. I, for the time being, am at the head of a nation which is in great peril, and you are at the head of the greatest State of that nation. As to maintaining the nation's life and integrity, I assume and believe there cannot be

a difference of purpose between you and me. If we should differ as to the means it is important that such difference should be as small as possible; that it should not be enhanced by unjust suspicions on one side or the other. In the performance of my duty the co-operation of your State, as that of others, is needed—in fact, is indispensable. This alone is sufficient reason why I should wish to be at a good understanding with you. Please write me at least as long a letter as this; of course, saying in it just what you think fit.”

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Three weeks elapsed before Mr. Lincoln received a very frigid and carefully-worded reply from the Governor of New York, which was far from satisfactory, and, in fact, disturbing. Governor Seymour's attitude aided in bringing about a feeling of distrust in New York City, which distinctly tinged public sentiment in opposition to the draft. Nicolay and Hay, in their historical narrative, state that the *Journal of Commerce* accused the Administration of prolonging the war for its own purposes, and added, "Such men are neither more nor less than murderers." The *World*, denouncing the "weak and reckless men who temporarily administer the Federal Government," at-

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tacked especially the enrollment bill as an illegal and despotic measure. The *Daily News*, which reached a larger number of the masses of New York than any other journal, quoted Governor Seymour as saying that neither the President nor Congress, without the consent of the State authorities, had the right to force a single individual against his will "to take part in the ungodly conflict which is distracting the land." It condemned the manner in which the draft was being executed as "an outrage on all decency and fairness," the object of it being to "kill off Democrats and stuff the ballot boxes with bogus soldier votes." Incendiary hand-bills in the same sense were distributed through the northern districts of the city, thickly populated with laboring men of foreign birth.

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Thus continues the story: "Although there had been for several days mutterings of discontent in the streets, and even threats uttered against the enrolling officers, these demonstrations had been mostly confined to the drinking saloons, and no apprehensions of popular tumult were entertained. Even on a Saturday morning, the 11th of July, when the draft was to begin at the corner of Forty-third street

and Third avenue, there was no symptom of disturbance. The day passed pleasantly away, the draft was carried on regularly and good-humoredly, and at night the Superintendent of Police, as he left the office, said "the Rubicon was passed and all would go well." But the next day, being Sunday, afforded leisure for the ferment of suspicion and anger. Every foreigner who was drafted became a centre of sympathy and excitement. There were secret meetings in many places on Sunday night, and on the next morning parties of men went from shop to shop compelling workmen to join them and swell the processions which were moving to the offices of the Enrollment Board. The Commissioner proceeded quietly with his work, the wheel was beginning to turn, a few names were called and recorded, when suddenly a large paving stone came crashing through the window and landed upon the reporters' table, shivering the inkstands and knocking over one or two bystanders; and with hardly a moment's interval a volley of stones flew through the windows, putting a stop to the proceedings. The crowd, kindled into fury by its own act, speedily became a howling mob; the rioters burst through the doors and windows, smashed the furniture of

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the office into splinters, sprinkled camphene upon the floor, and set the building on fire. When the fire department arrived, they found the mob in possession of the hydrants, and the building was soon reduced to ashes. This furious outbreak took the authorities completely by surprise. The most trustworthy portion of the organized militia had been ordered to Pennsylvania to resist the invasion of General Lee. There was only a handful of troops in the harbor, and the mob, having possession of the street railways, prevented for a time the rapid concentration of these, while the police, who were admirable in organization and efficiency, were, of course, inadequate during the first hours of the outbreak to deal with an army of excited and ignorant men, recruited in an instant from hundreds of workshops and excited by drink and passionate declamation.

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"The agitation and disorder spread so rapidly that the upper part of the city was in a few hours in full possession of the maddened crowd, the majority of them filled with that aimless thirst for destruction which rises so naturally in a mob when the restraints of order

are withdrawn. They were led by wild zealots, excited by political hates and fears, or by common thieves, who found in the tumult their opportunity for plunder. By 3 o'clock in the afternoon the body of rioters in the upper part of the city numbered several thousand. Their first fury was naturally directed against the enrolling officers. After the destruction of the building in the Ninth District, they attacked the block of stores in which the enrolling offices of the Eighth District stood. The adjoining shops were filled with jewelry and other costly goods, and were speedily swept clean by the thievish hands of the rioters, and then set on fire: here, as before, the firemen were not permitted to play on the flames. But the political animus of the mob was shown most clearly by the brutal and cowardly outrages inflicted upon negroes. They dashed with the merriment of fiends at every colored face they saw, taking special delight in the maiming and murdering of women and children. Late in the afternoon of the 13th the mob made a rush for the fine building of the Colored Orphan Asylum. This estimable charity was founded and carried on by a society of kind-hearted ladies; it gave not only shelter but instruction and Christian training to several hundred col-

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ored orphans. A force of policemen was hastily gathered together, but could defend the asylum for a few minutes only, giving time for most of the inmates to escape. The policemen were then disabled by the brutal mob, who rushed into the building, stealing everything which was portable and setting the house on fire. They burned the residence of several government officers, and a large hotel which refused them liquor.

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"For three days these horrible scenes of unchained fury and hatred lasted. An attack upon the *New York Tribune* office was a further evidence of the political passion of the mob, headed at this point by a lame Secessionist barber, who had just before been heard to express the hope that he 'might soon shave Jeff Davis in New York,' and who led on the rioters with loud cheers for General McClellan; but after dismantling the counting-room they were attacked and driven away by the police. From beginning to end they showed little courage; they were composed, in great number, of the most degraded class of foreigners, and as a rule they made no stand when attacked in any number by either the police or the military. The only

exception to this rule was in the case of a squad of marines who foolishly fired into the air when confronting the rioters. Colonel O'Brien having sprained his ankle while gallantly resisting the mob, stepped into a drug store for assistance, while his detachment passed on. The druggist, fearing the rioters, begged O'Brien to leave his shop, and the brave soldier went out among the howling mob. In a moment they were upon him and beat and trampled him into unconsciousness. For several hours the savages dragged the still breathing body of their own countryman up and down the streets, inflicting every indignity upon his helpless form, and then, shouting and yelling, conveyed him to his own door. There a courageous priest sought to subdue their savagery by reading the last offices for the dying over the unfortunate officer; then the climax of horror was reached by the brutal ruffians jostling the priest aside and closing the ceremonies by dancing upon the corpse. But a squad of fifty regulars was able to work its will against thousands of them. The city government, the trusty and courageous police force, and the troops in the harbor at last came into harmonious action, and gradually established order throughout the city.

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"The State government was of little avail from beginning to end of the disturbance. Governor Seymour, having done all he could to embarrass the Government and arouse the people against it, had left the city on the 11th and gone to Long Branch, in New Jersey. On receipt of the frightful news of the 13th he returned to the city a prey to the most terrible agitation. He was hurried by his friends to the City Hall, where a great crowd soon gathered, and there, in sight of the besieged *Tribune* office, he made the memorable address, the discredit of which justly clung to him all his days. His terror and his sympathy with the mob [Nicolay and Hay are still talking], in conflict with his convictions of public duty, completely unmanned him. He addressed the rioters in affectionate tones as his 'friends,' and assured them that he had 'come to show them a test of his friendship.' He informed them that he had sent his adjutant to Washington to confer with the authorities there and to have the draft suspended. This assurance was received with the most vociferous cheers. He urged them to act as good citizens, leaving their interests to him. 'Wait until my adjutant returns from Washington,' he said, 'and you shall be satisfied.'"

Subsequently, however, Governor Seymour issued two proclamations—one on July 14th, in which he condemned the riot and called upon those engaged in it to return to their homes and employments, and another in which in stern sentences he declared the city and county of New York to be in a state of insurrection, and warned all who resisted the authority of the State of the lawfully prescribed penalties. The riot had a bloody ending on the night of its fourth day, when a small body of soldiers met the principal disturbers at Third avenue and Twenty-first street, killed thirteen, wounded eighteen, and took many prisoners. Many others died in their retreats, afraid to send for medical assistance lest they should be imprisoned. The returning militia from Pennsylvania, including several regiments of veterans of the Army of the Potomac, victorious from the battlefield of Gettysburg, soon brought peace to the city, but not before many lives had been lost and about \$2,000,000 worth of property had been destroyed. The number killed and wounded was estimated by Governor Seymour himself as 1,000.

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When the War of the Rebellion broke out, the United States Army consisted of about 17,000

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men, and it is interesting to study the manner in which it later grew to a great army of 1,000,000 soldiers. Figures regarding this can be found in detail in the statement of General Fry, which is part of the report of war to the Thirty-ninth Congress. From this it is learned that the first troops mustered into the service were the militia of the District of Columbia; 38 companies were thus obtained. On the 15th of April was issued, under the law of 1803, the President's proclamation calling for 75,000 troops for 90 days. Their work was the protection of the capital. Their service mainly ended with the battle of Bull Run. On the 3d of May the President issued a call for 42,000 volunteers to serve three years, unless sooner discharged. At the same time he increased the regular army by 8 regiments, and directed the enlistment of 18,000 seamen. This was done without authority from Congress, but the act was legalized when that body came together. The volunteers called for were immediately raised and many more were offered, but the recruits for the regular army came in slowly, and the new regiments were, in fact, never fully organized until the close of the war. After the disastrous battle of Bull Run the patriotism of Congress promptly rose to the

emergency, and within a few days successive acts were passed giving the President authority to raise an army of a million men.

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Nicolay and Hay, in their "History of Abraham Lincoln," record that so enthusiastic was the response of the people in those early days that the chief embarrassment of the Government was at first to check and repress the offers of volunteers. Some regions were more liberal in their tenders of troops than others; individuals and companies rejected from one State, whose quota was full, enlisted from another; pious frauds were practiced to get a place under the colors. Much confusion and annoyance afterward resulted from these causes. Under authority of the acts of Congress referred to, a force of 637,126 men was in the service in the spring of 1862. This, it was thought, would be adequate for the work of suppressing the insurrection. The expenses of the military establishment had arisen to appalling proportions, and the ill-advised resolution was taken of putting a stop to volunteer recruiting on the 3d of April. As the waste of the army went on without corresponding successes, the error which had been committed was recognized, and recruiting was resumed in June, but before much progress was made, the ill-fortune of McClellan Peninsula, and its unfavorable effect on the public mind, chilled and discouraged recruitment. The necessity for more troops was as evident to the country as to the Government. While General McClellan

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was on his retreat to the James, the Governors of the royal States signed a letter to the President, requesting him to issue a call for additional troops, and it was in response to this that Mr. Lincoln issued his call, on the 2d of July, 1862, for 300,000 volunteers. The need of troops continuing and becoming more and more pressing, the call for 300,000 nine months' militia was issued on the 4th of August, and in some of the States a draft from the militia was ordered, the results of which were not especially satisfactory. Only about 87,000 of the 300,000 required were reported as obtained in this way, and the number was greatly reduced by desertion before the men could be got out of their respective States.

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It is mortifying to make the admission, but history records the fact that in Pennsylvania a somewhat serious organization was formed in several counties for resisting the draft. Governor Curtin reported several thousand recusants in arms. They would not permit the drafted men who were willing to do their duty to leave their homes, and even forced them to get out of the railway trains after they had embarked. By the prompt and energetic action of the State and National Governments, working in harmony, this disorder was soon suppressed. But in this State, as elsewhere, the enrollment was insufficient and the results entirely inadequate. The history before referred to states that "early in the year 1863 it became evident that the armies necessary for

an effective prosecution of the war could not be filled by volunteerings, nor by State action alone, and a bill for enrolling and calling out the national forces was introduced in the Senate in the beginning of February, and at once gave rise in that body to a hot discussion. It was attacked by the Democratic Senators, who were mostly from the border States, with the greatest energy and feeling. They contended that it was in direct violation of the Constitution, and, if passed, would be subversive of the liberties of the country. They were joined by Mr. Richardson, who had succeeded Mr. Douglass as Senator from Illinois, and who warned his colleagues that they were plunging the country into civil war, * * * The object and purpose of the President was proclaimed by Democratic members to be the establishment of an irresponsible despotism, and the destruction of constitutional liberty was prophesied as certain in case the bill should pass. There was a great difference of tone between the opponents and the supporters of the Administration; the latter, confident in their strength, were far more moderate in their expressions than the former, but there were reproaches and recriminations on both sides. Democrats like Cox, of Ohio, Biddle, of Pennsylvania, and Mallory and Wickliffe, of Kentucky, claimed that the anti-slavery measures of the Administration were the sole cause of military failure, and that if the President would return to constitutional ways the armies would soon be filled by volunteering, to which the Republicans answered that the

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cessation of volunteering was due to the treasonable speech and conduct of the opposition. Some unimportant amendments were attached to the bill, which was sent back to the Senate for concurrence, and after another debate scarcely less passionate than the first the amendments of the House became a law by the approval of the President on the 3d of March, 1863. It was the first law enacted by Congress by which the Government of the United States, without the intervention of the authorities of the several States, appealed directly to the nation to create large armies."

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The act declared that, with certain exceptions especially set forth, all able-bodied male citizens, and persons of foreign birth who had declared their intention to become citizens, between the ages of 20 and 45, should constitute the national force, and empowered the President to call them forth by draft. All were to be called out if necessary; the first call was actually for one-fifth, but that was a measure of expediency. The act provided for the appointment or detail by the President of a provost marshal general, who was to be a head of the bureau in the War Department, and for dividing the States into districts coinciding with those for the election of Congressmen. The District of Columbia and the Territories formed additional districts. A provost marshal was authorized for each of these districts, with whom were associated a commissioner and a surgeon. The board thus formed was required

to divide its district into as many sub-districts as might be found necessary, to appoint an enrolling officer for each, and to make an enrollment immediately. Colonel James B. Fry, an assistant adjutant general of the army, who had formerly been chief of staff to General Buell, and who was not only an accomplished soldier, but an executive officer of extraordinary tact, ability, and industry, was made provost marshal general. Officers of the army, selected for administrative capacity, were appointed provost marshals for the several States. The enrollment began the latter part of May, and was pushed forward with great energy, except in the border States, where some difficulty was found in selecting the proper boards of enrollment. While there was more or less opposition, General Fry says: "It could not be said to be serious. Some of the officers were maltreated, and one or two assassinated, but prompt action on the part of the civil authorities, aided when necessary by military patrols, secured the arrest of guilty parties and checked these outrages."

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Those who attempted to obstruct enrollment officers were promptly punished, and orders from the War Department gave a clear definition of what constituted impediments to the drafts. Not only the assaulting or obstructing of officers was cause for punishment, but even standing mute and the giving of false names subjected the offender to summary arrest. The result proved the vast military re-

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sources of the nation. In April, 1865, with a million soldiers in the field, the enrollment showed that the national forces not called out consisted of 2,245,000 more. The quotas charged against the States, under all calls made by the President during the four years from the 15th of April, 1861, when his first proclamation echoed the guns at Sumter, to the 14th of April, 1865, when Lincoln died and recruiting ceased, amounted to 2,759,049, the terms of service varying from three months to three years. The aggregate number of men credited on the several calls, and put into service in the army, navy, and marines, was 2,690,401. During the draft the President was overwhelmed with complaints from many of the Governors of Northern States regarding the quotas of their Commonwealths and demanding reductions. The only serious controversy, however, that arose during the progress of the enrollment was that instituted by Governor Horatio Seymour, of New York, and this culminated in a dreadful riot in New York City.

A large, stylized handwritten signature in black ink, which appears to read "Louis M. G. Taylor". The signature is written in a cursive style with a long, sweeping underline.

Seen and Heard

LOUIS N. MEGARGEE, Publisher

Vol. I.

Philadelphia, November 13, 1901

No. 45

Subscription, \$2 per year.

Published Weekly at 806 Walnut St.

Fred. Rothermel, as a candidate for District Attorney, was crushed beneath two conditions for which he was not responsible—John Wanamaker and the Preacher in Politics.

He could not escape either.

He is to be pitied.

Let us discuss the question calmly.

John Wanamaker does not appear to have a friend in town, and there is no particular reason why he should have. On the hustings it was stated by the outright Republicans that Rothermel was the private counsel for this bargain-counter merchant, who has done more to corrupt Pennsylvania politics than even Quay. Mr. Rothermel couldn't come to the

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front and deny this proposition. But the lash of that accusation strained his back through the entire campaign. Mr. Rothermel couldn't disown Wanamaker, yet that bargain-counter merchant clung to his back as the Old Man of the Sea did to Sinbad the Sailor. There was no escape for a man esteemed by many. As an incubus, Wanamaker carried Rothermel to his political grave.

No use mincing words over this.

It was Wanamaker that destroyed Rothermel.

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Then came the Preachers.

What Wanamaker failed in the accomplishment of destruction they perfected.

There are folks who do not like the Preacher in politics.

There are people who believe that the men of God should teach the doctrine of whatever faith they represent, and leave to men of the world their personal determination as to what they shall do apart from religion. Such as these resent the pulpit being used as the rostrum.

Such as these say to men of the cloth: "Get thee away from things that do not concern you, and preach only the word of God."

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Men such as these did Rothermel much wrong. Men such as these should not occupy the pulpit. They were not intended for that purpose, and the sooner they learn it, it will be better for those they attempt to serve.

Rothermel was one of their victims.

It is a singular fact that those who profess certain religious faiths that know nothing of politics never speak in public in advocacy of any political cause, and these have more influence than those loud-mouthed men who advertise their sermons every Saturday morning in the public prints, and who seek a multitude of hearers by theatrical endeavors. Men who are earnest in their religious convictions do not advertise their sermons. Fakirs do, and these embroil themselves in political intentions without reason and without right.

The multitude of the people resent the intrusion of religion into politics.

Justly so.

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Li Hung Chang and His Cigarettes

While Li Hung Chang lay a corpse in his Pekin palace there was still, undisturbed by storm, an enormous five-sheet poster, on a big board fence up town in Philadelphia, of the great Viceroy in his most gorgeous raiment, peacock feather, yellow jacket, and all, announcing that he has given his august approval to some sort of bitters. This brings to mind the fact, not heretofore made public, and not known outside of a limited circle, that before he left this country he conferred upon one of its citizens the high and mighty title of Third Earl of the Celestial Empire.

And all on account of some cigarettes.

It is an odd story.

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As is very generally known, it is not unusual when a swell club man in New York City has exhausted his resources, has gone through the torture of supplemental proceedings, has confessed that he does not possess a dollar, does not own any jewelry, has no income, and is living on the charity of some young woman,

with whom, but a few months before, he had been cutting a dash in the Park, on the roof gardens, and through the crimson-hued pathways of the Tenderloin district, he is considered fully equipped to become the secret agent for a champagne house. Having made his financial arrangements with some wine agent, including a salary and the privilege of having returned him daily a certain sum of money supposed to have been expended in purchasing among his friends, and apparently paying for, the particular brand of fizz which he is employed to favor, he is prepared to boom it, first in his club or clubs; for, singular to relate, when a New York club man becomes a bankrupt he still remains an eligible club man, and does not lose caste. No matter what kind of wine he has smacked his lips over heretofore, he suddenly displays a wonderful affection for the brand which is secretly imprinted upon his pocketbook. He orders it freely. His companions look at him in admiration. They call him a "high roller." Not to be outdone in generosity, they buy the foaming beverage al-

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most as lavishly as he does, totally unaware of the fact that he is practically a bunco steerer, and they are the victims. In public resorts he repeats this performance daily and nightly. Men speak of his generosity in terms and tones of enthusiasm, unaware of the fact that he is never spending a penny of his own money, but is continually endeavoring to draw their coins from the depths of their pockets. That is an old story.

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But the number of financially-decayed club men in New York is numerous, and the number of brands of champagne is limited, and each one now has, and, in fact, has had, for some time a sufficient number of what might harshly be termed gentlemanly "cappers," a nasty gambler's term, you understand, for one who lures the flies into the spider's web. And so the broken-down man-about-town has been driven into the field of tobacco—first in the shape of cigars, but now, last step of all, into the realm of the deadly cigarette. Think of it!

Think of a fine-looking young fellow, "the glass of fashion and the mold of form," smoking his brains out in an effort to convince the swell young man of the town that the proper thing in the cigarette line is the package which bears the stamp of Nicotinus & Co., and that no man can consider himself a howling swell if he smokes any other brand.

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There is a clever man in New York who bears the name of Edward Lynch. He is a member of the Lambs' Club, that famous organization celebrated for its annual gambols, and which is composed mainly of actors, and of which the late William J. Florence was once "The Shepherd," and Henry E. Dixey was "The Boy." DeWolf Hopper is now "The Shepherd." Lynch has seen much of life; has seen prosperity in its fairest guise, and has tasted the bitterness of adversity. Unkind fate made him a cigarette agent, and he voiced anywhere and everywhere the merits of a certain brand of this peculiarly noxious form of tobacco. When he

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brought in large orders the firm was correspondingly kind; when he failed to give material proof of his influence and activity he was given the frozen hand. The Johnnies in New York had not been particularly prosperous—on account of the McKinley-Bryan contest. Pa was waiting to see what the fellow Bryan would accomplish, and consequently Lynch suffered a serious falling off in his orders. His exchequer ran low. The firm declined to replenish it. One night, in this dilemma, he was in the Lambs' Club, and was bewailing his lot. He did not have a five-dollar note that he could call his own. He had been to the firm that day, and he had asked for a fifty, but the answer was epigrammatically if not choicely worded, "Nit." A newspaper man present in the clubhouse happened to mention that Li Hung Chang, who was then the talk of the town, was a great cigarette smoker. A light broke in upon Lynch. He proved that there was genius in his composition.

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Lynch happened to remember that he had a

friend, an army officer, on Governor's Island, who was assigned to duty in connection with Earl Li's reception, and who had incidentally mentioned to him that he was intimately acquainted with Dr. Irwin, an American physician connected with the staff of the great Viceroy. Next morning, bright and early, he called upon his soldier friend and told him that his fortune was made if he could obtain an introduction to Dr. Irwin, and through him an audience with Li Hung Chang. Later in the day he was informed that Dr. Irwin would gladly present him to the Celestial ruler. Armed with this message he went to the office of the cigarette firm. His air was haughty, his step was high. He threw the door backward violently, and not with the gentle movements of a suppliant.

"Let me have \$500," he said to the head of the house, "and go with me down to Tiffany's and order a solid silver box to hold about one thousand cigarettes which I wish to present to Li Hung Chang."

He told his story.

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The opportunity for a great advertisement was immediately seen and seized upon. Five hundred dollars was handed out gladly, and with the chief member of the firm he went to Tiffany's and selected a handsome solid silver casket, in which one thousand cigarettes were laid. With this he went to the Hotel Waldorf. Ex-Governor Roswell P. Flower was waiting to see Li Hung Chang. Ex-Governor David Bennett Hill was waiting to see Li Hung Chang. Other men of high degree were waiting to see Li Hung Chang. But Dr. Irwin ushered the man with the cigarettes into the august presence. Lynch had the gift of the gab rarely developed. As his name indicated, he certainly had Irish blood in his veins. He gave his Celestial highness what the theatrical agent would call "a good line of talk," and presented him with the silver casket and its contents so graciously that the Chinese Viceroy absolutely became enamored of him, and not only did he keep him in prolonged conversation, but then and there gave him an order for twenty thousand cigarettes, and told him to

send the bill to his secretary. In addition to that he told Dr. Irwin that he must bring his friend to see him again.

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Lynch went back to the office of the cigarette firm with his feet, as well as his head, in the air. When he told his tale he was fairly embraced, and thinking the moment opportune he made a suggestion that another \$500 would be acceptable, as he proposed having the firm made cigarette purveyor-in-chief to Li Hung Chang, and the money was promptly forthcoming.

This was the poor devil who the night before, in the Lambs' Club, was bemoaning the fact that he did not have but \$5 in the world. He did call upon the Viceroy again, was gladly received, and was requested to accompany the Chinese Earl through the remainder of his trip while in America. This he did, and traveled with him as far as Vancouver, B. C. While journeying through Canada Li Hung Chang, to express his admiration of the amiable qualities and the gentle persistence of the American—in this country some people call it gall—ap-

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pointed him a Third Earl of the Empire, and the firm which he represents, cigarette purveyor-in-chief to the Chinese Viceroy.

Li Hung Chang and Chinese Gordon

While Li Hung Chang was the central figure in one of the greatest public displays that Philadelphia ever made there arose a dispute regarding the Oriental statesman and the never-to-be-forgotten Chinese Gordon. At that time the late John Russell Young, the one-time Minister of the United States to China, had been quoted as having said that Gordon never contemplated an attack upon Li, his military colleague. In answer to this Robert K. Douglas, of the British Museum, Professor of Chinese to King's College, London, in his work on "China," was quoted as saying:—

"City after city fell into his hands, and at length the leaders of Soochow opened the gates of the city to Gordon on condition that he would spare their lives. With cruel treachery, when these men presented themselves before

Li Hung Chang, the present Viceroy of China (1885), to offer their submission to the Emperor, they were seized and beheaded. On learning how lightly his word had been heeded by the Chinese, General Gordon armed himself for the first time during the campaign with a revolver and sought out the Chinese headquarters, intending to avenge with his own hand this murder of the Tae-Ping leaders, but Li Hung Chang, having received timely notice of the righteous anger he had aroused, took to flight, and Gordon, thus thwarted in his immediate object, threw up his command, feeling that it was impossible to continue to act with so orientally minded a colleague. After considerable negotiation, however, he was persuaded to return."

In answer, John Russell Young placed himself on record in these entertaining words:—

"The deplorable and unnecessary death of Chinese Gordon in the Soudan has thrown around his memory the glamor of mysticism, and in the absence of availing heroes our English friends have given him a pinnacle of great-

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ness equal to that of Nelson. The bent of Gordon's mind toward theological disquisitions has attracted the interest shown in Havelock and Stonewall Jackson. Out of this has grown the impression, now almost historical, that the suppression of the Tae-Ping rebellion was due to the genius of Gordon. The tendency of English literature, and especially as expressed in verse, to attribute modern achievements to English valor is not to be depreciated. The battle of Waterloo was fought by aliens, so far as the English were concerned, one or perhaps two divisions of English soldiers taking part. And yet Tennyson calls it the world's earthquake. The part of Blucher (his army wholly German—five to one in numbers when compared with the Englishmen) has no place in English verse. The Prussians seem to have come in as camp followers, carrying water and wine for the triumphant British. The charge of Balaklava was the wild sweep of a regiment of badly-handled troopers over a plain, lasting perhaps twenty minutes, not for a moment to be mentioned with the charge of Pickett at

Gettysburg, and a hundred other incidents in our own Civil War—but the touch of genius has made it immortal. And so with Chinese Gordon. His name has reached the immortality of romance. He lives in romance as the suppressor of the Tae-Ping rebellion. Other names disappear. Ward and Burgeoine, the two Americans who rendered valuable services, are forgotten, and the fact that Li Hung Chang, the Chinese commander, had any part in the business is unknown.

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"Gordon, as a young captain of engineers, about 26 years of age, son of a British general, took part in the invasion of China in 1860, assisted in the capture of Peking and in the wanton destruction of the Summer Palace, the worst bit of business in the way of making an empire since the burning of our National Capitol and public library by Admiral Cockburn, in 1814. Having finished the Summer Palace, Gordon went to Shanghai to save the European settlement from the Tae-Ping rebels. At

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the request of Li Hung Chang he was attached to the imperial forces, becoming a lieutenant and mandarin, and taking with him into the Chinese service a couple of hundred Englishmen and other aliens, beach-combers, waifs, stray sheep, fugitives from justice, adventurers, and representatives of that strange jumble of human nature found on the shores of Asia. The war ran on for a couple of years. It was hardly a war—rather an amicable bit of throat-cutting—armies adjourning hostilities during a battle, that dinner might be served, and other quaint neighborly customs. It was a Chinese war fought by Chinese soldiers, victory achieved, when it came at last, by Chinese valor. The incident of the execution of the Wang princes by the order of Li, and Gordon rushing around with a pistol to shoot Li for his 'treachery,' has been much written about, until it has already attained the dignity of a romance. The fact was that Gordon was never in command of the army of Li—never in a position to make stipulations as to the terms that Li should give to an enemy. If the Vice-

roy had not taken the heads off the captive rebel princes he would have disobeyed the commands of the Emperor and lost his own.

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"Gordon subsided into mysticism, steadily growing into what may be called one of the weird, vague figures of the century. He had strange fancies. An eminently resolute man, as I heard of him in China from so many that knew him, given to reading and explaining the Scriptures from an introspective point of view; fond of children, especially the ragged children of the poor; inspecting hospitals and soothing the sick, as Walt Whitman did in our Civil War; austere, severe, sensitive. In later years he went to China to see his old friend Li Hung Chang, 'whom he wanted to shoot,' according to the current rubbish of the hour, and advised so wisely that war was prevented with Russia. Then there grew apprehension that he was advising too much, and he was sent home—shot out of China—under the pressure of the British Minister. In 1884 he was sent

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to the Soudan as a last hope in the effort to hold that dominion. Bravely, piously, like a true soldier and a resolute gentleman, he held his post until stricken down and slain. England, who might have rescued him, was sluggish in the attempt, and after voting a million or so of dollars for an expedition which arrived too late went into ecstasy of woe, as nations have the way of doing. They built him a monument in Trafalgar Square, and Tennyson wrote some lines, just as he did about Waterloo and Balaklava. The monument to Gordon was visited by Li Hung Chang. The Viceroy placed a wreath upon it as he did afterward upon the tomb of Grant when he arrived in New York.

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"I have dwelt upon the episode not to be unjust to a memorable man, but to show his relations to Li Hung Chang and remove the impression that in the Tac-Ping rebellion Gordon was the master spirit, the Viceroy a puppet. The difference between the two men was distinct—Gordon a dreamer, a mystic, even

floating in the clouds of theologies, throwing creeds aside as gossamer webs, and believing himself under God's will—this way, that way, translating his emotions, his impulses, into the direct command of God governing his life; affectionate, high-tempered, swift to action, a stone out of the sling when duty called; a law unto himself, the law an expression of vanity, because that law meant the will of God; whimsical, as when he suddenly threw up a high office in India; high-minded, as when he refused money from China for his military services; supremely brave when the supreme hour came.

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"Li is a ruler of men, an intensely practical man; as a soldier, stern, unrelenting, severe in discipline; knowing human nature; stubborn in argument; masterful in discussion, with a high, sweeping temper, so rarely seen in Orientals; abrupt, straightforward, at times almost to the verge of rudeness; a scholar of the highest rank, and a poet; given to humor, with a touch of gentleness in his eyes; instant, even

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anticipatory, in his courtesies, but always going to the heart of a question; never under illusions; keen, watchful, with a memory like steel, going ever to his purpose. I can imagine no stronger contrast than that between two such characters as those of Gordon and Li Hung Chang, and perhaps in this contrast we find the groundwork of their friendship and esteem."

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It should be added here that the rebels beheaded were only four in number, but they occupied a relationship to the rebellion similarly distinguished to that enjoyed by, say, Stonewall Jackson, John B. Gordon, Zeb Stuart, and Longstreet in the armies of the Confederacy. That Li Hung Chang honored their valor and admired their abilities is evidenced by the fact that prior to their execution he entertained them at a magnificent banquet, in accordance with the highest form of Oriental courtesy. Then he snipped off their heads. If he hadn't, as Mr. Young says, he never could have wagged his own again.

About Tammany Hall

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Again Tammany Hall has been defeated, and again the newspaper press informs us that it is to be driven from political existence.

Possibly.

Possibly not.

We study events in political life by history, and that teaches us that Tammany Hall, whether or not Croker or another may be at its head, is a feline animal that is difficult to kill. This is said by one who has no affiliation with Tammany or its opponents.

But listen to the story of its life; especially because the story of its career concerns the making of the President of the Great American Republic.

In such a conflict much depends upon the City of New York.

To discuss such an organization should be instructive.

Every election the eyes of the country are centred upon two political organizations in the City of New York. For years the eve of an election finds the inevitable struggle between

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Tammany Hall and whatever factional opponent it may happen to be threatened by. Nowhere else could such a state of affairs long exist, because it could only continue in a municipality where primary elections are unknown, where the citizens have no voice in the naming of candidates for public office, and where conventions are only held to ratify the nominations which the men in control have decided upon.

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The story of the rise and progress of the movement which has nurtured such a condition of things should prove both valuable and interesting.

It is given here and exhibits an inner view of the workings of this most powerful of machines.

Tammany Hall had its birth in the early part of the past century. It obtained its name from the building in which it first met, and which occupied the ground where *The Sun* has its publication office. Its present meeting hall on Fourteenth street bears the same title.

Most of New York's famous political organizations have been named for their places of meeting.

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The original organization of Tammany Hall was a secret society, known as the Columbian Order, and, to this day, although the fact is not generally known, that society exists and practically controls the general body. The members of this body are bound by oath not to disclose its secrets and to remain in perfect accord with the fundamental purpose ruling the Tammany organization, that purpose being the absolute control of municipal politics. The Columbian Order elects a Board of Sachems, who control the occupancy of the society's building, and in whose name all its real estate is held. The real internal power of this political corporation is thus intrusted to the Board of Sachems.

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This fact had its best demonstration some twenty years ago, when a faction calling itself the Young Democracy arose within the ranks of Tammany Hall and made the first serious

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attempt to rob it of its power. Peter B. Sweeney was the Powhatan of the then ruling Board of Sachems, and his chief lieutenant and the active political head of the Tammany organization was William M. Tweed, and it was against their domination that the revolt was made. The members of the Young Democracy, in emulation of the methods of the Columbian Order, were sworn to keep the secrets of their organization intact, but still to remain within the Tammany Association. They began their contest by securing the Legislative control in Albany. With this success as an augur of victory they soon not only outnumbered the followers of Sweeney and Tweed, but absorbed the most active and influential Democrats of the time. It became apparent that the Young Democracy had control of the committee of organization of Tammany Hall, and could command sufficient votes to defeat the two men whose downfall they desired. In this emergency the value of the existence of the Columbian Order, and of its Board of Sachems, demonstrated itself.

Sweeney and Tweed represented a majority of the sachems, and the sachems having control of the Tammany building, they closed its doors upon the Young Democracy. In this exclusion of the representatives of the revolting but majority faction, they were supported by the police force, then the creatures of Sweeney and Tweed. As the sole object of the Young Democracy was to secure control of the political destinies of the Tammany organization, the deprivation of the right to enter the building in which alone those pretending to the name of Tammanyite could meet proved a fatal blow. The hopeful revolutionists disbanded, and those of their leaders who looked for future political fortune were driven back to humble subservience to Sweeney and Tweed. This was the beginning of the absolute power and despotic sway of these two men.

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How they, having acquired control of every department in the State and municipal government, did administer affairs is a matter of history. They progressed to a condition of

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power unparalleled in political annals. They not only made the Governor of the State of New York, but every plan was formulated and every measure secured to extend their power to the election of a President of the United States. John T. Hoffman, whom they had elected Governor, was openly declared to be the choice of New York State for the Presidency, and no man's prospects ever looked brighter or more assuring than his. Hoffman was an upright man, who had yielded his ambition to the control of a faction, with the personal corruption of whose leaders no man has ever associated him, but his political future was destroyed by the downfall of those whose instrument, in the gratification of that ambition, he had consented to be.

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Because of the now historic corruptions of Sweeney and Tweed, there became arrayed against them, among prominent citizens, a sentiment which crystallized in the formation of a Committee of Seventy. Its labors so stimulated honest public sentiment as to occasion

in 1871 the downfall of Sweeney and Tweed and their followers, and to annihilate for the time being the dominance of Tammany Hall. Out of the political chaos caused by that revolution arose the organization known as the Apollo Hall Democracy. It took its name from its place of meeting on Twenty-seventh street, where the Fifth Avenue Theatre afterwards stood. Its promoter and leader was James O'Brien, who had been connected prominently with the Young Democracy, but who had returned to Tammany Hall or hung upon its edge. He was a man with a large personal following, especially among the rougher classes on the East Side of New York. He demanded of Tweed not only political recognition, but a nomination for Sheriff, an office which he had once held. This Tweed, at the emphatic suggestion of Sweeney, refused. In the municipal election that followed, O'Brien became the candidate of Apollo Hall for Mayor. Tammany nominated Thomas A. Leadwith, a police justice, and also a former prominent leader in the Young Democracy.

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A Citizens' organization, formed without regard to party, made William F. Hevemeyer its nominee, and he was elected by a marvelous plurality. O'Brien was the last man in the race, and Apollo Hall did not survive this defeat.

Tammany was not only shattered, but apparently destroyed. Sweeney, Tweed, Connolly, and the lesser satellites of the organization were indicted for infamous crimes and became fugitives from justice. Tweed met his end in prison, Connolly died somewhere in Europe, and Sweeney became an exile in Paris.

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But still the secret organization within Tammany maintained its power.

In the conclaves of the Columbian Order, John Kelly, a man of political sagacity and a born leader of men, became the controlling power, and again did the oath-bound inner circle prove the salvation of the shattered association. Associated with him in the first grasp of political supremacy was John Morrissey, a man with a subtleness and instinct in his appreciation of men's worth which amounted to genius. He was as determined and arbitrary in his way as Kelly was in his, and withal a

man of broader views and better judgment. Although Morrissey had been a prizefighter and gambler, all who knew him had the greatest confidence in his integrity. Unlike Kelly, he was never swayed by his prejudices. It was impossible that these two men should long harmonize in the joining control of a political organization. They quarreled. Morrissey retired from Tammany Hall, and, for the first time in the history of New York politics, he organized a party without a name, and whose only adhesive power existed in the personal following of a single man.

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He began this departure with the defeat for State Senator of John Fox, the vaunted political power of the lower end of the city. Morrissey announced himself as a candidate for the Senate in what is known as "the Brown-stone district," so called on account of the wealth, position, and social influence of its inhabitants. It was John Kelly's own bailiwick. The Tammany leader, feeling that his political prestige was threatened, begged Augustus Schell, one of the exclusive Knickerbockers, and formerly chairman of the National Democratic Committee, to appear as a candidate against Morrissey. That Kelly's fears were not unfounded was

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proven by the result. The ex-prizefighter received a larger majority than Schell did votes. Such prominent residents of the district as Hamilton Fish and Cyrus W. Field, with utter disregard of party affiliation, walked to the polls and cast their ballots for Morrissey. Immediately after his election, before the meeting of the Senate to which he had been chosen, Morrissey died. Had he lived, the remainder of the story of Kelly's life might have been differently told from a tale of continued power.

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Before the next election John Fox had seceded from Tammany Hall, and Kelly, by his arbitrary measures, had driven out of the organization many of its most popular and influential leaders. These seceders organized themselves into the Irving Hall Democracy, taking their name from the meeting place at Fifteenth street and Irving Place, where Amberg's new Thalia Theatre afterwards stood. This organization grew into the greatest political factor with which Tammany Hall ever had to contend. In municipal contests, by the presentation of a mixed ticket, it affiliated with the local Republican organization under the guise of so-called Citizens' movements, and almost invariably defeated the Tammany people. The

general of these so-called Citizens' movements was Chester A. Arthur—afterwards President of the United States—who became for a time the controlling power of the City of New York. Prosperity ruined Irving Hall. John Fox, Sheriff Bowe, and their followers on one side, and Hubert O. Thompson, Maurice J. Power, and Edward Cooper, and their followers on the other, contested long and hard for the control of the organization. The latter clique outnumbered the former. Fox and Bowe and their associates were "disciplined"—were excluded from the Irving Hall association. The apparently successful faction within a faction, exalted over what they believed to be a victory, but they had forgotten that the lease of the building known as Irving Hall had been granted to Fox and Bowe. History again repeated itself. The same tactics which Tammany had exercised towards the Young Democracy were employed in this instance against Thompson, Power, Cooper, et. al.

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Having thus lost their name and the significance which the title gave them, the discomfited majority met temporarily in the hall of the Cooper Institute, and eighteen years ago organized the County Democracy. The remnant

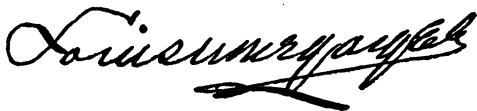
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of Irving Hall lingered precariously, occasionally commanding political recognition by hoisting the black flag, and sometimes, in close political contests, courted as a presumed balance of power by the other organizations. Finally it became too insignificant in numbers to terrorize either through political piracy or to be esteemed of sufficient consequence for party cajolery, and twelve years ago it breathed its last.

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The subsequent careers and contests of Tammany and the County Democracy need not be related. Richard Croker, by the secret grace of the Columbian Order, succeeded Kelly as Tammany's chieftain and Maurice J. Power stepped into Thompson's shoes, when death made them vacant.

This is the story of Tammany.

Remember it, and recall some day the prediction that it has not been done to its death.



Seen and Heard

LOUIS N. MEGARGEE, Publisher

Vol. I.

Philadelphia, November 20, 1901

No. 46

Subscription, \$2 per year.

Published Weekly at 806 Walnut St.

The recent death of Viceroy Li Hung Chang brings to mind some episodes and conditions of his visit to this country in September, 1896. There are those among us who met Earl Li on that occasion who became his enthusiastic admirers; there are those among us who, having met him, became censorious in their verdict as to their estimate of the distinguished visitor. Neither may be entirely right. We must not judge one from a strange country and a leading representative of an ancient people by the yardstick of our environments and the conditions of a recent nationality.

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In considering what is to be said hereafter, it should be borne in mind that the man who

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crowded the streets of Philadelphia as they had not been populated since the day when his friend, General Ulysses S. Grant, returned from his trip around the world, wielded over many millions of people the absolute right of living. To them a wave of his hand, a nod of his head, meant instant death, if he so willed it. Consider that up to the eightieth year of his life he had known no rebuke without speaking of this awesome authority. Consider that with him, "Whatever is, is right." But while by inheritance and training he might be capable of the most incredible acts of cruelty—and was—yet do not for one moment imagine that he was lacking in what men call learning. There were few greater scholars living in his day; a poet; learned in the literature of nearly every nation of the earth, even though he refused to learn any language but the ancient tongue of China; in addition a diplomat beyond compare; a general ranking with the great ones of the earth, and practically the ruler of more people than any potentate from the times of the imperial Cæsar.

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A man such as this came among us, and yet we growled because his ways were not our ways. He was not accustomed to having his movements directed by "committees"—committees with flamboyant badges—and yet committees grumbled because he would not be a creature to their prearranged whims. In China they do not have coupes and victorias, and Earl Li was carried in his chair, and when he became old and feeble, it was considered an honor to transport the great Viceroy from place to place. Yet in this country, although he was a guest of the nation, criticism was made of the New York and Philadelphia policemen who acted as his burden-bearers, and in Washington, when volunteers were called to perform a similar duty, no one stepped from the ranks. Of course, the obvious objection to this sort of thing is that among Li's large retinue of servants, he should have had about him those who could perform this service, but it possibly did not occur to those who made this criticism that he would not permit his inferiors under the Chinese social

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custom, to come into such close contact with the American dignitaries who continually surrounded him. In other words, he kept all but the highest dignitaries of his staff away from such social functions as he enjoyed while in this country.

Then those constant queries of his as to people's ages, their wealth, their manner of employment, their salaries, and other interrogatories, which would have been considered impertinent coming from a Caucasian, instead of a Mongolian, were simply natural utterances of a Chinese custom. Many of our peculiarities appeared as singular to him as this marked characteristic of his conversation which amazed Americans.

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Now, as to his Philadelphia visit.

For ten years Viceroy Li had been in frequent correspondence with John Russell Young, former United States Minister to China, and the closest companion of Grant on the latter's voyage around the world.

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Their relations were of such an intimate character that the first two men Li inquired for on his arrival in this country were Mr. Young and John W. Foster, Secretary of State under President Harrison. When Mr. Young learned that the great Chinaman intended visiting this country on his return from the festivities attending the Czar's coronation, he wrote him a letter which was intended to reach him at Paris, and which was forwarded by Mr. Rockhill, Secretary of State (who was Secretary of Legation when Mr. Young was Minister to China), to the United States Ambassador to France, and was by him handed to the Oriental Earl. In that the Viceroy was besought to pay Mr. Young a visit in his own, his native city of Philadelphia. The reply was a warm letter of acceptance. When Li Hung Chang arrived in New York City the local committee of arrangements, and even the members of the suite, were unacquainted with this fact, and their arrangements contemplated a metropolitan hullabaloo and then a rapid journey to Washington. They objected to

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what they considered a side-track show at Philadelphia. Mr. Young calmly said: "I know the Viceroy better than any of you. I will talk to him myself."

And he did.

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His thought in the conversation which ensued, and in the programme which he arranged was—and the narrator wishes to give it full emphasis—to explain away many misapprehensions, as to why Li was deported from Germantown Junction; why he did not visit Cramps' shipyard and the Baldwin Locomotive Works—that by traveling down the long expanse of Broad street he would see the best classes of people that America can produce, and have removed from his mind the impressions that the citizens of these United States are a lot of sand-lot hoodlums; that by visiting Independence Hall he would have impressed upon that great brain of his the thought that this was the cradle of the greatest Republic the world has ever known, the basis of whose prosperity, beyond political

power, is the liberty of the citizen, and then in conclusion he wished to surround his august friend with Mr. Young's many devoted colleagues, who, at that time, formed the membership of the Union League. The occasion was, as a matter of fact, a personal visit of Li Hung Chang to John Russell Young, and, unselfish, the latter made it a gala occasion for the city of his birth and the town which he loved. The suggested trips to Cramps' shipyard and the Baldwin Locomotive Works were matters of a later birth, and that they were interfered with was a matter for which no one having charge of the arrangements could be blamed. The personal character of the visit is well evidenced by the fact that Li Hung Chang said to Mr. Young: "You have asked me to see your city. I will visit you there. You have asked me to visit the place where your country had its birth. I will go there. You have asked me to meet your friends of the Union League Club. I will do so. But I have another object in visiting Philadelphia. I wish to pay my respects

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to the Tai-tai; I will not be content to leave the country until I have done so."

Tai-tai in the Chinese language means "grand lady," and by that distinction he meant Mrs. John Russell Young, whom he had never met. But she was the wife of his friend. It was for her that he brought gifts of silk and rare tea. And this is mentioned here to show how personal was the character of his visit to Philadelphia.

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Yet some folks called him a barbarian. Well, that's true, but a Grand Barbarian. Better still, a Magnificent Oriental, who was more learned in the various knowledges of the world than any man who met him in this great town of ours. But he would cut off heads.

Death of Buckskin Joe

"Buckskin Joe" is dead.

That may not mean much to many of you, but it does to lots of Western plainsmen, and especially to "Buffalo Bill," whose visiting cards bear the name of William F. Cody.

In the recent collision on the Southern Railroad at Linwood, a short distance near Salisbury, N. C., ninety-two horses belonging to

the Wild West Show were killed, and "Buffalo Bill" was obliged to come East—strange as it may seem—for a new supply. He brought the news that among the slaughtered was the most favored, although aged horse, "Buckskin Joe," with whom his name was long identified.

The horse is identified in a peculiar way with the visit of the Grand Duke Alexis to this country.

When the Muscovite Prince desired to have a hunt for big game in the Far West, and the United States Government determined that his wish should be gratified, arrangements for the affair were placed in the hands of General Philip H. Sheridan, who sent word to "Buffalo Bill" that he desired the Duke to enjoy wild West life to the utmost, and to be able to secure a number of buffalo as his prey. A special train carried the ducal party to Fort McPherson, in Nebraska. It was in charge of Frank Thomson, then General Manager of the Pennsylvania Railroad. General Sheridan had sent word to Cody in advance as to the number of men who would require horses, with their names, but by a strange omission, did not include that of Mr. Thomson. The result was that when the party ar-

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rived at the point from which they were to take the trail for the selected camp, and Cody had provided every one with a steed—at least every one named on his list—he was surprised when the Pullman porter came to him and exclaimed in wild alarm:—

“Wha’ you gwine to do with Missah Thomson?”

“Who is Mr. Thomson?” said “Buffalo Bill,” with some impatience.

“Why, he’s de man what owns de Pennsylvania Railroad,” was the amazed reply. Evidently he could not be left behind, but the supply of horses, except “Buffalo Bill’s” own animal, had been exhausted.

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At that time and for many years before “Buffalo Bill” rode a horse famous throughout the entire Far West, and named “Buckskin Joe.” He was like a singed cat; not much for looks, but he was Hades on hoofs. He could travel a hundred and fifty miles without making a stop for food or water. He was “Bill’s” faithful companion. At this particular time he had a long, winter coat on, and looked like an enlarged rabbit. His owner gallantly transferred him to Frank Thomson, knowing that he himself would get

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another horse when they reached camp. Mr. Thomson looked askance at the sorry animal, but it was Hobson's choice, and he mounted it. The other members of the party in the meanwhile had moved ahead, and he had to hurry to catch up with them, and in doing so passed a long line of wagons which conveyed the camp equipments and the baggage of the expedition, and which were in charge of a number of cowboys. As he rode by the drivers gazed at him in amazement. He was astride "Buckskin Joe," a horse that none but "Buffalo Bill" was ever permitted to ride. They exclaimed to one another in hushed tones, pointing at the horse: "Great Scott, this is a bigger man than the Duke. This must be a king. He must be the biggest man that ever came to this country"

Noticing their looks and their gestures, Mr. Thomson imagined that they were laughing at his nag, and was slightly indignant that he had been given such a sorry mount. He finally accosted one of the cowboys, saying: "What's the matter with this horse? Will he be able to carry me to the camp?"

That particular cowboy was for a moment rendered speechless, and when he found his voice there poured from him a torrent of blas-

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phemy that would blister this page if it were put in print. Among the mild things he uttered was the statement: "Why, Great Scott, man, you are on 'Buckskin Joe.' That is the greatest horse that ever trailed an Indian or followed a buffalo, and if you are not a king, who in the name of heaven are you? The man doesn't live, except 'Buffalo Bill,' that ever rode 'Buckskin Joe' before."

Buffalo Bill and Wild Bill

One more chat about "Buffalo Bill," who left Philadelphia the day before yesterday for a Far Western hunting trip, from which many Philadelphians expect to adorn their walls with antelope heads and bear hides as trophies of his chase. These narratives are worth the telling, because they appear to interest the boys and also "children of a larger growth." This one concerns "Wild Bill," that famous Western desperado whose name has been assumed by many fraudulent imitators, and who was killed only about six years ago.

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When "Buffalo Bill" started upon his stage career—that was in 1873, long before the inception of the Wild West Show—he was as-

sociated with "Texas Jack" (Jack Omohundro), and Morlacchi—the former's wife—and a lot of Indians in the presentation of a bloodthirsty play, in which "Wild Bill" appeared as the heavy villain. He was a good card. When the company appeared in Syracuse they attempted for the first time to try the illuminatory effects of a calcium light, but its rays were flashed only on "Buffalo Bill" and "Texas Jack," as the heroes of the various sanguinary conflicts which distinguished the performance. "Wild Bill" had never seen anything like it. From the wings he looked on in amazement, and asked in wonderment how the aurora was thrown around his two brethren of the plains. The answer that it was "a calcium light" brought no information to his mind, and he contented himself by saying: "I guess 'Bill' and 'Jack' are making darn fools of themselves."

But he sulked.

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It was very evident that he wished to be placed before the audience in an illuminated condition, and, therefore, when the company reached Albany, "Buffalo Bill" gave orders that in the bloodthirsty battle which concluded the first act, and in which "Wild Bill" killed

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all the supers who were upon the stage, he should have the rays of the limelight follow his every movement, and that whether or not the scene met with applause, the curtain should be rung up five or six times, and the blistering artificial sunlight should pursue "Bill" from one side of the stage to the other. The opportunity for carrying out this programme was a hot September night. The atmosphere of the theatre was torrid. When the murderous finale was reached, "Wild Bill" was almost prostrated with the heat and the effort of his exertions as a desperado, but when there had been added the heated rays of the calcium light, which chased him through his every murderous movement, and throughout six risings of the curtain, he fell to the stage in a state of collapse. That event somewhat discouraged his histrionic ambition, and when the following week John Stevens, the old-time manager, convinced him that he was playing second fiddle to "Buffalo Bill" and "Texas Jack," and that as a star, scintillating on his own account, he could earn \$1,000 a week, he left the "Buffalo Bill" organization, and started forth on the troublous road of public performance, with himself as the chief attraction and Stevens as his manager. The

venture was a disastrous one, and had but a brief career.

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Meanwhile, the "Buffalo Bill" combination felt the loss of "Wild Bill;" not the loss of his personality, but the deprivation of his sanguinary fame, and, therefore, in order that the public might be fully satisfied, they rigged a mild-mannered man up in the full fierceness of "Wild Bill's" long-haired aspect. There was no change in the lithographs; none in the glaring posters; none in the public advertisements. "Wild Bill" appeared on the mimic plains every night and murdered as many victims as of yore. But "Wild Bill"—now out of a job—heard of this, and determined that the public should not be so infamously deceived, and with the good of the people at heart, and with the prickings of an empty pocketbook touching his conscience, he determined that this wrong should no longer be continued, and with that object in view he figured on the front row as one of the audience which attended the "Buffalo Bill"—"Texas Jack" performance in the town of Binghamton, N. Y. When, in the course of the entertainment, Morlacchi, the pursued maiden, cried out: "Where is 'Wild Bill?'"

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and the bogus desperado was about appearing from the wings, the only original ruffian arose from the audience, climbed over the musicians in the orchestra, smote his imitator hip and thigh, and scattered the assembled sarguinary supers in the wings. He then stepped back the way he had come into his seat, and with a calm wave of his hand, exclaimed: "Now let the show go on."

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A policeman stepped down the theatre aisle, and, tapping "Wild Bill" on one shoulder, said sternly: "I want you."

The untutored William looked over his shoulder and said: "How many of you are there?" and when gravely informed that the policeman was alone, he calmly said: "Well, you'd better get some others." A reinforcement of one resulted in a similar colloquy, and when in response to the second suggestion three policemen appeared, "Wild Bill" simply said: "You men make me tired. Go away and get some reinforcements." Then down the aisle came the sheriff of the county, and seating himself behind the gentleman from the Far West, and placing a hand kindly upon his shoulder, and talking to him gently, brought forth the response: "Now, you're a gentle-

man. I always give into a sheriff, especially when he's a gentleman. I'll go with you." The next morning he was subjected to a small fine, which was paid by "Buffalo Bill." But six years ago "Wild Bill" went up against the wrong man, and now he is wild no longer.

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Fate of John Chamberlin's Life Work

The last substantial monument to the memory of the greatest American restaurateur—American, mind you, and not French, or Swedish, or German—John F. Chamberlain, will pass away when his famous hostelry at Washington will be sold at auction, this composite building, including the one-time residences of James G. Blaine, Governor Swan, of Maryland, and Senator Don Cameron.

Prior to this there has passed from the possession of his estate the famous hotel, named The Chamberlin, at Old Point Comfort, probably the finest pleasure resort hostelry in all America. Not merely the building of this, but the obtaining of ground owned by Uncle Sam and loaned by the State of Virginia, is not only a tribute to the esteem in which Chamberlin is held by high public men, but is testimony to intelligent pertinacity.

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The story is a singular one.

On March 3, 1887, the American Congress by resolution authorized the Secretary of War to grant a permit to John F. Chamberlin to erect a hotel on a certain portion of the Fortress Monroe property, provided the State of Virginia gave consent, through its Assembly, and the signature of its Governor, this being necessary by a condition under which the Old Dominion ceded the land. In March, 1887, this joint resolution was approved by President Cleveland; on March 31st, of the same year, it received the indorsement of the Virginia authorities. Thereupon William E. Endicott, Secretary of War, requested that there should be submitted to him plans of the proposed site. All these preliminaries were necessary. No rental was charged; nor could it be.

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The site selected was adjoining the lighthouse and facing Chesapeake Bay. It was a rectangular piece of ground, and the architects contemplated a square building, open on one side. General Sheridan, however, disapproved of this selection, and designated the present site, facing Hampton Roads, a plot of ground in the shape of a truncated triangle. This

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necessitated an entire change in the architecture of the proposed structure. It covers an area of 129,000 square feet, most of which is occupied by the building. Within a year after Chamberlin had become leaseholder under Uncle Sam, without having the burden of rent upon his shoulders, a kind of landlord that very few people have, work was begun upon what was expected to be, and what has proven to be, the finest pleasure resort hotel in America, and that means the best in the world.

Enormous sums of money were necessary to bring the enterprise to a successful conclusion. Although Chamberlin himself had never been ranked as a keen financier, yet the shrewdest moneymakers of the country are proud to call him friend, and the names upon the subscription list should ever be cherished by his children as a tribute to the esteem in which their father was held by his fellow-men.

But the death of the multi-millionaire Hearst, Senator from California; the untimely demise of the gifted Conkling, of New York, and the fatal stroke which brought W. W. Woodward, the cotton king, to the ground, proved temporary shocks, however, to the great work, but Chamberlin never faltered. He persisted when others were disheartened. He enlisted

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the interest of other moneyed men. Havemeyer, the sugar king, invested \$100,000; J. Pierpont Morgan, the present king of Wall Street, became a heavy subscriber, and John Chamberlin finally finds himself master of a monster inn that represents the investment in the structure and the furnishings of nearly \$1,500,000, and yet the ground upon which it stands has not cost one penny.

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Some faint idea of the character of the structure may be gained from the fact that it has a frontage three feet greater in length than that of the National Capitol, or 754 feet in all. It requires 72,000 yards of carpeting to cover its floors. It has six stories towering above a basement. Its style can best be termed the modern Renaissance. Its south front is constructed of brick, but the other sides of the building are of wood. The inside construction, however, is fireproof, as the staircases are entirely of iron and the corridors are built on metal girders. A sense of spaciousness impresses the visitor everywhere. The ball-room is a grand apartment 104 feet square. The dining-room is, perhaps, the most magnificent apartment in the hotel. From its window the patrons of the house, while eat-

ing their meals, can gaze upon the tossing waters of Hampton Roads and Chesapeake Bay. Its dimensions are 100 feet by 120 feet, and it is two stories in height, with a balcony completely encircling it, and with a space set apart for an orchestra.

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It would take a book to describe all the charming features of this establishment which Chamberlin created and lost. There are breakfast-rooms, ordinaries, separate dining-rooms for the clerks of the house, separate dining-rooms for servants and children, a restaurant entirely apart from the other gastro-nomic service and furnished from its own particular kitchen, a billiard-room with eleven tables, a bowling alley with six runs, a rathskeller in which German delicacies and imported beers are served, a dim vault specially set apart for the service of musty ale. Card-rooms adjoining the wine-room in which modest games, such as euchre and old maid, can be enjoyed, and then far up in the attic the most gorgeous apartment in the entire house, the dream of Architect Smithmeyer's life, a card-room set apart for games in which the national colors figure in ivory circles. The hotel is supplied with a duplicate electric plant, with five dyna-

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mos and three engines, furnishing power for 3,300 lights. The system is so complete that The Chamberlin enjoys the distinction of being the first pleasure resort that has done away entirely with gas service.

Now a stranger bows at the portal to incoming guests.

Chamberlin and George Wilkes

One of the most exciting and not generally known episodes, at least to the present generation, in the career of the late John Chamberlin was his acrimonious contention with George Wilkes, publisher of Wilkes' *Spirit of the Times*—one of the leading sporting authorities of this country—and his familiar, Marcus Cicero Stanley. These two men in every way were a power in New York. Wilkes, in 1841, published *The Sunday Flash*, which in the court records has been described as "an obscene and scandalous paper," and in 1850 he edited *The Police Gazette*, in whose columns he published assertions against Ambrose L. Jordan, then Attorney-General of the State of New York, for which he was indicted for libel, and forfeiting his recognizance, and flying to parts unknown, was advertised as a fugitive

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from justice on March 26, 1851, in the columns of the *New York Herald* by Alonzo H. Morey, then sheriff of Dutchess County, New York, who announced a reward of \$100 "to any person who will deliver the body of said Wilkes to me at my office, in the court house at Poughkeepsie, on or before the first day of April next."

These and other accusations of wrong-doing having been pushed to one side by political influences, George Wilkes returned to New York and began the publication of *The Spirit of the Times*, and among its chief contributors were Marcus Cicero Stanley and George Butler, the gifted but unfortunate nephew of Benjamin F. Butler. No matter what its character or how questionable the motives of some of its utterances, it was undoubtedly the most spicily edited sporting publication this country has ever known, and many men of the turf to-day boast of the fact that they have complete files of its issue.

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John Chamberlin was the first man to introduce into this country the race-track gambling device known as the "Paris Mutual Pools." George Wilkes and Marcus Cicero Stanley claimed to have sole right to present this sys-

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tem in America, and when their suggestion of mutual partnership was made to Chamberlin he rejected it, and, as a result, *The Spirit of the Times* not only bitterly attacked Chamberlin in its columns, but both Wilkes and Stanley joined hands in personally defaming him on every possible occasion in private conversation. Chamberlin was not built in a manner that would permit him to accept such treatment without resenting it. Physical violence would have done him no good. He had not access to daily papers at that time, so he determined upon a novel method of reprisal. He had printed what is probably one of the most remarkable pamphlets, so far as vituperation and abuse go—but all supported by official records of police courts and prisons—ever published in this country. Its title, surrounding a picture of Stanley, read as follows: "Marcus Cicero Stanley. A Few Extracts from Court and Prison Records, Both of this Country and England, Concerning the Career of This Notorious Person."

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The little volume is further illustrated by Stanley in a treadmill of the House of Correction, Westminster, England, where he served, as the official records show, six months at

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hard labor and six weeks in solitary confinement. The pamphlet contains a description of Wilkes' associate, copied from a New York weekly newspaper, and reading as follows:—

“He is of medium stature, slightly built, with very small feet and nose; he is, in fact, what may be called a man of small and fragile physique. He walks with a short, nervous step, and always has a jaunty, confident air. His complexion is of a changeable hue, turning rapidly from a pale pea green to a sickly sandy; his eyes are also changeable, from a cold, calculating expression to a bright, brilliant look, but contracting and dilating the pupils like a cat's. He wears a wig of reddish tinge and slightly curled, to match his natural beard, which is of the color called auburn, and both of which he keeps well oiled. His nose is of the Roman order, pointed at the end, while his mouth and teeth are peculiarly rat-shaped. His actual age is 64 years, but he does not look above 45. He is always neatly dressed, and in winter is distinguished by his expensive sealskin coat and cap; and in the summer by the exquisite excellence of his fine Panama hat, white trousers, patent leather boots, and needle-worked shirts; in truth, in winter or sum-

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mer he is always dressed in the extreme style so as to attract the attentive observer, and who, after all would discover nothing remarkable about the man except his cold, cat-gray eyes and the wonderfully peculiar *tout ensemble* of his entire attire. He always attracts attention, for that is his forte, and yet everybody involuntarily shrinks from him, for with all his assumed elegance there is something inexplicably repulsive about him that repels rather than attracts one to him. His look is cynical, his smile hypocritical, and the touch of his hand icy, and sends a shuddering sensation through the man who may chance to clasp it."

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This description is not only of interest as bringing to mind one of the most picturesque figures in New York life more than twenty-five years ago, but is mildly illustrative of the bitterly vituperative character of the book of which it formed a part. It not only gave the records of police courts in this country, but told of Stanley's doings—in each instance the official records being replicated—but it gave a narration of the life of George Wilkes which was absolutely appalling and unprintable in a public sheet. A repetition of the con-

tention of those by-gone days would be hardly worth the telling, but for the fact that the manner of the circulation of the pamphlet was strongly illustrative of the determination which formed a large part of John Chamberlin's character. Armed with these books, he and his brother upon frequent occasions, finding that Wilkes and Stanley were dining in Delmonico's or lunching in the Morton House cafe, would walk through the assembled throng, leaving copies of the publication at every table, and drawing the attention of the diners or lunchers to the two men sitting together, and notifying everybody whom they addressed that the virulent brochure referred to those to whom their fingers were pointed. Chamberlin was so well known and so well liked that these acts of his were not disturbed, and they continued with such pertinacity that George Wilkes was driven to bring against him in the New York Supreme Court an action to recover damages for defamation of character.

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To that Chamberlin made answer, which will be found of official record in the New York Supreme Court, in 1873, in which is the most remarkable language that was probably ever

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presented to a legal tribunal. He not only reiterated every utterance he had made against the editor of *The Spirit of the Times*, but in addition gave a castigating allegation of the record of his life, which included almost every accusation within the criminal code. As part of the story of that famous contention there appears in Chamberlin's answer, which is still part of the record of the New York Supreme Court, these words regarding the row about the famous and much patronized Paris Mutual pools:—

And this defendant says that the allegations of the said Wilkes in that regard; and touching the \$25,000 damage done to his character and his said paper, are but flimsy falsehoods and shallow shams, and that this action is not brought by said George Wilkes to vindicate his character, he having none to vindicate, nor yet to redress any injury to his said scurrilous sheet, *The Spirit of the Times*, but to intimidate this defendant, under color of legal proceedings, in like manner as the said George Wilkes has heretofore sought to blackmail him in the columns of his said scurrilous sheet into a compliance with the demands made by the said Wilkes, and a bosom friend and confederate of his—one Marcus Cicero Stanley—that they two should be admitted into a certain business of this defendant.

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And the defendant alleges the truth in that regard to be as follows: Some time since, and long prior to this action, this defendant being fond of blooded stock and the sports of the turf, was engaged in negotiations with a view to the introduction into this country of what is known in France as the "Paris Mutual Pools," a system different from that which has hitherto prevailed among American turfmen, and which promised to be of pecuniary value to the party introducing the same. While this defendant was thus engaged in said negotiations, and in introducing said system into this country, the said plaintiff, George Wilkes, and his bosom friend and confederate, Marcus Cicero Stanley (of whose infamous character this defendant had not been informed, as he now is), sought this defendant out, and by representing that they could be of great benefit to the defendant, from their knowledge of the usages of the turf, and from their control of the said paper, *The Spirit of the Times*, and in other ways, they endeavored to persuade this defendant to admit them to a joint interest in the management and profits thereof. But this defendant, having by investigation discovered the nefarious and treacherous character of these two bosom friends and confederates, refused to have anything to do with them or their proposals, and rejected them as unworthy associates in such an adventure.

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The result of this bitter feud was that George Wilkes was practically driven from this coun-

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try, and Chamberlin rode triumphant over his enemies.

Is a Negro a Negro?

"My dear Mr. Megargee:

"I read SEEN AND HEARD and enjoy it. I am rather surprised to see that you commit the common error of calling colored people 'Negroes.' Taking the word at its value, it does not convey the meaning intended. I doubt if there are a thousand Negroes in the country. Possibly 'colored' is not the correct word, but it seems to more clearly convey the idea intended to a person of African descent or of mixed blood.

"Strange, is it not, considering the sentiment towards him, how mixed he is, and, stranger, that seven-eighths of the best blood in the country cannot overbalance one-eighth of the despised blood of the Negro. This is the only country that I know of where this is so.

"About hotel servants.

"Every true friend of the colored people must deplore the fact that they have got to be considered as being good for very little else. The servants in the hotels at Atlantic City are pretty much like people anywhere else, good and bad; perhaps the bad ones are horrid. But to condemn them all in a lot is unfair. The white hotel servants get generally a good deal more wages, so there is no danger of a rapid change, such as you speak of. Colored waiters get \$18, \$20, \$22, and \$25 in August

in some houses; white men generally get \$8 per week. Bell boys, \$12 a month to \$15 or \$16; white, \$5 per week. A guest will give a white servant a 50-cent or 25-cent tip, and a colored man 10 or 25 cents. Of course, tips will never be gotten rid of entirely until the employer pays adequate wages, be it hotel or parlor cars, or what not. This is not criticism; only a text for some of your interesting talks.

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"Yours,
"A HOTEL MAN."

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That a Negro is not a Negro is a queer contention. Of course, he is an African, or of African descent, but all Africans or those of African descent are Negroes. On this subject the Century Dictionary, certainly a recognized authority, says in definition of "Negro:"—

"A black man, specifically, one of a race of men characterized by a black skin and hair of a woolly or crisp nature. Negroes are distinguished from other races by various other peculiarities, such as the projection of the visage in advance of the forehead; the prolongation of the upper and lower jaws; the small facial angle; the flatness of the forehead and of the hinder part of the head; the short, broad and flat nose, and the thick projecting lips.

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The Negro race is generally regarded as comprehending the native inhabitants of Soudan, Senegambia, and the region southward to the vicinity of the Equator and the Great Lakes, and their descendants in America and elsewhere. In a wider sense it is used to comprise also many other tribes further south, as the Zulus and Kaffirs. The word Negro is often loosely applied to other dark or black-skinned races and to mixed breeds. As designating a "race," it is sometimes written with a capital."

The word, however, was never "loosely applied" to a solitary darkey waiter at Atlantic City, which place "Hotel Man" refers to. SEEN AND HEARD condemned none of these people; it simply voiced the sentiment of many that the usurpation by Negroes at night of the Boardwalk, and their promiscuous bathing with the whites, were injuring the great City-by-the-Sea.

It is difficult to overcome race prejudices.



Seen and Heard

LOUIS N. MEGARGEE, Publisher

Vol. I.

Philadelphia, November 27, 1901

No. 47

Subscription, \$2 per year.

Published Weekly at 806 Walnut St.

Is the dear, good, reliable family doctor passing away?

Is the man who was sacredly looked upon as part of the domestic economy of the household, the man who was the father confessor, almost, among those who do not recognize the sacramental confessional; is the man who not only made the ailments, but the joys and the sorrows of those to whom he ministered matters of personal concern, to become a thing of the past?

In medicine, will this period of civilization, so far as the practice of medicine is concerned, be known hereafter as the "Age of the Specialist?"

It certainly looks that way.

These thoughts are brought to mind by the

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passing away unduly of one who was loved of his fellow-men beyond the ordinary measure of man's affection for man. It may seem almost brutal to draw a moral adverse to any one from his untimely demise, and yet one who is not alone in bitter feelings regarding acts that preceded his death cannot refrain from commenting upon some of the medical conditions that distinguished his death. It would be wrong to mention names; it would be wrong to go into depth of detail; but the fact remains, the irrefutable fact, that a series of specialists gave his disease a series of names that were only within the compass of their limited knowledge, and that when the real evil was discovered by a surgeon without a peer it was too late to correct the wrong that had been committed.

Sad, sad, tearfully sad, but lamentably true.

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Do not imagine for one moment that the narrator would decry the great good accruing from the work of specialists.

But he does lift his voice in opposition to a man

whose knowledge is of the eye alone treating one whose affliction is of the foot. It certainly appears that the course of procedure with a great many physicians of to-day is that after having been graduated they indulge in general practice for a year or two—no longer—and then select some one portion of the body as a special study, in the hope of gaining not only fame, but fortune, by the exercise of that limited knowledge. Of the body in general they know but little, and yet when called into a case, unprecedented by the old-time family doctor, whose knowledge of the body is general, they do not admit their ignorance of all but the particular portion of the body to whose care and regarding whose peculiarities they have devoted all their time and attention. To be a specialist pays better than to be an all-around practitioner, and that is why family doctors are becoming a thing of the past; that is why when it is too late it is discovered that the specialist in the exercise of his limited knowledge has been blind to the real evil affecting the patient.

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Some doctors may "pooh-booh" all this, but there are others who are frank enough to admit that it is gospel truth.

Grant and the Third Term.

Here is a letter that brings before us an interesting question in American political history: Dear SEEN AND HEARD:—Shortly prior to the lamentable assassination of President McKinley there was an effort made by some politicians to bring him forward as a third-term candidate for the Presidency. He promptly and effectively put his foot upon the proposition in a public declaration that is not yet forgotten. This has led to an argument among some friends as to what was the attitude of General Grant when an effort was made to make him President of this country for the third time; an effort that was carried into the National Convention under the leadership of Roscoe Conkling, who had the famous phalanx of three hundred and six Stalwarts at his back. Did or did not General Grant approve of this effort made in his behalf?

Yours truly,

J. W. COLWIN.

That inquiry brings before us a much-vexed problem. There is testimony to show that Grant was opposed to a third Presidential term for any one; there is testimony to show that he did not make a strenuous effort to prevent his being named as the nominee of the Republican party for a third time. The truth of the matter is probably to be found in the statement that he was made a victim of enthusiastic friends and remained passive in their hands.

The facts bearing upon the subject are interesting.

* * * * *

As you all know, the late John Russell Young was Grant's constant companion during the latter's famous tour around the world, and was virtually his secretary during that period. Mr. Young has left behind him a mass of interesting matter bearing upon this subject. Referring to it, he says in part:—

"I arrived in Malaga, Spain, with General Grant one autumnal evening in 1878, on our way from a visit to Lord Napier, of Magdala.

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at Gibraltar. The town was dull and dreary. After a tramp over greasy streets, some small functions of ceremony on the part of the officials happily lapsing into silence, leaving the evening to ourselves, we made the best of it in a cool, chilly room. We found news from Paris. There had been labor troubles at home, and articles about strikes in the newspapers, and among them one which I read aloud to Grant, as he lay stretched on a sofa, with the fire that would not take away the chill; an editorial which said that 'the country needed a strong arm like that of Grant,' and there would be no peace from these railway rioters without giving him a third term in the Presidency. Grant, when I had finished, said: 'What a grotesque suggestion, and what a position I should hold! I have been twice President, and on each occasion the unanimous choice of the convention. The heads of the party, the men eminent in leadership, the older men who were in authority before I was known, the younger men who have since won from the party its highest consideration, all

lowered their colors and followed mine. Where should I be in regard to them? I would have to antagonize their honorable ambition. At its best, the nomination would only come with strife. Men who were and are my friends, but who have as much a right to the supreme honors of the country as I could possibly claim, would be my enemies. It would be the bitterest campaign in history; would leave heart-burnings that years could not compose. I can only conceive one contingency in which my friends would consider me as I am considered by the editor of that journal, and that is some widespread revolution, or social upheaval, when the strong hand and military prestige would be required to save society. I should take that summons. But it will never come in my time, and not in the United States, whatever we may see in England and Germany.' 'Or France?' I asked. 'No,' he added, 'France has been through it. History never repeats a Reign of Terror.' "

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But here is another side to the story.

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General Badeau, in his work entitled "Grant in Peace," has this to say on the subject:—

After a stay of a few days in Chicago, I returned to the East, and shortly afterward Mr. Russell Young, who had accompanied Grant during the greater part of his European and Asiatic tour, went out to visit him at Galena. Young was opposed to Grant's third nomination, principally, perhaps, because he thought he could not be elected. He had long and repeated conversations with the General, in which he represented the views of those of Grant's friends who were averse to his standing again. Mrs. Grant suspected Young's purpose and tried to thwart it, and the discussions between Young and the General were usually carried on in her absence. This was only a few days before the convention was to meet at Chicago. General Grant had even yet made no outspoken declaration of his intention, though, of course, having allowed his friends to use his name without objection, he could not in honor withdraw it without their consent. But Young induced him to write a letter, addressed to Senator Cameron, authorizing his friends, if they saw fit, to withdraw his name from the convention. This was a most extraordinary influence for any one man to exert with Grant, and I have known few parallel instances. Young, however, doubtless appeared as the spokesman of others whose opinion backed his own, though his fidelity and friendship gave weight to what he said. But the letter was sent, in opposition to the views of Mrs. Grant and without

her knowledge, and was calculated to dampen the enthusiasm and bewilder the counsels of Grant's most devoted adherents. I can conceive of no step more unlike General Grant's ordinary character or behavior than this half-way reversal of what he had previously countenanced. But it was too late to recede; his friends had committed both him and themselves, and they were not influenced by this phase of irresolution which had passed over him. They made no use of the letter, nor did Young, and those to whom it was submitted have never made it public. Grant never censured them for the fidelity that disregarded his suggestion of withdrawal, and all the remainder of his life he remained more than grateful to the men who supported him so faithfully at Chicago, just as he never forgave any whom he thought had betrayed him at that time. He never afterward spoke except with bitterness of his lifetime friend, Washburne, who he believed, I know not how rightly, had played him false; and he remembered the violence of some who supported Mr. Blaine with an acrimony that was not confined to them, but was extended to his great rival. Even former followers, who did not support him in the concluding political effort of his life, never held the same place in his personal regard. His failure embittered his feeling towards all who contributed to it. This remark has no reference to Mr. Young. Grant followed Young's counsel, and in the end, perhaps, wished others had done so, too. It was at his urgent advice that Young was

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afterwards appointed Minister to China by President Arthur.

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Mr. Young has left behind him some comments upon Badeau's words which, while admitting their essential correctness, he takes exceptions to in some important instances. What he has to say regarding the phases of the matter presented by the author throws further light upon Grant's attitude. These are some of his utterances regarding the matter:—

“When I returned from Japan, in 1879, I had never heard an expression of opinion from General Grant as to the third term. Holding in mind our memorable conversation in Malaga, knowing the temper of his mind, and that he was inflexible in opinions, especially when, as in this instance, he had carefully considered their import, I gave it no thought. When Mr. Gordon Bennett, on meeting him in New York, said with some feeling that nothing could prevent Grant's nomination and election, I quoted the Malaga conversation. Returning to London, where I remained until late in the spring of 1880, I read the American newspapers—the third-term discussion taking volume—but with the Malaga conversation in

mind, and therefore with secondary interest. If it ever became serious, I was sure that Grant would, as at Malaga, end the business in a decisive way. This opinion was so fixed, so firm, because of my knowledge of Grant's character, and the wisdom of his position, that I remember my surprise when I read in a private letter, written, perhaps, in March, from a friend who was near him, this sentence: 'It now looks as if the General would be nominated on the first ballot.' I should have deemed the statement incredible but for the author. It showed that the third term movement had taken life, and that it had the negative, if not the positive, support of Grant. Nothing could have surprised me more.

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"I returned to New York in May. Letters awaited me from Grant, asking me to visit him at Galena, and I made arrangements to do so. The third-term movement was in the air—covered the political heavens, as it were—clouds big with storm and terror, far from reassuring to those who felt as I did towards Grant, an interest in no sense political, but personal, such as are alone given to those bound in the near ties of kinship and affection. I met many of Grant's friends—Logan, Car-

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penter, Arthur, Sheridan, Don Cameron, Drexel, Childs—dozens of others. There was a deep, clear-sighted enthusiasm about most of them, especially Don Cameron and Arthur. Mr. Childs was troubled over the business. Did not believe in it, as he knew General Grant did not seek a third term; feared that Grant's peerless fame was to be torn by political ambitions of others; that he would be the victim of party rancor and emulation. Mr. Drexel was of the same mind, speaking as he did with deep affection for Grant, but in his wise, firm, quiet way.

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"I met Roscoe Conkling in Washington. He called on me at the Arlington, and we had a long conversation. His first question was characteristic. 'I suppose,' he said, in grand serio-comic tones, 'that you can give me an assurance—such as I can receive in no other way—that General Grant is alive?' I answered, very much alive when I had seen him in California, and interested in anything so much as the fact that the melon crop had not suffered while he was gone. Conkling said he asked because it was an advantage, when you were pressing the nomination of a friend for

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the Presidency, to know that the friend was alive; that he had no word, no message from Grant directly or indirectly for years; was not even aware that he knew what his friends had been doing. I said what was very true, that I had never heard from Grant, either in speech or correspondence, any other feeling than that of disinclination to the nomination. Conkling was, he said, disappointed at the apathy of many friends of Grant from whom he expected support, and inveighed against them and their ingratitude for what Grant had done, and this the return for it, in his own old-fashioned way. 'His rich friends,' as Conkling denominated them, with a sneer, 'had not given a dollar.' And money was needed to pay the expenses of poor delegates from the South and elsewhere, to whom a convention fare meant everything. There were other friends of Grant who were too slow for Conkling's fiery will. Logan had a speech to deliver, was hobbling around in a gestatory mood with that speech, and until beneficent nature came to his aid and blessed him with a happy delivery, would be of no use to any human being. Windom, who Conkling was counting on for warm support, had the bee in his own bonnet—bee deftly inserted by an in-

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sidious Blaine man—and could hear only its buzzing. Edmunds was at heart a lover of Grant, but some academic public opinion in Vermont hung upon him and weighed him into silence.”

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Concerning the Grant letter, referred to by Badeau, Mr. Young has left as a matter of history this information gleaned at Galena:—
“As a matter of fact, the suggestion that he would write a letter came from Grant himself. He said in his firm, quiet way: ‘I will write Don Cameron.’ After luncheon we were joined in the library by General Thomas L. Kane, of Pennsylvania, well known in war days, when he commanded the ‘Bucktails,’ brother to the famous Arctic explorer Kane, an indomitable, enthusiastic, original, wayward, almost eccentric man of genius—flashes of strange, weird power coming out of him; prolific in views on curious questions; Mormonism, the perils of women, the value of pine woods from a sanitary point of view, and an adorer of Grant, who esteemed him. I had known Kane, and while we chatted in a corner Grant sat at a table writing in his swift, unpausing fashion. In time he turned and said, as though it were a part of our morn-

ing talk: 'I have written to Don Cameron.' "He read the letter to General Kane and myself. It was addressed to Senator Cameron, giving at length his reasons for consenting to be a candidate for renomination, but saying that if, in the opinion of Mr. Cameron and certain other friends, the nomination was unadvisable his name should be withdrawn. Without waiting our opinion he left the room with the letter to read it, as I supposed, to Mrs. Grant. She spoke to me with knowledge of it later, but apart from the interest natural to her husband's fortunes, I recall no expressions to show that her mind was not one with his own. This letter I took to Chicago, and gave it to Colonel Grant, who handed it to Senator Cameron. Cameron spoke to me about it, and said he would make it a matter of conference. I remember this conversation, because Cameron quoted a bit of amusing invective pronounced against himself by a delegate for leading a convention fight without ever having had a word with his chief. 'There have been,' he said, 'a dozen Cabinet officers pledged this morning for votes. If any one of our boys would pledge a post-office it would cost him the friendship of Grant.'

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"When the convention was over, remembering this letter, I asked the permission of Grant to print it. I knew it would do so much to show the nation the General in his true colors that what he had done was patriotic. Grant gave his consent. I saw Senator Cameron and asked him for it. He told me it had been given to Conkling. When Conkling came to New York I told him that Grant was willing to have his letter go to the nation. Conkling said, with dramatic emphasis: 'I forbid the bans. Never with my consent! The letter should never have been written! It was meant to arrest a movement the defeat of which has turned back the clock of history, turned it back as far as Waterloo.' The Napoleon metaphor again! 'The friends of Grant were wiser than the General in suppressing it,' and so on and so on. I repeated Conkling's objections to Grant, and with a quiet smile the General said: 'Well, if it will please Roscoe, let the matter drop.'"

The letter was never printed.

About Jack Haverly.

There is hardly a clever newspaper man in America of three years standing who doesn't

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know and admire Major John Burke, "Arizona John," who is the herald and press man of Buffalo Bill. He has been "in the business," that is, the show business, since the memory of living man runneth not to the contrary, and accordingly he is a walking encyclopædia of reminiscent lore "appertaining to and relating," as the uncouth Devery would say, to "matters and things theatre and spectacular." My friend "Macon" McCormick was over in New York last week, and he and Major Burke "met up," as they say out West, and discussed matters and things, as is the wont. "Say, Macon," queried the Major, "I see that Jack Haverly was buried in a Jewish cemetery over in Philadelphia and by a Jewish Rabbi. How did that come about? He wasn't a Hebrew?"

"Well, both his wives were," was the answer. "You see, his second wife was the sister of his first, and she is a Jewess. She owns a lot in the cemetery of her faith, and so it was only natural that she should bury him in it, and that her Rabbi should preach John's eulogium."

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"Well, he was a good fellow, all right," said Burke, "and if charity covers a multitude of

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sins, Jack's are hidden out of sight, for it would take a book as big as a Bible to hold the record of his charitable acts. Did you ever hear how I got the best of him, or rather of his treasurer, Harry Mann, when he was at the Fourteenth Street Theatre in this city?"

"No."

"Well, it was away back in the days when Bartley Campbell was at the beginning of his successful career. I had an agreement with Jack that he should bear his share of certain expenses of the production, but he forgot to tell Mann about it, and I couldn't get the settlement until Haverly, who was out of town, got back. I got a little hot under the collar and expressed myself rather freely.

" 'Why do you talk that way about 'the Napoleon of Managers,' ' demanded Harry?

"Because I'm right," I answered, "and if he's the Napoleon of Managers, you tell him from me that I'm the Wellington.

"The next day Haverly returned, and when Mann told him what I said, Jack laughed. When he saw me he hailed me with 'Hello, Wellington, what's the matter?' I explained the difficulty, when he said, 'You are right, I did agree to bear my share of that expense. Make out a bill and I'll O. K. it.' Napoleon

couldn't understand Wellington, and it is even so now.'

"When Mann saw the indorsement 'O. K., Haverly,' on the bill, he felt cheaper than thirty cents."

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A Talk About Pearls.

Here is an inquiry about an interesting matter that should have been answered long ago. Better late than never, however.

Dear SEEN AND HEARD:—Do you know anything about a pearl?

I address you upon the subject—it being brought to my attention by the recent publications of the Pennsylvania Railroad conductor who found a pearl in a clam, the value of which seems to have shriveled to nothing—because I have in my possession a pearl which came out of an oyster, remarkable for its roundness, it being a perfect sphere. It has been in the custody of my family for about fifty years—and dropped from an oyster which my grandfather opened—who took it to a jeweler and had it set in gold, in the form of an eagle's claw.

I have showed it to some doubting Thomases,

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who "doubted"—but, nevertheless, the facts are as I have given above.

The pearl has no market value; it is simply a curiosity, and it is a pretty scarfpin.

Yours respectfully,

W. O. WILSON,

1634 N. 10th street, Philadelphia, Pa.

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It would take a publication many times the size of SEEN AND HEARD to contain the saying of all that could be said regarding those beautifully iridescent globules which the ancients believed were tear-drops from heaven. Our inquiring friend may be mistaken in his belief that the sphere which has been in the custody of his family for half a century has no market value.

But of that more anon.

There is a mistaken popular idea that true pearls come only from Oriental waters. A discussion of all phases of the subject should prove instructive, if not entertaining. The United States Consul to Queensland, in an official report, gives some interesting facts regarding the pearl-shell fisheries of that far-off country.

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He refers particularly to the pearl found in

that portion of Torres Straits, which belong to the colony of Queensland, and included in his Consular jurisdiction. These straits are about eighty miles in width and separate Queensland from the island of New Guinea. Says he: "No systematic effort has been made to collect pearls at the Torres Straits, and such as are found become the property of the men, who secrete them in various ways, often by swallowing them. Some very fine specimens of pearls, about the size of a hazel nut, and of remarkable beauty and clearness, have recently found their way to market. Often specimens of a much larger size have been found there, but they were imperfect in shape and color. There has always been a great mystery connected with pearls, and especially as to the manner of their formation, and even at the present time very few persons know what pearls really are. Scientists tell us they are hard, white, smooth, shiny substances found in a testaceous fish of the oyster kind. Poets refer to them as 'the globe of light,' 'the moon of waters,' 'the hoar frost of heaven,' etc. The ancient Greeks and Romans esteemed pearls more highly than any other jewels, and with very good reason, for, unlike other gems, they require no aid from

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art to bring out their beauty and lustre. Frequent reference is made to them in the Bible, and they are associated with many superstitions. The Chinese believe that they possess extraordinary medicinal properties, and the Egyptians dissolve and drink them as a love potion. Cleopatra is said to have only followed the custom of her race when she drank the famous pearl draught to the health of Marc Antony. This custom, silly as it is, does not appear to be wholly confined to the Egyptians, for there is strong reason to believe that the story of Sir Thomas Gresham having drunk a dissolved pearl that cost \$75,000 is not without some foundation in fact. The Persians are said to be the best judges of pearls, and pay the highest prices for them. The Hindoos are firm in the belief that pearl oysters descend from the clouds, and after a long immersion in the ocean rise to the surface and receive in their gaping mouths a few drops of rain water, which are congealed into pearls. This pleasing theory is shared by many Oriental races, but science, it is almost needless to add, has long since exploded it.

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"The substance of which pearl is composed is

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simply the carbonate of lime interstratified with animal membrane. Some authorities contend that it is the result of a diseased secretion, but that theory admits of some doubt. Linnaeus, it is said, was the first to establish the fact that pearls can be produced by introducing small particles of sand or other foreign substance into the oyster, and he was knighted for the discovery, but it is now known that the Chinese practiced the art for many centuries, only they used small shot and particles of shell instead of sand. Sometimes they cut or stamp out iron images of Buddha and insert them into the oyster, and when sufficiently coated, proclaim that they have been produced by supernatural means. Pearls formed by the introduction of foreign matter into the oyster are necessarily hollow and crude in shape, and have little more commercial value than the ordinary artificial pearls made out of glass beads and lined with wax and quicksilver or some kind of pearl-colored varnish. It is more than probable that the introduction of foreign matter into the oyster injures the character of the secretion. The animal is said to reproduce itself by means of spat which is sometimes found in quantities floating on the ocean. It moves about until

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it settles on a rock or some solid substance and develops into an oyster. It attains the size of a shilling in six or seven months. The necessities of its existence appear to be clean-growing coral, free from sand grit, and a considerable influx and outflow of the sea at the rise and fall of the tide. They are not in all cases confined to the lagoons, and exist in vast quantities under the breakers that beat upon the outer reef, and possibly at greater depths in the sea beyond them. They are said to seek by some instinct of their nature to make their way into calm water. The oysters which are spawned in the lagoons are formed in congeries attached to the parent shells or clustered in vast numbers, fastened to one another, in the holes of the rocks. It has been generally believed that the pearl oyster is a fixture, and the appearance of the cord or byssus by which it is fastened to solid substances would show some reason for the opinion. This cord has the appearance of a tassel, and is composed of an infinite number of slender filaments. It often requires very great force to dislodge it, and has all the appearance of being permanent, but, nevertheless, it does move, and from one coral shell to another when at great distance.

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"The best pearls are found when the oyster is about four years old, the age being determined by the weight and appearance of the shell. The shell, like the pearl, is formed by the secretion of the animal, and becomes hardened by the deposits of lime. Iridescent hues on the inside of the shell are occasioned by the edges of the thin, wavy concentric layers overlapping one another and reflecting the light. The minute furrows, containing translucent carbonate of lime, shed a series of more or less brilliant colors, according to the angle at which the light falls upon them. The external surface of the shell is of a dark brownish color, but does not penetrate to any great depth and is easily removed. Occasionally some of the finest pearls are found loose in the shell. As many as one hundred pearls have been found in one oyster, but they are generally of little or no value. The pearls of the young oyster are of a yellow color, and those of the older ones have a pinkish hue; sometimes they are found of all shades, such as white, brown, steel and silver color, and even a deep black."

The largest pearl ever found in the world was presented to Philip II, of Spain. It was about the size of a pigeon egg and cost 80,000

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ducats. The value of pearls in most cases is fictitious. The famous pearl necklace of the Empress Eugenie, which originally cost \$100,000, was offered afterwards for the sum of \$30,000.

Said Thomas Moore:—

Precious the tear as that rain from the sky
Which turns into pearls as it falls on the sea.

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No one is a better authority on precious stones and gems than Edwin W. Streeter, a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, who in his standard work on "Their History and Distinguishing Characteristics," devotes successive chapters to "Sea Pearls, Colored Pearls, and River Pearls." It is with the latter that we are now confined in response to Mr. Wilson's inquiry. Concerning these, Professor Streeter says:—

"Excellent river pearls are discovered in the British Isles. The pearl-bearing mussel belongs to the great family of the Unionidæ. It inhabits rivers in all parts of the world. The English pearl mussel has the credit of being the most widely distributed. It is found in mountain streams, not only in Great Britain and Ireland, but in all Northern Europe, in the United States, and Canada, extending

even to Oregon and California. No regular fisheries, however, of any note seem to have been established for its capture in any other country but England.

"In the Esk and the Conway pearl mussels have long been known to be plentiful. Sir Richard Wynn, of Hwysdyr, Chamberlain to Catharine of Braganza, presented Her Majesty with a Conway pearl, which still holds its place in the regal crown. Pennant, who gives this account, adds that the shells are called by the Welsh 'crigen diluw' (deluge shells).

"Sir John Hawkins, the circumnavigator, had a patent for fishing in the river Ist, in Cumberland, for pearl mussels, for which Britain very early acquired a reputation.

"According to Suetonius, they were one of the inducements for Cæsar undertaking his British expedition. Pliny, however, speaks of the pearls of Briton as small and ill-colored, and refers for confirmation of this to the breast-plate which Cæsar himself had brought home and dedicated to 'Venus Genetrix' in her temple, adding 'that he wished it to be understood that the offering was formed of British pearls.'

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"Ireland has produced pearls of size and value in the rivers of Tyrone and Donegal. In the

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River Slancy, County Wexford, when in the summer months the water is low, some ten or fifteen men are in the habit of fishing for pearls. They take the mussels from the bed of the river by a net, or slit at the end of a pole. The shells are opened with a knife, and are subsequently either left on the banks or returned into the river. The shells are of a dull blue color. The harvest is very uncertain. Sometimes from 200 to 300 are opened and no pearl found. The shells measure about four inches, but the best pearls are found in the large, deformed shells, mostly buried in deep water. Some of the pearls have been worth from £4 to £10, and one, when mounted, was valued at £80. Pennant says that it was during the last century that the pearls of the value indicated were found in the rivers of Ireland, and he further states that as many as sixteen pearls have been found in one shell. According to Sir R. Redding (1693), one in a hundred pearls might be tolerably clear.

"In Scotland a pearl fishery existed up to the end of the last century in the River Tay, where the mussels are collected by the peasantry before the harvest time, but now they are sought for 'bait' only. The rivers of Scotland even now produce pearls, but they are

for the most part defective in form and small in size. Those of a pinkish hue, however, are considered of great value, and necklaces made of them are much prized.

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"The river pearls of Russia and France are dull and deficient in brilliancy, while those from Bavaria more nearly resemble the Scotch pearls. The brilliant and various colored nacre, with which many of the fresh water shells are lined, and the thickness to which it attains in some of the species, leads to the expectation that pearls would be found in them, especially as the animal is capable of repairing any injury which its shell may sustain by rapidly closing up the fracture with layers of pearlaceous material. The Chinese, with their characteristic ingenuity, have taken advantage of this faculty in the *Dipsas plicata*, one of their river mussels, to compel it to form pearls to some extent at their pleasure. Pieces of mother-of-pearl, fixed to wires and introduced into the shells, thus become coated with a more brilliant material. The stock subjects introduced are the small figures of Buddha, of which many examples may be seen at the South Kensington and British Museums. It is said that in the neighborhood

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of Ningpo this curious branch of industry affords employment to 500 families."

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All that is very interesting, but while Professor Streeter says that the pearl-bearing mussel inhabits rivers in all parts of the world, he fails to make distinct reference to the United States. And yet pearls of great value are found in the rivers of this country, especially in the Mississippi. Some of these may be Baroque pearls or gems of irregular size, but yet they are of an iridescence as brilliant as the Oriental treasures of Ceylon. In trade parlance the pearls from the Father of Waters are known as Sweet Water pearls.

There is an Episcopalian clergyman connected with one of the most prominent churches in Philadelphia who, returning in the fall of 1900 from a far Western vacation, walked into the establishment of J. E. Caldwell & Co. and displaying six pearls in the palm of one hand, asked if they possessed any value. He was referred to Mr. William Eisenhower, the pearl expert of the famous firm, and as a result of his assessment, J. E. Caldwell & Co. paid \$2,000 for one of the gems. In response to inquiries as to where he obtained them he evasively replied: "In

the waters of a far Western river. Mr. Eisenhower endeavored to be his companion on his vacation trip last summer, but did not succeed in his pious wish. The clergyman, whose name is known to the narrator, is keeping his valuable secret closely to himself.

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The pearl that was purchased was of unusual size and brilliancy, but do not think that the price given is unusual. The Caldwell concern has one small pearl necklace on display that is tagged at \$13,000—and in that store a tag means what is on it. Yet this sum sounds small when you see one solitary ruby priced at \$15,000, and beneath this and still above the pearl in value descend in the order named emeralds, sapphires, and diamonds.

Yet to pay \$13,000 for a pearl necklace appears foolish when one considers that none but an expert can tell the difference between genuine gems and the marvelous imitations made by the French.


The Earl Marshal having in charge the coronation of King Edward VII has issued an order that during that ceremony no counterfeit pearls shall be used in coronets, but that instead silver balls shall be used for tips. This or-

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der is doubtless made necessary by the fact that the vast majority of pearls—or rather so-called pearls—that are used even by wealthy people are imitations of the genuine. The clever artisans of Paris have gone beyond the old-time “Roman pearls,” which were mainly composed of wax, and now fabricate spherical beads with an inner lining of fish scales, the iridescent hues of which give a similitude of the real thing that even a trained eye finds it difficult to detect.

Does all this answer our friend Wilson’s query?

A lot of talk about a small thing.



Seen and Heard

LOUIS N. MEGARGEE, Publisher

Vol. I.

Philadelphia, December 4, 1901

No. 48

Subscription, \$2 per year.

Published Weekly at 806 Walnut St.

Wonder if those artist-fellows who draw pictures of turkeys for Thanksgiving numbers of magazines and newspapers ever saw a gobbler except when well-browned and prostrate upon a dinner platter, or when strutting around a barn-yard in spring and summer time?

Surely their knowledge of the bird must be limited to the extent indicated for the eye of man never gazed upon a turkey-gobbler at Thanksgiving time in the attitude in which he is invariably presented by the picture-makers.

Nature has arranged for the love-making among birds with rules exactly the reverse of those observed by human kind. Among bipeds the female decks herself in frizzes, furbelows and feathers in order to attract

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the male. In that portion of animal nature that is unvexed by intellect and civilization, the reverse is the rule, and nature makes the male more attractive and adorns him in more glowing colors than the female, in order that he may win the admiring eyes of the latter. Thus we see the rooster with an arching tail of rainbow tints and a brilliant head-piece of crimson, while the hen is quiet in plumage and modest of demeanor. The pheasant and the canvas-back duck and the mallard also present striking illustrations of this unvarying rule in the feathered kingdom.

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But while the rooster is in holiday garb and on dress parade all the year around, because between his wives and him love-making is perennial, with the turkey no such state of affairs exists. Just as

In the spring, a deeper crimson
Comes upon the robin's breast;
In the spring, the wanton lapwing
Gets himself another crest:
In the spring, a deeper iris
Comes upon the burnished dove,

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so the Tom-turkey, when the crocuses are peeping forth and the violets rival a bishop's garb, casts aside the dejected air of the winter time, throws out his chest, spreads his wings, opens his tail into fan-like form, puffs his crimson breast-plate into a condition of purple congestion that threatens bursting; and with guttural gobbles invites the near-by meek-looking hens to gaze upon the splendors of his being. In that proud and strutting form he continues until far into the summer, and it is that presentation of himself which the picture-fellows depict as his natural appearance in the barn-yard at Thanksgiving time. But, alas for the accuracy of their drawings, when the leaves begin to fall the proud gobbler has lost his pride, has lost his strut; his wattles are of a lowered crimson, his wings are decorously folded by his side, and his tail droops to the ground. He moves about sad and solitary, unobserved by the hen who during the breeding season had gazed upon him with fond and adoring eyes,

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and in that state of apathy and gloom he lingers—if he does not meet death before—until the resurrection of the succeeding spring. That is the turkey as he is; not the picture-fellow's turkey.

Pierpont Morgan's Poet Grandfather

There is nothing like riches to enable people to discover that those possessing them are endowed either in themselves or through their ancestors, and thence presumably by inheritance, with qualities never before suspected.

J. Pierpont Morgan, when only an ordinary millionaire, was looked upon by most folks as a sordid money grubber, with no mind above his shekels. Now, however, that he has mounted into the billionaire class and become a modern rival of that King of Lydia whose name of Croesus has been synonymous with enormous riches since he ruled in Greece nearly six hundred years before the birth of Christ, it has been discovered that he pos-

sesses a poetic impulse through abilities that have descended to him from his grandfather, Reverend John Pierpont, who was a Unitarian minister in Boston prior to the Civil War. This reverend gentleman's claim to the possession of the divine afflatus—or rather the claim of his friends—is based on the fact, discovered by the Portland "Oregonian," that he in 1866 composed a hymn. Now comes forward a New Yorker with a book entitled "Autographs for Freedom," published in Boston in 1853 and containing eight verses, signed "Jno. Pierpont," entitled simply "Ode," and having this preface in prose:

Sung at the celebration of the first anniversary of the kidnapping, at Boston, of Thomas Sims, a fugitive slave—the kidnapping done under the forms of law, and by its officers, June 12, 1851. The deed celebrated at the Melodeon, Boston, June 12, 1852.

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The kidnapping of fugitive slaves in Boston at the time indicated in Reverend John Pierpont's ode was not an unusual occur-

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rence, and was invariably the cause of great public excitement. The Sims incident was by no means the last of its class. The narrator well remembers an affair of this kind which was witnessed by Richard Hinton and a description of which was given the narrator, during a talk on the slavery question, by that, in many respects, remarkable man. I believe he is still alive, as he certainly could not have passed from this world without considerable newspaper notice of the event. He was one of the participants in John Brown's efforts to free the slaves. He subsequently became a writer for the newspaper press, and when I last heard of him he was performing some expert duty for the United States Government in a Washington department. His story of the Boston incident referred to is worth listening to.

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Although Hinton was born under a monarchical form of government he early imbibed ideas of the equality of man, being a

Chartist in England before he became an Abolitionist in America. He came to this country in 1851, when he was 20 years of age. For a few years he led a rather uneventful life, making a determined struggle, however, for existence, doing newspaper work, setting type in a composing room, and traveling from point to point in search of daily bread. His migrations took him to Boston in 1854, and it shows the spirit of the man, that the first spot he visited was Bunker Hill monument, where the Briton uncovered his head in silent salutation to the American patriots of 1776. Boston, which was the hotbed and fountain head of the anti-slavery movement, was at that time aglow with excitement over the capture, in broad daylight, on its public streets, of a fugitive slave named Anthony Burns. He was locked up in a Court House or a jail forming part of that building, and it was the intention of his captors to take him back to his master in Georgia. But the anti-slavery people solemnly swore that

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he should not be taken away from the free precincts of Boston. Thomas Wentworth Higginson came down from Worcester, the home of the fighting Abolitionists, and the head of an armed body of men, and from all sides excited anti-slavery people poured into Boston, determined to prevent the removal of the captive negro.

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A public meeting was held in Faneuil Hall, which was addressed by Wendell Phillips and Thomas Wentworth Higginson. In the gallery and listening to the harangues was the young Englishman, Richard Hinton, and he, noticing a suggestive movement to the crowd below, gained the street and soon found himself one of an angry mob moving toward the Court House and determined upon the rescue of the slave. The outlined plan contemplated a simultaneous attack from front and rear. A Deputy United States Marshal who guarded the front door of the building, refusing to make way for the mob, was

shot down and killed. Martin Stowell, who was afterwards Hinton's captain in the Kansas trouble, was long suspected of having fired the fatal shot. The men who made the attack on the front of the Court House, and of whom Hinton was one, obtained a large wooden beam, with which they battered down the door, but their efforts were not promptly supported by those who were to make the assault in the rear, and the mob was driven away

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The excitement in Boston finally reached such a degree of intensity that the United States Government felt called upon to enforce the fugitive slave law by military strength, and not finding its available force sufficient, called upon Governor Boutwell, of Massachusetts, for militiamen. A United States man-of-war was anchored off the Long wharf. United States marines were summoned from the Charlestown Navy Yard, and the Massachusetts militiamen were

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marched from every direction toward Boston. Among the latter were the famous Boston Tigers, commanded by Major Ben: Perley Poore, afterwards the veteran Washington correspondent, and, after his participation in the suppression of the anti-slavery mob, a pronounced Abolitionist. He, like others, felt that the law should be administered, even though it might be an unjust one, but its administration made strong anti-slavery men of those who had never before given the subject any but the most trivial consideration.

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Ten thousand soldiers were gathered in Boston to see that one poor negro was safely returned beneath the lash of his Georgia master, and it required ten thousand armed men to prevent the anti-slavery people from accomplishing his rescue. Anthony Burns was taken back to Georgia and what punishment was inflicted upon him no one knows, but his return to slavery served a beneficent purpose, for it kindled brighter than ever the fires of

freedom and did much towards building up an abolition sentiment that afterwards permeated the entire North. Richard Hinton's part in that movement imbued him with a feeling that made him ripe for participation in the Nebraska-Kansas trouble which next agitated the country.

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The Original "Spellbinder"

The origin of the word "Spellbinder" as applied to political speakers is thus given by the Philadelphia "Evening Telegraph":

"Spellbinder," applied to speakers in a campaign, was coined by General George Sheridan, who died six years ago. In the Harrison campaign of 1888 Sheridan was the star orator among the speakers on the list of the Republican National Committee. A forceful talker, with a vein of humor and a cynical style at times, he was in great demand. To Sheridan was offered the crown of bay leaves by his fellows. He was one of the spellbinders in the organization of campaign orators formed after the election of General Harrison.

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Chauncey M. Depew was elected their president, and a banquet was given for the speakers. Used to oratory, the speakers enjoyed the mental feast that followed. When the speaking began, orators told what they had done; how they had talked to hostile crowds and won votes. When it was Sheridan's turn to talk he jollied them. He told of the good work they had done; he reviewed their talks at the banquet, and played with them verbally, until some one took the bait and asked: "And, General, what did you do?" "Do?" replied Sheridan. "Do?" and he looked about him. "What did I do? Gentlemen, I held them spellbound. I was a spellbinder." There was a cheer, and 'spellbinder' came into the language to replace "wind jammer," "word painter," and other terms applied to orators in a campaign.

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That interesting and doubtless truthful story brings to the narrator's mind a most engaging personality; brings before his mind's eye a one-time excessively portly figure from whose throat rumbled basso tones; a figure that the most cruel of all deaths—mental imbecility—

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found shrunken and lean; a voice that descended to a childish treble.

There are many men in this country who will recall the name of Colonel George A. Sheridan with fond recollections. It can be truthfully said of him that he was without exception the greatest stump orator this country ever knew since the days of Webster. He was born in Millbury, Mass., February 22, 1842. After the war, in which he gained his military title, he became a king among the carpet-baggers of the South, and in that discredited royal capacity drifted to the State of Louisiana and in time was made its Adjutant General. He figured there during the noxious Warmouth regime, when that ill-favored statesman was Governor; when Packard was United States Marshal and when Casey—Grant's brother-in-law—was Collector of the Port of New Orleans. Under these malodorous surroundings Sheridan was made Collector of Taxes in the Crescent City, and is popularly credited with having received as

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fees not less than \$100,000 annually during his four years term of office. He was a candidate for Congress from a Louisiana district, and while the returns declared his defeat, he entered a contest which lingered through two years of a Congressional life, and eight hours before that particular Congress adjourned a decision was granted in his favor, with the proviso that both he and his opponent should receive the full salaries of their respective terms, with all the expenses attached to their contentions. Thus Sheridan could say that he was the only man then living who was a Congressman for less than twenty-four hours and yet received all the financial emoluments of the office for its full period.

Such is politics.

Such is Congress.

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The various remunerative public positions in which he had been favored, while they brought money to the purse of Colonel Sheridan, did not give him any permanent condi-

tion of prosperity. Money came to him easily and left him freely. In the Presidential campaign in which Rutherford B. Hayes was the Republican candidate, he developed into a remarkable political speaker. He had wonderful lung power, great volume of voice, and a richness of metaphor equaled by few men. It is recorded of him, in that campaign, that he stumped the State of Maine, and upon one occasion, when Blaine was expected to be the only orator of the occasion, the audience, which had heard Sheridan before, and recognized his presence upon the platform, called for him after the great statesman of the rock-ribbed State had delivered one of his famous addresses. Blaine was annoyed at first, but when Sheridan had concluded, approached him upon the public platform, put an arm around him, and said: "You are the greatest stump speaker America has ever produced."

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After Hayes' entrance to the White House,

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Colonel Sheridan asked for political preferment. He frankly said that he did not wish a position of the highest honor, but he desired a post which would bring him wealth, and he, therefore, named as his choice the Consulship at Liverpool, the fees of which are said to amount to about \$100,000 yearly. He didn't get it. He swallowed his disappointment and became then a public lecturer in open antagonism to the agnostic views of Robert G. Ingersoll. This was not a successful venture, and Sheridan shrank out of view until the Presidential campaign of 1888, when he vociferously stumped the country in advocacy of the Presidential claims of Benjamin Harrison. The Republicans being successful, he confidently awaited a reward for his labors and modestly asked for a Consulate in Canada, which he did not receive. He became embittered and shrunk from sight. At that time he was a man of enormous breadth of shoulders, of great physical prowess, of tremendous vocal powers; a vivid presentation of

physical health and strength. He had succeeded in placing his daughter, Emma, upon the dramatic stage and in giving her a popular impulse to urge her on.

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His unrewarded services for his party brought to Colonel Sheridan not only a disgruntled mental condition, but he became affected physically to such an extent that his friends saw him gradually fade away. He lost ambition; he lost the desire of life. Those who should have befriended him—apart from public reward for public service—neglected him, and in bitterness of heart, which it is sad to contemplate, he insisted upon being made a ward of the government, as one of the inmates of the Soldiers' Home at Hampton. There were friends who would not permit him to occupy this position without outside aid, and he became a favored one among the hoary-headed guests of Uncle Sam. Friends who knew him well in the days when his

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voice had volume and his shoulders had enormous breadth, called upon him and found him an inmate in the hospital which is part of the great establishment over which Governor Woodfin had then presided for nearly one-quarter of a century. The wreck they saw brought tears to their eyes. The once manly form had dwindled to a bent figure. The famously broad shoulders had shrunk to narrowness. The voice which had thundered over the heads of thousands had sunk to a whisper.

“His big manly voice,

Turned again towards childish treble, piped
And whistled in its sound.”

Of the three men who called upon him, the narrator being one, and all of whom had known him intimately in the days of his vigor, he knew but one. That was ex-Congressman Thomas P. Ochiltree. The others were blanks in his memory. And yet that great thing in his skull which we call the brain had a fitful assertiveness.

For instance:

The narrator, whom he did not recall, although they had been intimate friends, said to him, with the thought of easing the distressful conditions of the meeting:

"George, you're not quite as heavy as when I saw you last, but you must feel better by having lost so much of your overabundant weight."

With a twinkle in a dulled eye, Colonel Sheridan said: "I once weighed 245 pounds and every pound of it felt good. I now weigh 143 pounds and every pound of it feels bad."

As his visitors were leaving the grounds Colonel Sheridan accompanied them to the gate. They looked upon beautiful lawns and magnificent trees which were reflected in the glistening waters of Hampton Roads. It was really an inspiring sight. With kindly thought Colonel Ochiltree turned to this wreck of a great man and said: "George, this is a beautiful spot and you have here charming surroundings."

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The intellect flashed again and again the eyes twinkled as the famous stump orator said: "Yes, a beautiful place, if you don't live here." And there he died, his brain being dead long before.

Who Can Howard Mean?

The inimitable and irrepressible Joseph Howard, Jr., in one of his recent daily New York letters to the Boston Globe uses this mysterious language:

The real and the counterfeit.

King Edward as Prince of Wales, although not handsome, was a fine-looking fellow, with every indication of physical distinction as to the manner born. He was genuine. A counterfeit resemblance to the Prince has been known, as among the lowest of the low and the dirtiest of the dirty, in this city for the past twenty-five years. In face, figure and beard he is the Prince's twin. He preys on women, insults men and tempts the law often with impunity, but also, on several occasions, with punishment and exposure to himself. I presume his striking resemblance to the

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Prince of Wales has not only netted him financial muchness, but even now conveys to his depraved mind a degree of genuine content it would be difficult for honest men to understand. Thousands of men go through life happy because they resemble Napoleon in face and feature, little thinking that the contrast between his imperial intellect and their incomplete brainific equipment is simply colossal. One of the chief merchants of this country has, and trades upon, a reputation for piety and conscience dominance, which is as far removed from the tortuous intricacies of his scheming mind, his inordinate vanity, his avaricious grasp and his outrageous treatment of subordinates as the good place is from the other. I never see his smug face and treacherous smile that I don't fancy to myself the fun the devil will have with him when he goes to his own place.

Wonder whom he can mean?

An Echo of the Conkling-Blaine Quarrel

Chatting last week regarding General Grant's attitude towards the third Presidential term,

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liberal contribution was levied upon a mass of interesting matter which the late John Russell Young has left behind him bearing upon that subject. But this gifted writer and lovable man's testimony concerning the great political events which formed part of the history of this country when he was in closest touch with its greatest men, and of many of which he formed a part, is not confined to the Grant episode alone.

To many men of growth the names of Conkling and Blaine still remain as an inspiration, but to those who are budding into a new generation they doubtless sound as meaningless echoes of the past. Yet the story of the petty quarrel that separated these two political giants and brought both their ambitions crumbling to the dust of failure, will ever remain one of the pitiable romances of American politics. John Russell Young was at one time selected as a mediator between these two warring statesmen, and his account of that momentous event in

American public life is surely worth the telling at any time.

Here it is in part:

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"At the close of the Grant administration I was deeply interested in the nomination of Conkling as his successor; was in the confidence of Conkling's friends in that regard, and recall now many incidents of that novel campaign, which might belong to the comedy of political history—comedy in its time, but to flourish into the deepest tragedy.

"Above all things in that eccentric canvass was the now historical quarrel with Blaine. And if Conkling was to be an available candidate for the Presidency, it was important that there should be a reconciliation with Blaine. Among the legends of those days was their animosity. The active forces of Republicanism were under the banner of one or the other. The Morton movement was handicapped by the attitude of Morton on the currency. The Bristow movement was

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never other than a sentiment; politics in lavender or camphor, not in active use. President Grant took no part; hoped for the nomination of Hamilton Fish, had written a letter in favor of Mr. Fish, to be used when the political strength of the active combatants was exhausted and dark horses were in order. The letter was never read and the dark horse was named Hayes.

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"As I was saying, however, it was essential that there should be harmony between Blaine and Conkling. They had been in a row since their early days in the House. I have a dim, rough remembrance of the outbreak, as I was in and around the gallery of Congress at the time. Conkling and Blaine were young members, not especially noticeable, and had their fame to make. The cynics in the press gallery, ever merciless in their judgment, looked upon Conkling as rather an amusing personage than otherwise, from his dramatic ways and the hardly suppressed consciousness that the gods had endowed him with a beauty and a presence which might have excited the envy of a Lacedemonian in the days when men children were born. 'That New York

member of yours walks down the aisle as if he were not sure that he had made God Almighty or that God Almighty had made him,' as a free-spoken Ohio correspondent said one morning as Roscoe moved majestically towards prayers, looking as though he felt the world had been created and it pleased him. The speech of Blaine I hold in remembrance as rather brisk than otherwise, with an allusion to Conkling as claiming the mantle of Winter Davis, and being somewhat of a turkey-gobbler or a peacock. It did not commend itself to the cynical judgment of the boys in the press gallery, rather disposed to take sides with Conkling, whom they knew, and who, at least, amused them, and not with his keen antagonist, a clever Yankee from Maine, with bewildering eyes, but whose force was an unknown quantity.

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"I never read that debate after I heard it—never got over the then formed impression that it was a trivial, colorless affair—a hasty scrapping match—like two naval cadets fighting in the sick bay of the schoolship, to be the best friends forevermore as soon as their eyes were patched. This, I think, was the feeling

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of the House, and undoubtedly of Blaine. It came also at a time when Conkling had a controversy with Elihu B. Washburne, then a member from Illinois, a controversy which never entered the official reports, although it came near finding work for the sergeant-at-arms; Washburne bursting all bounds under the deliberate opposition and maddening sarcasms of Conkling, rushing upon him with fury, the air resonant with denunciations, terminating by Washburne yielding to gentle persuasions, and delivering the peroration of his wrath to friendly ears in the cloak room; Conkling sitting at his seat, pretending to read a letter, as if unconscious of the impending rage. I remember it all as in a dream; a foolish, wild dream.

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"These incidents, so colorless at the time that I question if they had even a gossiping record in the press despatches, made a deep impression upon political events. The quarrel of Conkling and Blaine cost them both the nomination for the Presidency. They, with Washburne, cost the latter in the long run the friendship of Grant and whatever he might have craved as a career in the Republican

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party. It was Grant's partiality for Conkling, as shown during his second term, which planted in the breast of Washburne the seeds of the distrust and suspicion which, to the grief of all who knew and loved the men, was to end in bitterness and pain an enviable and beautiful friendship. This, on Washburne's part, I saw in Paris, coming long before it came—saw and mourned.

"But so it is, and by such imperceptible currents do the gods sway the fates of even those who should be rulers of men. However, a President had to be nominated to succeed Grant, and as I was saying, the path was closed to Conkling and Blaine, unless the memories of the youthful scrapping match on the floor dent had to be nominated to succeed Grant, and as I was saying, the path was closed to Conkling and Blaine, unless the memories of the youthful scrapping match on the floor of the House could be calmed down. There was no trouble about Blaine. That brilliant, magnanimous soul, to whom a row over politics was of about as much consequence as the results of a chess game, who always seemed in politics what Morphy was in chess, was ready to take the hand of Conkling in friend-

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ship, to contest his nomination for the Presidency, and if beaten support the Conkling canvass and administration with heartiness and good will.

"Yes, Blaine was amenable, but how about Conkling? There was a problem. To approach the rugged Hussian bear, the armed rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger would have been a morning stroll among the daisies compared with it. The late William Orton, one of the kindest, most judicious, as he was one of the gentlest of men, near to Conkling, had grave conversations with me about it. Efforts had been made, in a coy, shrinking, almost zoological way, to approach Conkling with this message of peace from Blaine, thus far with disheartening results, and the canvass in other respects blooming into imperial fruitage. And as one after another had made the desperate experiment and had fallen, it was appointed that I should tread the ominous path with such fortune as would fall.

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"I do not remember that I had any enthusiasm over the task, although I saw its importance. But then I had no special fear. Holding, as I did, terms of intimacy with Mr.

Conkling, holding him in supreme regard and with the most loyal appreciation of so much of his character and so much of his gifts, I never could bring myself into special awe. His mannerisms, his sudden petulancies; his outbursts at impatient or impertinent politicians; his disposition to pin you against a wall and throw knives all about your person, like an Arabian juggler; his positive convictions upon trivial subjects, which few pains-taking people would trouble to think about; his hourly discoveries of plots and conspiracies; his spontaneous likes and dislikes, which made him at times oppressive as a companion or a counsellor, were never more than the outer leaves which held the kernel within. In any mere controversy between Blaine and Conkling I should have taken no part. But here were high issues, and as the work had to be done I told Mr. Orton that I saw no reason why I should not try like the rest.

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“‘No friend has ventured,’ he said in that stately, measured way (it is Conkling who is now talking), ‘has, I might say, presumed’—this said in a grand, dramatic manner, and in elaborate, copious way, with a sense of won-

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der, perhaps injury, to which I was not responsive. The matter concerned him more than anyone else, and it was a cold political fact, in no sense an emotion. The grand, hurt manner soon lapsed into that of a serious, shrewd statesman, dealing with empire. He had no antipathy towards Blaine that was not based upon the consciousness of his self-respect. While, therefore, the attitude of Blaine and the persistent malignity of Blaine's friends, who would never have so acted except under due inspiration, and made personal relations impossible, he knew the position of Blaine in the party, the rights of leadership that had been accorded to the Maine statesman, and should the Presidency devolve upon him, neither Mr. Blaine nor his friends would have reason to complain of ample recognition.

"I said that this was an assurance that his political friends had taken for granted. They knew that the chivalry of his nature would make him give the most cordial support to whatever candidate was his successful rival in the convention. At the same time it was felt that if there was any possible way for explanation that would lead to an understand-

ing it would be a relief to many of his friends and an immense gain to his nomination for the Presidency; that after all it was only a cold allowance to the Blaine people that they should have simply a tolerated position under the Conkling administration; that Blaine himself could be at best only a sublime ticket-of-leave man, and that his prestige as a leader would be impaired; that the troops in a battle were more comfortable when they saw their generals shake hands, and that there could be no assurance of that support from the Blaine people without which a campaign was impossible.

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"Conkling was inflexible in his purpose. The first step towards a reconciliation with Blaine would be taken when Blaine arose in public and declared that he had wilfully told what was untrue in his famous turkey-gobbler speech; that it was not the raillery or the personal invective that stood in the way, but the imputation upon his honor, an imputation that could only be removed when Mr. Blaine made a public contrition. The idea of poor Blaine going up into the scaffold like the sinning clergyman in *The Scarlet Letter*, to make

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confession, not to his paramour and the resentful, angry clouds, but in broad daylight to the townsmen, was of course not to be considered. I saw that the theme had no further vitality and we drifted into more limpid currents. When I saw Mr. Orton I told him that I knew of no enemy, assuredly no friend of Mr. Blaine, who would approach him with the Conkling ultimatum. It was a bitter disappointment to Mr. Orton, but the imperious pride of the resolute Senator was not swayed by the hopes or emotions of friends. So ended as far as history or remembrance serves me the last effort to make peace between Conkling and Blaine."

Result: both went to their untimely graves, disappointed men.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, likely reading "Francis Pickens", with a long, sweeping underline.

Seen and Heard

LOUIS N. MEGARGEE, Publisher

Vol. I. Philadelphia, December 11, 1901

No. 49

Subscription, \$2 per year.

Published Weekly at 806 Walnut St.

What is the matter with "these our actors"? It no longer excites comment or surprise when it is publicly announced that a prominent player in his prime has been taken to an asylum for the insane and there given preliminary entombment prior to his final burial. Mental strain cannot always explain this lamentable condition of affairs, because the old-time actors, whose fame still illumines the stage, lived to fairly good old ages, despite the fact that they labored much more industriously than their followers of the present day, and also despite the fact that their personal habits were not, in most cases, conducive to longevity.

Joseph Jefferson is not only alive and hearty, but still walks the boards, although he will

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celebrate his seventy-third birthday on the 20th of next February.

The elder Booth, notwithstanding his most unfortunate habits, was in his fifty-seventh year when he laid aside the mask of a mummer. His son and namesake, Junius Brutus Booth, was in his sixty-third year when he died, and his famous younger son, Edwin, notwithstanding the severe strain of spasmodic lapses from his generally correct habits, was nearly sixty years of age when he ceased to ornament the American stage.

Edwin Forrest was a marvel of physical strength when death seized him, in his sixty-seventh year.

His great rival, the Englishman, William Charles Macready, passed the seventieth mile-stone before he came to his journey's end, and his fellow-countryman, John Philip Kemble, was about celebrating his sixty-seventh birthday when he received his last call.

Edmund Kean, however, was called away all

too soon in his forty-sixth year, while that other great English actor, George Frederick Cooke, whose body now lies beneath the sod of Trinity Churchyard, New York city, marked by a towering monument that bears the names of Edmund Booth and E. H. Sothern, reached his fifty-seventh year despite the fact that only his o'ershadowing genius brough public forgiveness of his notorious and almost chronic drunkenness.

If David Garrick had lived but one month longer he would have been sixty-three years of age, and our own genial William J. Florence, who died suddenly, but happily, in the Continental Hotel, in Philadelphia, bore his sixty-one years with the grace of a youngster.

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With those facts and figures in mind, think of McCullough and Barrymore and Scanlan and Bartley Campbell and George Knight and the others who make up the sad roll of bright actors who at middle age sank into mental

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darkness and the oblivion of a mad-house. Now comes the sad news, although the name is not to be added to the above list of unfortunates, that that lovable man and artistic actor, Sol Smith Russell, has become a victim of locomotor ataxia, that 'as a result thereof he has lost control of the movements of his legs, and that he is pushed about the streets of Washington in a go-cart, by a colored man. The full lamentableness of this announcement can best be appreciated when it is coupled with the stern fact that the disease which has made the player its prey is incurable; its basic condition being a hardening of the cells at the base of the brain.

The mental ills that have befallen the other American actors who have been named could be traced in most cases to erotomania, morphiomania or dipsomania. But those acquainted with the personal habits and characteristics of Sol Smith Russell know full well that to none of those causes can his ailment be ascribed. It therefore becomes a

matter of proper public interest to endeavor to trace his unfortunate condition to its source, and that involves an explanation of the nature of locomotor ataxia, a dread disease of which the general public knows but little. Briefly, its external evidence is a want of power to coordinate voluntary movements; an inability to control the muscles, especially of the legs, but more rarely of the arms. The victim whose legs, for instance, are affected, when he lifts one foot from the ground, does not know where he will put it down. In a majority of cases the disease more particularly affects the eyes, the dilatation of the pupils of which never change under any circumstances.

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Evidently, however, Mr. Russell has what are technically known as the "motor symptoms," and these are best described by Dr. William Osler, one time professor of clinical medicine in the University of Pennsylvania, whence petty jealousies virtually drove him,

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and now professor of medicine in the Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, from which city he is frequently summoned to his former Philadelphia home to consult with puzzled practitioners of the Quaker City and to give them the light of his knowledge. He confessedly stands to-day pre-eminently at the head of the medical profession in America. This is what he has to say of the "motor symptoms" in locomotor ataxia:

"The ataxia develops gradually. One of the first indications to a patient is inability to get about readily in the dark or to maintain his equilibrium when washing his face with his eyes shut. When the patient stands with the feet together and the eyes closed, he sways and has difficulty in maintaining his position. This is known as Romberg symptom. On turning quickly he is apt to fall. Gradually the characteristic ataxia gait develops. The patient, as a rule, walks with a stick, the eyes are directed to the ground, the body is thrown forward, and the legs are

wide apart. In walking, the leg is thrown out violently, the foot is raised too high and is brought down in a stamping manner, with the heel first, or the whole sole comes in contact with the ground. Ultimately the patient may be unable to walk without the assistance of two canes. This gait is very characteristic, and unlike that seen in any other disease. The inco-ordination is not only in walking, but in the performance of other movements. If the patient is asked, when in the recumbent posture, to touch the knee with one foot, the irregularity in the movement is very evident. Incoordination of the arms is less common, but usually develops in some grade. It may in rare instances exist before the incoordination of the legs. In the large numbers of ataxics which frequented the Infirmary for Nervous Diseases at Philadelphia, there was only one, so far as I remember—at Weir Mitchell's clinic—in which the arms were first affected. It may be tested by asking the patient to close his eyes or to touch

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the tip of the nose or the tip of the ear with the finger, or with the arms thrust out to bring the tips of the fingers together. The incoordination may early be noticed by a difficulty which the patient experiences in buttoning his collar or in performing one of the ordinary routine acts of dressing. One of the most striking features of the disease is that with marked inco-ordination there is no loss of muscular power. The grip of the hands may be strong and firm, the power of the legs, tested by trying to flex them, may be unimpaired, and their nutrition, except toward the close, may be unaffected.'

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One afflicted with locomotor ataxia may live—if such a condition of helpless suffering can be called living—for years, even fifteen or twenty, but all medical authorities, including S. Weir Mitchell and the Frenchman, Charcot, agree that the disease is absolutely incurable.

Naturally one inquires as to the causes of such a dread affliction. These are varied, and include excessive fatigue, over-exertion, exposure to cold and wet, erotomania and disease in early life, the latter being responsible for a large majority of the cases. Ottawa lumbermen, who are subjected to severe exposure in their camps during the winter months, are frequently the subjects of locomotor ataxia. So are circus riders, a notable example of this being Adam Forepaugh, the younger, who is still living, a physical wreck. Singular enough, it may appear to many, Osler declares that "alcoholic excess does not seem to predispose to the disease. Among patients in the better classes of life I do not remember one in which there has been a previous history of prolonged drunkenness."

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It seems a mockery of fate that a disease so pitilessly cruel—and the more pitiless for its prolongation of a life made useless—should

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find a victim in a man who for so many years has made mirth for his fellows, and who in his private life has been in every sense a true-fibred gentleman; and with that latter statement, bear in mind that the terms actor and gentleman are not almost synonymous, by any means. A glimpse of the innate, innocent humor of Sol Smith Russell is obtained in the pages of a souvenir volume of the Philadelphia Clover Club, published some years ago, entitled "Scents of the Clover," and containing literary contributions from the members of that dining organization. Mr. Russell is one of them, and this is what he wrote under the caption, "Sweet Clover":

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"I want ter know if you will be amused with my contribution of some quaint expressions heard in Yankeeland. Have you visited New England, and do you know the folks there? However, I'll chance you, and these are the samples:

"'You'll always do well here,' said the hall men. 'They like things like you and Humpty-Dumpty—operas and solemn plays they don't care a durn for in this town.'

“‘Be you Billy Florence? Wal, we’ve been warned concernin’ you, and they say you’re good.’

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“Just before our performance at R——, New Hampshire, an elderly person said: ‘These showers have a good night for their tink tum.’

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“At Marblehead I asked, ‘How did Boucicault do here?’ The landlord replied: ‘He got drunk and fell off the rope.’

—
“‘We used to have a regular theatre down ter Quincy. A man named Burk acted Macbeth and his little daughter played Eva.’

—
“There is no end of them if you like to hear them. Oliver Optic and myself were called to lecture in a New Hampshire village; a committeeman called and said: “Wantin’ to save expense on printin’ programmes, I’ll announce the pieces ef you’ll tell me how they come in.’

“I explained that Optic and myself would alternate in our readings—Optic to begin; I to end with my sketches of character. He stood at the side of the stage and said: “O yez! O

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yez! The entertainment for the benefit of Dodge Post will begin by readin' an original story by Oliver Optic, otherwise William T. Adams. Ice cream at the back of the hall, ten cents a dish.'

"After the reading the committeeman said: 'We will now hev Mr. Sil Smith Russell in his comic doin's. You hev all heard of Comical Brown, but Mr. Russell lays over Brown on the comic'—and while the audience were laughing at my efforts, the committeeman came to my dressing-room and said: 'They're takin' off their rubbers.'

"And so he announced each selection on our programme, saying just before the closing piece: 'O yez! O yez! Thankin' the audience on behalf of the Dodge Post for their liberal patronage, the lecture for this evenin' will conclude with Mr. Russell in some more comics. Ice cream at the back of the hall, reduced to five cents a dish.'

"And yet there are people who think they live in clover."

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Sol Smith Russell is not dead, but his enforced retirement from the stage brings to mind these lines of Thackeray:

The play is done: the curtain drops,
Slowly falling to the prompter's bell:
A moment yet the actor stops,
And looks around, to say farewell.
It is an irksome word and task;
And when he's laughed and said his say,
He shows as he removes his mask,
A face that's anything but gay.

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Senator Jones and Fortune's Vagaries

Has United States Senator John P. Jones, of Nevada, suffered another reverse of fortune? Such a blow from the fickle goddess is certainly indicated by a New York dispatch which states that his household effects, consisting of paintings, carpets, and statuary, which had been sent to the metropolis from Washington, for sale at public auction by a Broadway firm, had been placed under attachment for one day, on account of the non-payment of a ninety day note for the paltry sum of eight hundred dollars, given to an employe of the Empire Steel & Iron Company. The claim was paid in cash by Senator Jones's attorneys, and the attachment removed.

If all this means that John P. Jones is finan-

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cially distressed, it will not be the first time that this little intellectual giant, who has several times been a multi-millionaire, has faced adverse fortune, and heretofore he has always confronted that particular foe with a smiling visage and a bold front. He is a man worth talking about; a man whose life-work presents an interesting study for those who would win in the world's continual battle. His figure is short and squatty, but athletic. His full beard and his scant hair are snow white, yet he does not impress one as an old man, because his eyes, which are singularly dark, beam and twinkle with the effervescence of youth. His great political hobbies are high protection and free silver coinage.

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Pennsylvania protectionists who may imagine that he is an Anarchist cannot dream of the extent of his devotion to the cause of high tariff. It approaches fanaticism. Fertility of anecdote enables him to aptly apply his arguments. When confronted once in the narrator's presence with the revenue-reform statement that the average tariff proposed by

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the old-time Mills bill was in excess of that provided by some Republican measures, he related, in reply, the experience of a traveler he once sat beside in an Arizona eating-house. His countenance indicated dissatisfaction with his meal. When asked if he had anything to complain of, he answered sadly: "No, I don't suppose I have any right to object. The average is all right. The coffee is weak, but the butter is strong, and as long as the average is kept up I suppose I shouldn't object."

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Senator Jones, when a lad, was a farmer boy in Ohio. Many, many times has he ended a day's work with his hands bleeding from wounds caused by the spears of wheat that he had been binding, and so tired that he had no appetite even for the insufficient fare which the household existed upon. The iron that entered his soul then still, at times, embitters his amiable nature, and in the national campaign of 1888 he went beyond any member of his party in declaring that the manufacturer, more than the farmer, should have his interests preserved.

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This is one reason why he advocates the highest kind of tariff. "The brains and sinew of the country," he said then, "are in the cities and not in the agricultural districts. The intelligence and energy of the land are found in great centres of population. The wants of the cities make the existence of the farmer possible. I am tired of hearing of the great Republican party standing in fear of a lot of men who will not eat even the good things God has put before them and whose greatest mental feat is a discussion as to the price of eggs."

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Senator Jones has, during his life, suffered many remarkable reverses of fortune—a bonanza king to-day; on the verge of impoverishment to-morrow. Yet through all the mutations of financial conditions he has ever remained the same—cheery, hopeful, engrossed in the social and political questions of the day. This enviable disposition arises largely from a firm belief in the theory that an able-bodied man should never despair, and when fate seems darkest good fortune may be within grasp. He is a firm believer in his own luck. "I well remember," he said

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one day, as he laughed at the recollection, "when I had lost all my money, and it was a big pile, and didn't know where to turn for a dollar, I received a check for \$1,400 from a man to whom I had loaned it years before and the return of which I had given up all expectation of. With that sum I was enabled to rehabilitate my shattered fortunes. I have never given up myself to despair since I once found a match in a deserted canyon in California. At that time I was Sheriff of Trinity County, in that State. A new law had been passed, imposing what was called a foreign license tax, whereby all foreigners were obliged to pay a monthly fee of four dollars for the privilege of mining. It was aimed entirely at the Chinamen, of whom there were three thousand in the county of Trinity washing or digging for gold. They were located in tents all over an extensive region, and as they led rather a migratory life, were difficult to find. My chief duty consisted in traveling on horseback, hunting up these men and collecting the money, and one of their main objects in life was to keep out of my way. Large numbers of them worked in a canyon eleven miles long and

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walled in by cliffs hundreds and hundreds of feet high. As I traveled along the summit of these cliffs before reaching the downward trail the Chinamen would see me and my horse from a great distance and thereupon promptly hide themselves until I had passed on. I determined to circumvent this procedure, and upon one occasion left my horse in charge of a man and entered the canyon from its upper end and walked along the bank of the stream which ran through the centre of this break in the mountains. Before I reached the spot I was directing my steps toward, noontime approached and I set about preparing my meal, seating myself on the sand. When I had finished I filled my pipe and put my hand in the pocket of my flannel shirt for my match-box. It was gone. I never can explain the full measure of despair which at that moment seized me. In those days life was scarcely worth living if I did not have a smoke after a meal. I vainly searched every pocket for a fusee. Happening to cast my eyes on the ground, I saw a sulphur-headed match lying in front of me. For a moment I was actually frightened. It really seemed supernatural. I looked upward

to the cliffs towering far above my head. I cast my eyes up and down the gully. There wasn't a human being in sight. There was no sign of animal life. There was no evidence that the foot of man had ever trod there before. And yet there was the match. 'Tis no good, anyhow,' I thought to myself, 'because it is lying on the moist sand beside the stream.' I picked it up timidly. I threw myself down in a corner made by a rock and struck it. It burned. In a moment the smoke from my tobacco was curling over my head. That match taught me a great lesson. Never since has misfortune brought me despair."

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That kind of a man is hard to turn down.

Refurbishing the English Crown

King Edward VII. is having quite a time of it scrubbing up and refurbishing ancient crowns of state for the decking of himself and Queen Alexandra at the forthcoming coronation ceremonies. The Queen Consort's royal head covering was first worn by Mary of Modena, wife of James II. It has been

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taken from the Tower of London, and it is understood that not only will the diamonds, pearls and other precious stones with which the massive gold circlet is encrusted, be reset, but that the massive and famous Koh-i-Noor will be added to the gems with which the crown is adorned.

Concerning this latter brilliant, by the way, many stories are told in relation to its history. Some historians declare that the Koh-i-Noor, or "Mountain of Light," was discovered five thousand years ago in the Godavery river, which rises in Bombay. The story concerning it which is given the greatest credence, however, is based upon an Indian tradition, which claims that it was discovered before the Christian era in one of the mines of Golconda.

From the Rajah Ocojein, who seems to have possessed it at the beginning of the Christian era, it passed to successive sovereigns of Central India, and in the early part of the fourteenth century was added to the treasures of Delhi by the Pagan monarch, Aladdin. It remained in the possession of the ruling families of the empire until the irruption of the Persian conqueror, Nadir Shah, who saw it glit-

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tering in the turban of the vanquished Mohammed Shah, and proposing an exchange of headdress as a mark of friendship, bore it away with him and gave it the name by which it is still known. After the assassination of Nadir it passed through the hands of Ahmed Shah, of Cabul, to Shah Soojah, who paid it as the price of his liberty to his conqueror, Runjeet Singh, the "lion of the Punjaub," in 1813. On the annexation of the Punjaub to the East India Company's territory in 1849 it was stipulated that the Koh-i-noor should be surrendered to the Queen of England, to whom it was accordingly delivered by the company on July 3d, 1850.

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At this period its weight was 186 carats. It was exhibited at the Crystal Palace, in London, in 1851, where it attracted universal attention. It was found, however, to make an inferior display of colors to its glass model, and that it was necessary to surround it with a number of vivid lights to develop its colored refractions. In consequence of this, multitudes turned away disappointed from the world-renowned "Mountain of Light." An examination of it was made by scientific men,

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with reference to the propriety of recutting the gem. After obtaining the opinion of skillful cutters at Amsterdam it was decided that the attempt should be made, though some fears were entertained as to its success. Being the largest diamond cut in Europe for a long time, it was a work of no common interest. Orders were given that the proper machinery should be prepared and a small steam engine was procured for the purpose. The Duke of Wellington began the work, the stone being set in lead, excepting only that portion which was to be cut. He held it firmly against a rapidly revolving wheel, which by friction removed the angle exposed, and thus the first facet of the fresh cutting was accomplished. The operation was continued and successfully completed by careful and experienced workmen. Now the splendid Koh-i-Noor, freed from all blemishes and defects, blazes brilliantly among the crown jewels of the sovereign of England.

Distributing the President's Message

"Teddy" Roosevelt as President is a new thing, and as a result, some of the newspapers

of the country, who twelve months from now may be throwing bricks at him, are finding even in the smallest acts of his every-day life something that is entirely different from the manner in which a similar thing would be done by anyone else. This sort of fulsome adulation is apt to become nauseating; may in time pall upon the public palate. President Roosevelt has proved himself, thus far, as the nation's Chief Executive, a level-headed young man, endowed with that rare mental attainment, horse-sense. But he is not a little tin god on wheels, and thus far he has had no opportunity to accomplish anything of a monumental character. But this does not stop the newspaper gushers from discovering all sorts of remarkable things concerning his littlest doings.

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For instance, the Associated Press through its numerous newspaper channels now informs us that the distribution of the President's message among the journals of the country was conducted in a manner entirely new and one that forbade the possibility of premature disclosure of its contents. The same agency telegraphically declares that for

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the first time in the history of the nation the Presidential message was treated as a matter of ordinary news, the public printing of which, however, was delayed until its delivery to Congress by the simple process of summoning the heads of the various news agencies to the White House, where each one, after having given a written pledge guaranteeing on behalf of the individual publications he represented that no intimation of the contents of the President's message would be made public before its reading should begin in Congress, was entrusted with copies of the document for forwarding to the press of the country so that it could be put in type, although not printed, in advance of its reading to the Senate and House of Representatives. It is chronicled that this scheme worked successfully, and consequently all sorts of verbal bouquets are being thrown by admiring editors at the feet of President "Teddy," and he is stated by these enthusiasts to have earned the undying gratitude of all newspaper men by having reposed confidence in the integrity of their word.

All this is Tommy-rot.

All this is a stale story.

It may appear a shame to tear down this fabric of adulation, but facts are facts.

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A Presidential message was first treated as an ordinary piece of news and was first distributed by press agencies, in December, 1897, when the lamented William McKinley was the presiding genius of the White House. It was he who first worked a sensible revolution whereby that routine public document known as the President's Message was no longer surrounded with undue secrecy and no longer made a source of temptation to men of weak honor and exhausted purse.

Theretofores the precautions that surrounded its conveyance to the public press had made it a desirable piece of newspaper fruit, and he who had been able to cull it in advance of fruition was deemed not only clever but lucky beyond his fellows.

When the United States Press was in existence—it died only half a dozen years ago—representatives of that and the Associated Press gave personal pledges that if the President's secretary intrusted copies of the message for publication in the various news-

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papers they supplied with news, the document would not be made public until it was presented to Congress. These agents, in turn, exacted from each of the newspaper members of their association an agreement that they would support them in the pledge they had given. The journals outside of these newspaper fraternities were not recognized by the President in this important matter, for the reason that it would be impossible, or at least too troublesome, to obtain the pledge of secrecy from every newspaper in the country. The representatives of the two newspaper associations then in existence having given and having obtained the pledges spoken of, gave to the President's secretary a list of all the journals they supplied with news. Envelopes containing two copies of the document and subscribed with the name of each newspaper were then prepared by the secretary, and several days in advance of the convening of Congress he dispatched these packages to the postmasters of the various towns in which the newspapers were published, with instructions to deliver them at their destinations at 10 o'clock on the mornig of the day on which the message was to be read. These

newspapers immediately set the message in type, and did not make it public until a dispatch was received from the press agent in Washington announcing that the document had been presented to Congress.

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In the days when the stealing of the President's message was an annual scandal, the reputation of correspondents were made and unmade by the theft. Men have been lifted into fame by procuring the document and their rivals have sunk into obscurity through not being able to obtain it in advance of its presentation. Yet I cannot discover in a single instance where this elevation, or this descent, has been justified. It has simply been a matter of barter. When the message has been improperly procured it has invariably been the outcome of the cupidity of some employe in the Government Printing Office. Such a one has generally appointed an agent to act as the salesman on Newspaper Row in Washington for his stolen wares. That agent would make the first presentation of it to a correspondent for whom he had a personal liking, or who represented a newspaper that

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bore a reputation for paying high prices for newspaper goods. When the scheme was successful the correspondent, of course, received the credit attaching to the achievement.

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The last time the message was procured in advance of its proper newspaper circulation, it was obtained by William C. MacBride, the Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati Enquirer. Rutherford B. Hayes was then laboring under the delusion that he had been elected President of these United States, and was seated in Tilden's chair. An employe of the Government Printing Office obtained proofs of the message and demanded a large sum of money for them, and also required a promise that if his perfidy were discovered he should be given a position in the composing room of the newspaper making the purchase. If I am not misinformed, Clifford Warden, afterwards managing editor of the Washington Republican, was the intermediary agent. MacBride, I think, paid fifteen hundred dollars for the copy of the message the night before it was to be presented to Congress. In order to decrease the expense to the Enquirer

he made an arrangement with the correspondents of the New York Times and the Chicago Times whereby the matter was to be duplicated to them by telegraph, and they were each to pay \$500. This arrangement was ratified by the intermediary agent. The New York Times was published at 1 o'clock with the full text of the document. It happened, however, that a wide-awake correspondent of the Chicago Tribune, in New York, was around and with his eyes open at that hour, and he procured a copy of the newspaper. You must bear in mind that this world of ours moves around in such a manner that when it is 1 o'clock in New York it is only midnight in Chicago. The correspondent of the Tribune telegraphed at once to the newspaper inquiring if they had the President's message, and, of course, was answered in the negative. He immediately secured the use of twelve telegraphic wires and twelve fast operators, and in a jiffy the words of the message were being ticked to the Chicago Tribune. The Chicago Times people, who had agreed to pay for the premature publication, and who fondly imagined that they had what is termed a "beat" upon their

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hated rival, naturally felt quite mad and refused to pay their share of the fifteen hundred dollars. All efforts at settlement were in vain, then Clifford Warden boldly brought suit for the amount.

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Alleged-President Hayes was very much exercised over the leak and ordered a secret investigation as to how it happened. A government detective who was acquainted with MacBride was detailed to "pump" him. Just think of that! It was like teaching a canary bird how to sing. MacBride himself is a pumper from Pumpersville, but when the detective came to him he smiled upon him serenely and chatted with him pleasantly. Finally the officer said to him: "Billy, my position is at stake, and if you don't tell me something about this matter I will be discharged. Can't you give me a pointer?"

"Certainly," said the correspondent, "I'll tell you who gave it to me, if you don't betray me."

"All right," said the officer, anxiously. "Who was it?"

"Keep it dark," said MacBride, in a whisper.

"It was Webb Hayes; but don't tell the old man."

Webb Hayes was the President's son and private secretary.

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President McKinley's message to the Congress of 1897 was handled in a simpler way than any of its predecessors, and therefore with greater secrecy. At midnight on the Sunday prior to its delivery to the Senate and House of Representatives it was given to the Associated Press at Washington and from thence it was telegraphed to every office of that great news-distributing organization. Every word of it was in Philadelphia by 5 o'clock on Monday morning. At 10 o'clock William A. Connor, the Philadelphia representative, took a copy of it to the editor of every member of the Associated Press in this city and received his receipt therefor. It was then put in type in every newspaper office and not a line of it was printed until word was received from Washington through the Associated Press that the message had been presented to Congress. Then the presses rumbled, and in a few minutes the

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newsboys were crying the President's message on the public highways. There was no leak. Newspapers published it simultaneously. And this was the first time in the history of the country that the President's message was treated as an ordinary item of news.

Forisumergoys

Seen and Heard

LOUIS N. MEGARGEE, Publisher

Vol. I.

Philadelphia, December 18, 1901

No. 50

Subscription, \$2 per year.

Published Weekly at 806 Walnut St.

When will the people of this country, through their representatives in Congress, give the paper warriors in the Naval Bureau at Washington a swift kick into retirement?

They have been popularly looked upon for years as ninnies, as jackanapes, as creatures of blue cloth and gilt braiding, as preferring tinsel to tarpaulin, the odor of cologne to the smell of cordage, as frowningly opposed to men of the navy who do not follow theory, but win victories by practice. Yet few dreamed that two of their kind, who know as much about a modern battleship as a canal boat captain, and as much about the management of a present-day fleet of war vessels as a Venetian gondolier, would have the colossal audacity to present to the American people as an official finding a declaration that Admiral Schley did not win the naval battle of Santiago; that he

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was "vacillating, dilatory, and lacked enterprise;" that he disobeyed orders, and that, in fact, by inference, he is a coward and a liar.

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That, in brief, is the official verdict of the long-seated Court of Inquiry requested by Schley and which is mildly dissented from by Admiral Dewey, who, in a shame-faced sort of way, made feeble amends for signing the document which has made infamous the names subscribed to it—Benham and Ramsey were the others—by promulgating a personal statement in which he gives the credit of the Santiago victory to Schley—which was the least that could be expected from the now over-wifed hero of Manila.

Of course, Secretary Long of the Navy, who is heart and hand with the Bureau loafers—that is the proper word used in its proper sense—will approve the report.

But will the American people accept it?
Never!

The common folks—and they are the people—believe in acts and not in words from their paid servants. Will Congress now take the matter up? It's dollars to doughnuts that it will, and before a committee of its choosing there will be no judge advocate to tear the

laurels from a hero's brow and to place a premium upon incompetency.

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"Sweet Alice's" Literary Father

The death in Newark, N. J., the other day of a son of Thomas Dunn English must have come as a sad shock in his declining years to one of the most gifted men America has ever produced. Born in Philadelphia over 82 years ago; a newspaper man and a lawyer during the early period of his active career; a practitioner of medicine after he had celebrated his fortieth birthday; an influential member of Congress from New Jersey when more than seventy years had failed to bend his stalwart form; a writer of books of poems, ballads, battle lyrics, and novels; yet all these are forgotten for, and he gained undying fame by, a homely but heart-reaching song, which has been voiced in many melodies and is still sung in every English-speaking corner of the globe; a song whose lines have ever been considered contemptuously by its author. Yet it is as the writer of the words of "Ben Bolt" that Thomas Dunn English will be remembered when all else about him has been forgotten.

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Some eight years ago a party of young men of Plainfield, N. J., were enjoying themselves singing the popular songs of the day. After they had finished, one of the number requested one of the "good old songs" from an elderly gentleman present, and in response he sang from memory "Ben Bolt." The song was very cordially received and commented upon. Some question, however, arose as to the correctness of the version. To settle this a letter was sent to Thomas Dunn English, then a Congressman from the Essex County district, and in reply a true copy was received, together with the story of how it came to be written. This was the author's version:—

BEN BOLT.

By Thomas Dunn English, M. D., LL.D., 1843.

Don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt,
Sweet Alice whose hair was so brown,
Who wept with delight if you gave her a smile
And trembled with fear at your frown?
In the old churchyard in the valley,
In a corner obscure and alone,
They have fitted a slab of the granite so gray,
And Alice lies under the stone.

Under the hickory tree, Ben Bolt,
Which stood at the foot of the hill,

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Together we've lain in the noonday shade
And listened to Appleton's mill.
The mill wheel has fallen to pieces, Ben Bolt,
The rafters have tumbled in,
And a quiet which crawls around the walls as
you gaze
Has followed the olden din.

Do you mind the cabin of logs, Ben Bolt,
At the edge of the pathless wood,
And the buttonball tree, with its motley limbs,
Which nigh by the doorstep stood?
The cabin to ruin has gone, Ben Bolt,
The tree you would seek for in vain,
And where once the lords of the forest waved
Are grass and the golden grain.

And don't you remember the school, Ben
Bolt,
With the master so cool and grim,
And the shaded nook, by the running brook,
Where the children went to swim?
Grass grows on the master's grave, Ben Bolt,
The spring of the brook is dry,
And of all the boys who were schoolmates
then
There are only you and I.

There is a change in the things I love, Ben
Bolt,
They have changed from the old to the new;
But I feel in the core of my spirit the truth,
There never was change in you.

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Twelve months twenty have passed, Ben Bolt,
Since first we were friends, yet I hail
Your presence a blessing, your friendship a
truth,
Ben Bolt, of the salt sea gale.

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This is Dr. English's narrative of how the song came to be written:—

"I have been asked again and again to give a history of my 'Ben Bolt,' which attained popularity more than a generation ago, and it is still remembered pleasantly by the graybeards. So far as the genesis goes, the story is not long, but there are some other things which require to be told. In the spring of 1843 Nathaniel P. Willis wrote me that he was about to revive the old *New York Mirror* under the title of *The New Mirror*, in conjunction with John P. Morris—the 'brigadier'—and to give it an imperial octavo instead of the old quarto shape. He said that they were not much overburdened with capital, and if I could let them have one article 'for friendship, and in friendly feeling for the venture,' they would rest under obligation.

"I promised, but neglected to keep my word for some time. Willis pressed me, and during the summer I sat down to write a sea song, a thing I had for awhile desired to accomplish,

but I was unable to produce anything that satisfied myself. During this toil—for such it was—I fell into an imaginative mood, and the result was the production of four and a half stanzas, to the last of which I appended a half stanza of the rejected sea song. It was a patchwork affair. I inclosed it to Willis, having no notion he would accept it. I gave it no title and merely appended my initials, at the same time informing the editor he had the liberty to burn it in case he did not like it, and I would send him something better when I was ‘i’ the vein.’ To my surprise he printed it in the next number (September 2, 1843, No. 22, page 347), with an introductory line.

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“Some time during 1846—I have mislaid the exact date—a local piece, a patriotic melodrama, was produced at Charles Foster’s Pittsburgh Theatre, under the title of ‘The Battle of Buena Vista.’ Among the company was Nelson F. Kneass. He was of good family in Philadelphia, a brother of R. Kneass, the then United States District Attorney. Like Hopkinson, Duncan and a number of well-bred Philadelphians, Kneass had a natural tendency to vagabondizing and playing in barns. The rest sowed and reaped their wild oats very

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soon and went back to respectability. Kneass kept on. He was of some value in the country for his voice and musical abilities, but an indifferent actor. He was cast for an unimportant part in the new piece, and had the privilege of introducing a song. Some one—I think it was Hunt, the literary barber attached to the company, or a hanger-on—gave him the words of ‘Ben Bolt,’ partly from memory. He had found them copied in an English newspaper, he said. Really he had taken them from a mutilated copy in this country. Kneass adapted a German air to them and sang the new production that night. It took tremendously. The audience ‘rose to it.’ The piece did not last, but the song did. It was whistled and sung everywhere, and ‘Sweet Alice’ became a phrase passing from mouth to mouth. The song went over the West with a rush.

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“The growth of the popularity of ‘Ben Bolt’ was something wonderful. It spread all over the country; it was sung everywhere; they named a ship and steamboat after it, and though the ship was wrecked and the steamboat blown up it made no difference. It went abroad and became as popular in England as

here. Forty years ago it was sung all over the streets of London and replies and parodies abounded among the street ballads. A domestic drama, of which the song formed the basis, was written and played. It was a poor affair, however. It was played in this country, and Wm. E. Burton, on the occasion of my coming to New York, produced it one night for my benefit. This rage lasted for years, and even now a few old stagers are to be found who like to hear sung this relic of a past generation.

"There have been more melodies than claimants of the words. Boston provided four, Washington one, Philadelphia two, and New York two. Among these was my own air, published by Wittig, of Philadelphia, in 1848, though originally composed in 1845. Another was arranged by Getze from the German air stolen by Kneass. But Kneass' version was the first in the field, and maintained its popularity.

"I never changed my original opinion of the demerits of 'Ben Bolt.' I thought it a 'patched-up affair' when I sent the lines to Willis. I think so still. The popularity of the song was due to the memories, common to so many, told in the vernacular and to the simple

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music of the German melody which struck the popular ear. Had not a dispute arisen reflecting on myself I would have been quite content to let some one else be known as the author. As it is, these are the facts."

All About Christmas

Next Tuesday will be the Eve of Christmas Day.

Then but one day more and comes the Day of all Days.

If the thought of that does not make your entire being thrill, you are not worth the thrilling.

What an impulse the season gives to every one who has a heart!

What a pleasure—more than a pleasure—there is in attempting to bring a quicker current to the blood of some one whom you hold near and dear, no matter what it costs. Fifty cents may be a deeper testimony than fifty dollars of the fervency of your feelings.

The story of Christmas has been told many a time and oft. But what of that? It cannot be told too frequently, and it is never told alike by those who love to tell the story. But this is not a tale of Christmas; rather a tale of

Christmas customs. Of those a book might be written; a big book, and then the story would not be exhausted. When seeking illustrations for the tale, we have to go to England and, bring up as we may the troubles of our revolutionary days, it is to England we owe not only the basic conditions of our country, but the foundation of many of our national habits; and so to England we turn with an inquiring attitude when we wish to know about all that surrounds the Eve of Christmas.

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Every portion of England has its Christmas customs appertaining to this time. In Cumor, a village in Herefordshire, about 150 miles from London, a harmless Christmas custom is still observed, the origin of which no man can trace. On Christmas morning, after attending service in the parish church, all the villagers adjourn to the parson's house and are there regaled with beer and bread and cheese. This is by no means a kindness on the vicar's part. The usage is so old that now the parishioners claim the meal as a right, and the vicar is compelled to provide a certain quantity of the viands mentioned. He must have ready for his visitors when they arrive half a hundred weight of cheese, two bushels of wheaten flour

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made into loaves, and a certain quantity of malt made into two kinds of home-brewed beer. The villagers proceed straight from the church to the vicarage and remain for about an hour eating, drinking, and joking. If any of the viands are left over these may not be taken away by the parishioners. They are kept at the vicarage until after the evening service, when they are distributed to the poor and needy who may come from the surrounding district. This is only an example of scores of picturesque customs which are observed in Britain.

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In the western counties of England and some parts of Wales it is the regular practice to salute the apple trees on Christmas morning. The inhabitants of a village turn out before 7 o'clock, while it is yet dark, and gather at a rendezvous previously decided upon. There they are joined by the parson of the village church, the beadle, parish clerk, and schoolmaster. A procession is then formed and marches around the adjacent district, visiting each large orchard in turn. On arriving at an orchard the people are received by the owner and admitted. Then they are conducted to one of the best trees on the plantation, which

is considered a representative of all the others in the orchard, and around it they gather. The beadle, or a well-known man in the village, produces a large bottle of cider and sprinkles the tree with the beverage. Meanwhile all the other people remain silent while the officiating villager addresses the tree in a quaint fashion.

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In London the Waits still go around the streets after midnight for a month before Christmas Day and play Christmas songs. This is particularly the case in the East End. It is often possible to hear three or four parties of itinerant musicians playing "The Mistletoe Bough" at 2 or 3 o'clock in the morning, when a keen east wind is blowing or perhaps snow is falling. The Waits, who take their name from the "wayght," an old musical instrument, not unlike the modern hautboy, were originally minstrels attached to the household of a king or lord. Afterwards towns and villages employed bands of musicians to play in the streets at Christmas time in imitation of the angels' song, and until quite recently the waits of the city of Westminster were regularly sworn into office every year. Now the Waits are simply voluntary musicians and itinerant

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bands, who elect to play at night for a few weeks before Christmas, in accordance with custom, and send one of their number to collect subscriptions from the inhabitants some time during the day.

Carol singing on Christmas Eve is also as much in vogue in the East End of London as ever it was a century or two ago. The elder members of the various church choirs and the Sunday school children always parade the streets after midnight on Christmas Eve, singing outside the dwelling houses of the more influential parishioners. They are usually invited into the houses they visit and regaled with tea, coffee, and hot toast.

The late Queen Victoria, when she mounted the British throne, abolished many coarse Christmas practices which had been carried on for centuries at the British court. There used to be feasting and drunkenness and revelry, not calculated to improve the morals of the working classes by force of example, but these are now things of the past.

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Queen Victoria, however, believed in observing the festive season in good old English fashion. Her Christmas dinner for fifty years

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consisted mainly of a baron of beef and a woodcock pie—historic dishes—while the bringing in of the boar's head, an ancient and time-honored custom, was carried out with due form and solemnity at the royal table every Christmas day. This boar's head ceremony is also observed by the great English public schools, such as Eton, Winchester, Rugby, and Harrow, and by the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. It dates, like several others of the customs mentioned above, from the heathen days of the Britons' forefathers, when a boar was killed at the winter solstice and its head offered in sacrifice to Freyr, the god of fertility and peace, the patron divinity of Sweden and Iceland, and who was supposed to ride upon Gullinbursti, a boar with golden bristles. The common practice in England of eating a sucking pig at Christmas has the same origin. The bringing in of the boar's head, both at Osborne House and in the public schools and universities, is the great event of the Christmas feast. It is borne aloft, steaming upon a silver dish, by the master cook, and in the case of the educational institutions every diner rises and voices the "Boar's Head Song," which has been sung for centuries. A lemon is placed in the boar's

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mouth, after the Norsemen's custom, to indicate the plenty they wished their god to send.

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Probably the most interesting religious ceremony practiced in England at the Christmas season is the adoration of the Bambino, which takes place in the Trappist monasteries at Kensington, Staplehill, in Dorset, and Mount St. Bernard, in Leicestershire. As soon as the midnight of Christmas Eve has passed and the holy day has arrived, the monastery bells ring out joyfully and the monks arise to attend early service in the convent chapel. Mass is celebrated, and as soon as the host is returned to the tabernacle the officiating priest lifts a cloth and discloses the Bambino—a little swathed waxen doll, whose wrappings leave exposed a tiny face and a pair of feet. This is to represent the Christ-child. The priest raises the Bambino and faces the bowed monks. The priests and monks pass round in procession from the front and halt a moment before the waxen image. Then, kneeling down, they reverently kiss the face and hands, cross themselves and pass on. This ceremony is only performed by the Trappist monks, and only at the Christmas season.

Every year in the crypt beneath St. Peter's Church, Walworth, London, a Christmas dinner is given to three hundred poor people of the district. No one may be invited who is under sixty years of age, and both sexes are eligible for the treat. The dark arched crypt of a London church is a curious place for a Christmas feast, but by means of holly, evergreen, bunting, and a good supply of lamps the place is made to look pleasant and cheery. Tables are arranged under the arches, and on these a plentiful supply of roast beef, plum pudding, and other Christmas fare is placed. Odd customs these, and we have succeeded to many of them in our day. And are all the better for it. Custom means remembrance, and remembrance brings tender memories, and these should warm the hearts of all of us these Christmas days.

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If there is a Scrooge among you, let him metamorphose himself, as did that old screw on Christmas morn. Remember that, although he was "a squeezing, wrenching, grasping, clutching, covetous old sinner," he lived to send Bob Cratchett a prize gobbler twice as big as Tiny Tim and to shout, "A

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Merry Christmas to ye!" as heartily as any one.
And many of them.

Whence the Name Christmas?

Christmas gets its name from the Mass celebrated in the early days of the Christian church in honor of the birth of Christ, its first solemnization being ordered by Pope Telephorus. This must have been some time prior to the year 138, for in that year Pope Telephorus died. At first Christmas was what is known as a movable feast, just as Easter is now, and, owing to misunderstandings, was celebrated as late as April or May. In the fourth century an ecclesiastical investigation was ordered, and, upon the authority of the tables of the censors in the Roman Archives, the 25th of December was agreed upon as the date of the Saviour's nativity. It must be confessed that even in those early days the authenticity of the proof furnished as to the identification of the day was called in question. Tradition fixed the hour of birth as about midnight, and this led to the celebration of a midnight Mass in all the churches, a second at dawn, and a third in the later

morning. Many of you will remember when midnight Masses were publicly solemnized in Philadelphia, and even in very recent years the practice was observed in St. Peter's (German) Catholic Church, at Fifth street and Girard avenue. It was discontinued owing to abuses it was the innocent cause of, some young folks making attendance upon the midnight service an excuse for being from home late, and the boisterous carouser of these modern times too frequently made the unusual service the scene of disorderly behavior. In partial observance of the old custom, however, every priest in the Catholic Church is required to solemnize Mass three times on Christmas Day.

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Of course, you need not be told of the origin of presenting gifts at this season of the year. The three wise men who followed the star until it remained stationary over the stable in Bethlehem, and who, entering the hovel wherein were the cow and the ass, knelt down before the beautiful babe in the manger and placed before him presents of myrrh, frankincense, and gold. Their example is the example that you follow to-day, nineteen hundred and one years after the Magi made obeisance

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to the Child Jesus. And when you place presents before the little ones who are made in the image of the Divine Babe, you are doing what was done by the Eastern Kings. But remember that to carry out their example to the full, the babes in the mangers, the little ones in hovels, must not be forgotten.

Many of our Christmas customs come from the Germans, as well as from the English.

Kris Kringle is a legendary myth, whose origin is involved in much doubt. Formerly, in the small villages of Germany, the presents made by all the parents were sent to some one person, who, in high buskins, a white robe, a mask, and an enormous flax wig, and known as Knecht Rupert, went from house to house. He was received by the parents with great reverence, and calling for the children, presented the gifts to them according to the accounts of their conduct received from the parents. It appears as highly probable that this custom gave rise to our present innumerable legends about Santa Claus.

The custom of decking houses and churches with evergreens is a relic of ancient Druidical practices. The good cheer and dinner-giving and turkey-eating and plum-pudding stuffing that also distinguish Christmas Day had their

beginning in England, where men generally put their stomachs forward as the most important consideration in life. Still, no one will quarrel with the English for teaching us to have a merry time and to make others merry on the greatest holiday of the year.

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But should we welcome the descendants of those Englishmen, the get of the Puritan Fathers, the New Englanders, who brought chilling hearts to the chilly shores of Massachusetts, to the Christmas feast? They, even nowadays, place the Christmas festival as second to their Thanksgiving Day; mince pie on a shelf below the crusted pumpkin; pork and beans as more worshipable than turkey.

They certainly are not deserving of such greeting.

The original Puritans did not celebrate Christmas Day.

The Massachusetts General Court, shortly after it was constituted, passed a law for the prevention of disorders arising from "observing such festivals as were superstitiously kept in other countries, to the great dishonor of God and offence of others." It was therefore made a finable offense to observe "any such day as Christmas or the like, either by for-

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bearing labor, feasting, or any other way." It was not until 1681 that this law was repealed. Meanwhile, however, celebrations of May Day and Thanksgiving Day were permitted.

No wonder that the greenest thing in New England is a mountain of stone which gives its name to a barren State.

Which it is Vermont.

Meaning Green Mountain.

The Tale of the Christmas Tree

The popular belief that the Christmas tree is a relic of ancient Druidical practices is not warranted by those who trace this most glorious and most loved emblem of the Christmas time back to a German ancestry. The German authoress, Anna Reschauer, has in recent years given a version of this which is not generally known and which is accredited, in what may be romance, to "the young wife of Dr. Werner, Professor of Ancient History at the Vienna University." As the result of a discussion regarding the origin of the Christmas tree—a discussion that angered her because it mocked the reverence in which she held the evergreen emblem of the birthday of the

Saviour—she several days later sent to one of the doubting Thomases, who had laughed her theory to scorn, a small package and envelope. The letter contained these words:—

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My Very Honored Professor:—

I was sorely grieved that you and my husband should give so commonplace an origin to the Christmas tree, and I took the matter very much to heart. I believe you both are wrong, and that the accompanying manuscript will change your views; at least, I hope so, so that you and he may hereafter be charmed, as I have always been, by the Christmas feast and its beautiful tree.

Your ever devoted,

MARTHA WERNER.

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The manuscript read as follows:—

“Henry of Wartenstein, or Heinz, as his good wife, Mme. Gertrude, was fond of calling him, had just returned with the crusaders from the Holy Land after two years’ absence. His castle in the Neckerthal was alive with the revelry and joy of a great feast given in his honor. The Eastern sun had browned him, and Eastern customs had taken somewhat from his German character. The hardships of the crusade had hardened his sturdy figure, and his blue eyes looked yet more beautiful in his sun-browned face. He felt glad again

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to be in the home of his ancestors and next to his beautiful wife.

"Almost immediately he went about the daily routine to which he had been accustomed before the crusade, and the affairs of the castle went on as usual. The autumn and winter came and with them a change in the mood and spirits of the knight. It was as if a dense fog had spread around his soul to prevent the light of his sunny nature from peeping through. The change was apparent to and caused his good wife much sorrow. With a woman's intuition she divined the cause of his unhappiness, which he himself did not dare admit. The castle and the pleasure which were about had no charms for him, and much as he had longed to enjoy them his thoughts were ever wandering back to the sunny south, where, under the hot, deep blue sky, he had led a free life.

"He felt ashamed of the feelings and the sad thought that his good wife was not his only love, but, as time went on, he became more and more morose. He would sit for hours, buried in deep thought, before the great big burning logs in his sitting room. His wife through all this assumed a cheerful mien, and showered upon him her abundance of tender-

ness and love. Still her husband seemed unhappy, and even toward her he finally became reserved and cold.

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"They were seated together one cold but clear December night, he musing and she endeavoring to win him to good spirits. Suddenly she arose and went to a window from which could be seen the whole Necker Valley. There stretched at her feet it lay, snow-covered and glistening as though millions of diamond splinters had been cast over it. The sight charmed and awed her. Looking back tenderly to her husband, she invited him to partake with her of the joys of that beautiful landscape, but he did not even condescend to arise, but morosely blurted out: 'He who has never seen anything else but the country five miles around here will be satisfied with what you see.'

"This was too much for the young wife, who burst into tears, and immediately sought her chamber. That night she could not sleep, for she was fearful that her husband, who no longer could love his own homestead, would soon lose his love for her. Her mind went sadly back to the time when Heinz first met her at the ducal court, the wedding day, and

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the unalloyed love he showered upon her before his departure for the East, and before she fell asleep she prayed for the Lord to help her to win back her husband to a love for his fatherland and home.

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"Next day the Knight was entertaining several of his friends at a banquet at which they alone participated. The good wife now and then would enter the room to minister to their wants, and on one such occasion overheard her husband say: 'Only those who have been there know the beauties of the southern country. Italy is inspiring. The constant blue sky, the clear air, and the celestial flowers and fruit. Only in such a clime can man be cheerful. Only there are beautiful songs sung, and only there is joy to be found. Here with us, a few months of summer and then a long, dreary winter; for months nothing but fog and darkness. Here the bright spirits must succumb to dark and gloomy nature. Even our holidays are sombre. In the South the Christmas time is beautiful and gay; with us it is given over to eating and drinking, and more prayers than usual.

"'I do not remember just where it was we rested on the night of the 24th of last Decem-

ber, but I can recall the church of the little place. Thousands of candles lit it up so that night was transformed into day and hundreds of candles surrounded a picture of Christ which peeped out of a wreath of roses and branches of the laurel tree. Outside there seemed to be summer, and the songs of the pious were mingled with the notes of the nightingale. There I prayed more passionately than I ever did before, and my heart bounded with joy and Christian feeling.'

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"Only this was needed to break entirely the spirit of his wife, and still she felt that there was some truth in her husband's statements. How to make their Christmas as much like the Christmas of his heart was now her constant care and thought, but nothing she could think of appeared sufficient. One day, while on a visit to the sick, she was walking through the pine woods around the castle. The giant trees, snow covered, were glistening in the sunset. Here and there peeped out a bit of pure, real green, and the trees, haughtily rearing their heads toward heaven, inspired and delighted her, and she cried out aloud:—

" 'Fir tree, you shall adorn our church at the next Christmas. You shall win back my hus-

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band's love to his fatherland and home. Italy with all its glories, cannot claim you. I will load you with candles and apples and nuts, and hundreds of lights shall make you yet more beautiful than you now are.'

"Immediately upon reaching home she sent for the good Father Adolph and told him of her plans, and ordered him to paint nuts with gold and gather the snow roses so that her husband might know that a Christmas in Germany can also produce fresh flowers. From this time on the good wife regained her joyful spirits. The holy priest had told her that it was right to glorify the sacred feast of the Lord's birth as she contemplated doing, and laying his fatherly hand upon her head said: 'To reclaim a soul to his home and land is a work of God, and may the evergreen of the fir tree be a symbol of God's unchangeable love.'

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"The evening of December 24th came and the castle was astir with work and preparations. In the kitchen there was broiling and baking; the winekeeper was busy filling pitchers and bottles, for there was to be joy and feasting that night. Every face was bright, excepting only that of the master of the house, who early

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in the evening retired to his sitting room, like an owl shunning the light. He stayed there until late in the evening, when his wife entered the room and invited him, as had always been her custom, to attend with her the reading of the Mass at the church.

"The decoration of the Christmas tree and many cares of the household had kept the wife from her husband for several days before Christmas Eve, and he knew nothing of her plans. The Christmas tree had been raised in the church, wreaths had been made of fir branches and hung upon it, and snow roses and lighted candles and apples and painted nuts were also depended from it. No such sight had ever before been seen in that country.

"Heinz gave unwilling assent to his wife's invitation. She, dressed in a blue festival gown, was as radiant as an angel. She looked especially happy that night. Together the man and wife went to the door of the church, and as it was thrown open they were greeted by the fervent and harmonious singing and a flood of light. There in the church, before the altar was the tree, green and fresh, as only can be the fir tree of the German forest. The sweet roses seemed to throw forth with living

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activity the perfume they possessed, and the air was laden with it and the odor of the pine. The good Father Adolph, arising in the altar, spoke words of peace and greeting to the returned master and welcomed him back to his fatherland and those whom he loved.

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"No such sight had the Knight of Wartenstein ever seen before, nor had he ever felt such sensations of delight as then pierced his soul. His eyes grew moist, and his conscience smote him for his ingratitude to his fatherland and loss of love to his wife, and arising before the priest he took a solemn oath that that night he was the most satisfied and happy man in all Germany. And he told the priest that forevermore a Christmas tree should stand in the church on Christmas evening.

"In time there came two children to the Knight of Wartenstein and his good wife Gertrude, and the father's love for the tree was transferred to them. From all the country round people came to see the wonderful Christmas tree, and soon throughout the whole nation the example was followed, and now in every clime and every land the German Christmas tree brings peace to man and love and charity to the human family. It was

a German woman to whom the human family owes a Christmas tree. It was in Germany that the Christmas tree had its beginning." And for which that German woman should be forever blessed.

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Your Turkey Stuffing

When you select your turkey for the Christmas dinner—of course, you will grace your board on that day with a red-wattled fowl whose Moslem name does not betray its purely American origin—don't have foisted upon you one of those Western birds that are generally paraded by wholesale dealers before they reach the retailer. If you can't obtain a bronze-plumaged Rhode Island offspring—and you probably can't, and, if you can, it will cost you 35 cents a pound—secure a young gobbler or hen from Lancaster County, Pa., or from Salem, N. J.; the latter preferred.

As a matter of fact, the best restaurants in Philadelphia to-day are furnished the best turkeys, and the best snipe, and the best kind of all seasonable birds, except ducks, of course, from Salem. Don't economize on the price of the bird. Having secured the fowl, what filling will you use.

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Ah! there's the rub; it's in the filling largely that the merit of the turkey is demonstrated. Now, may I ask you to drive Mrs. Rorer and her cheap lunch-counter cooking from your mind and listen to me, and you will hear something that never fell from her lips and that you have never read in any cook-book.

By the way, never read cook-books.

Now for our filling; and before this secret is revealed confession must be made that you are about to listen to a gastronomic discovery made by the chef of the Hotel Bellevue.

Your ingredients are seedless raisins, the kernels of black American walnuts, and the bread crumbs that you use in the ordinary fowl filling. The raisins should be soaked in soft water for twelve hours, by which time they are a silken mass. The kernels in the walnuts are pestled into a paste; and raisins and walnuts, and bread crumbs are mixed together. Fill your turkey with that, cook and baste it properly to a beaming brown, summon your friends, sit down before it, send praise up to the Almighty, and thank God that you and yours are permitted to live.



Seen and Heard

LOUIS N. MEGARGEE, Publisher

Vol. I.

Philadelphia, December 25, 1901

No. 51

Subscription, \$2 per year.

Published Weekly at 806 Walnut St.

There died but a few days back, in London town, in his seventy-first year, a man who, more than forty years ago, by the records of the courts of Virginia, was hanged by the neck until he was dead for participating in John Brown's invasion of the Old Dominion. His real name was Richard Josiah Hinton. He was throttled under the name of William Morrison.

But he was not hanged.

And thereby hangs a tale.

He had much to do with the freeing of the African slaves in America, and speaking on this subject, on Pennsylvania's most famous battlefield, in the narrator's presence, Hinton's remarks attracted the attention of a pompous but intelligent mulatto, who appeared to be a well-known character in Gettysburg, and who was addressed by the high-sounding title

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of "Senator." When Hinton had finished talking his consternation can be imagined when the colored man, addressing him, said coolly: "Was the John Brown invasion intended to benefit the slaves, or was it for purposes of plunder?"

Such a query from any one was calculated to arouse a feeling of indignation in the breast of one who had done much to bring about the freedom of the negroes, but emanating from one of the race, who had reaped the benefit of John Brown's martyrdom, it left Richard Hinton absolutely speechless. He saw, however, that his questioner was an intelligent man, and was evidently in earnest, and when he found breath he said to him: "My friend, I'll tell you what is the trouble with you. If you were a black man you would believe; if you were a white man you would know, but being neither one nor the other, and bearing upon your face and in your color the ineffaceable stamp of one of the greatest evils of slavery which John Brown did so much to overthrow, you can neither believe nor know."

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Although born in England, Hinton had his early training in Boston. From that hotbed of freedom he moved West, where he became

involved in the subject of squatter sovereignty. Briefly put, that had its origin in the repeal of the Missouri compromise, which was an act of Congress by the provisions of which, when Missouri was admitted into the Union, it was agreed by the Southern representatives of the slave-holding interests and the Northern exponents of the doctrine of Abolitionism that thereafter any States admitted into the Union north of a certain degree of latitude should be given entrance only as Free States. Yet, when the question of the admission of Kansas and Nebraska arose, the Southern leaders attempted to vitiate this contract by repealing the Missouri bill and leaving the question of what the constitutions of the new States should be to the votes of their people. In plain words, squatter sovereignty was to rule, and the Southern leaders felt assured that as the eastern borders of both States adjoined Missouri they could flood them with a sufficient number of squatters holding the slavery faith to adopt constitutions of their liking and extend the great Southern evil into the far Western country. After a long and acrimonious debate in Congress, William H. Seward, the leader of the Abolitionists, finding contention in vain, accepted the challenge of his op-

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ponents and cried aloud, "We'll meet you in Kansas and there settle the question."

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Immediately was organized the New England Emigrant Aid Society, the object of whose existence was to found colonies in Kansas and Nebraska and obtain possession of those States in the interest of the freedom-loving portion of the country. It was no easy task for the people from the distant East to out-travel and outnumber the Missouri slaveholders in the colonization of the new members of the Federal Union, but yet it was accomplished. Through the aid of the New England Society the towns of Lawrence, Topeka and Ossowattamie, all in Kansas, soon sprang into being, and the Southerners found themselves in a minority of the voters of the new State. Finding themselves unable to accomplish their object by fair means, they did not hesitate to resort to foul methods. Over the line dividing Missouri and Kansas the men of the former State poured in armed bodies and by their violence added the term "Border Ruffian" to the political vocabulary of the country. Thirty-seven hundred armed men sacked the town of Lawrence and through the entire State a reign of terror was inaugurated.

Under these conditions a so-called election for members of the Legislature was held, and the border ruffians, who controlled the polls, voted the names from the tombstones not only of Kansas, but even of their own State of Missouri.

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A significant commentary upon the frauds they committed is contained in the fact that of the entire Legislature which the bogus returns showed to be elected only two men were citizens of the State of Kansas. These were Martin H. Conway, afterward a member of Congress, and who afterward died in an asylum for the insane in Washington, and Augustus Eattles. These two men came from the far western districts of the State, which the border ruffians could not reach in time to bring about their defeat. They refused to serve, however, and the singular anomaly was presented of the people of a State being misrepresented by misrepresentatives no one of whom was a member of its citizenship. Their origin and aims were well displayed by the fact that when they met to adopt a constitution they simply took up the code of Missouri and passed it without changing a word, and in their haste and carelessness not even changing the name

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Missouri for that of Kansas. It contained, of course, all the objectionable provisions of the slave law. For instance, to kidnap a white child was made punishable with two years' imprisonment, but to kidnap a colored child was made punishable with ten years' imprisonment at hard labor, with ball and chain, and a similar penalty was inflictible upon any one who advocated or declared in favor of making a free State of the Commonwealth. It was this code that Schuyler Colfax subsequently made the subject of a scathing exco-riation in Congress, and which he illustrated by holding up the ball and chain that Captain Brown, the son of John Brown, had been obliged to wear for giving utterance to the honest sentiments of his honest heart. Alexander H. Stephens, then in Congress, requested a closer inspection of the instruments of torture, whereupon Colfax dropped them into the lap of the talented cripple who afterwards became Vice-President of the Confederacy, and, continuing his remarks, pointed strikingly to the spectacle thus presented.

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When the town of Lawrence was sacked Richard Hinton was dispatched by the *Boston Traveller* as its correspondent to the scene of

the trouble. When he reached there he found the border ruffians encamped like the members of an invading army. In front of the Free State Hotel in Lawrence was the dead body of a man who had been shot down in cold blood simply because he had denounced slavery and slaveholders.

That set Hinton thinking.

The boy became a man.

He saw that the continuance of such a state of affairs meant the destruction of the Republic which he had come to admire and love, for bear in mind that, although Hinton was an Englishman, he had declared his intentions of becoming a citizen of this country, and had left his native land with that object in view. Everywhere about him he witnessed deeds of violence done in the name of law, for at that time Judge Lecompte, of the United States Circuit Court of Congress, had rivaled the infamous Jeffreys of England by evolving the remarkable doctrine known as "constructive treason." His argument was this: The constitution of the State of Kansas countenances slavery; Kansas is a member of the Union; therefore treason to Kansas is treason to the Union; opposition to any provision of the State constitution is treason to Kansas and

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constructively treason to the Union; treason to the Union is punishable with death, and as treason to Kansas is treason to the Union, treason to Kansas is likewise punishable with death.

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The enunciation of this infamous doctrine gave the border ruffians an excuse for killing every Abolitionist upon whom they could lay hands. Their acts caused Hinton's soul to arise in arms, and he returned to Boston determined to assist in some movement to eradicate the evil. His stay there was brief, and, returning to Kansas, was captured by a band of seven hundred armed Georgians who were roaming through Kansas under the command of a notorious leader named Buford. Knowing of Hinton's advocacy of anti-slavery doctrines, they fastened a rope about his neck and dragged him to the nearest tree with the intent of hanging him. For some reason they desisted from executing their design, but so severe was the treatment that he received that for several years afterwards the marks of the clutching cord were plainly visible upon his neck. After his release he went to St. Louis and Chicago, and finally came to Philadelphia, where he attended the Fremont Convention,

at which the Republican party was born. Returning to Boston, he spoke in Faneuil Hall at the meeting at which the nomination of Fremont was ratified.

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It was about this time that Hinton first began his active labors as an influential agent in the anti-slavery movement. Together with Martin Stowell, he began the organization of a so-called Kansas "Colony" under the auspices of an influential body known as the National Kansas Free State Committee, the real purpose of whose existence was to thoroughly arm and equip emigrants who would undertake the risk of a journey to the scene of the conflict between the pro-slavery and the anti-slavery people. The first body of these men to leave the East, and which was known as the First Massachusetts Colony, was led by Dr. Cutter; the Second Massachusetts Colony was marshaled by the Reverend Mr. Parsons. All the members of these bodies pledged themselves to become settlers in the new State, but at the same time it must be confessed that they were really military companies prepared to resist the border ruffians who had given to the new member of the Union the appellation of "Bleeding Kansas." But it must be borne in

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mind, however, in considering this phase of the question, that the first attack had been made by the slaveholders, and the first armed body of foreign invaders who crossed the Kansas border were the seven hundred Georgians whom Buford led. These men even stopped steamboats on the river, and the afterwards Senator from Kansas, Preston B. Plumb, was twice a prisoner in their hands, and his life was saved the second time only by the interposition of Nicholas V. Smith, of Kentucky, who, although he afterwards became Horace Greeley's son-in-law, was then a prominent slaveholder. The New England Aid Society did not countenance this arming of the emigrants, but guns in plenty were forthcoming notwithstanding, and these self-same weapons were afterwards used by John Brown when he invaded Virginia.

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The first Massachusetts Colony went up the Missouri River and stopped at Lexington, where they were captured and their arms taken from them. The company commanded by Stowell and Hinton, however, went to Iowa City and then across that State by foot until they reached the Kansas border. They

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entered the debatable grounds in the company of one thousand men from the Northwest under the leadership of the courageous Lane. Their first move was to ask protection from General Smith, commanding the United States troops at Fort Leavenworth. Hinton bore the message, and the reply he received from General Smith was that he considered the colonists as armed rebels, and would treat them as such. In consequence of this they left Leavenworth hastily and at night. Stowell's men led the colony. At the junction of the frontier lines at Nebraska they were received by an armed body of Free State men under the command of Whipple. A serious engagement with the border ruffians followed. During the summer the latter had constructed a series of forts and camps through the eastern portion of the State, and had made every arrangement to drive out any Free State emigrant who might attempt to form a colony. It was a question of the survival of the fittest, and the result of a bloody struggle was that the border ruffians were driven back into their own State. One of the most memorable of these conflicts was that at Ossawatimie, where forty-three Free State men, led by John Brown, vanquished four hundred Missourians.

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It was there that the martyr of Harper's Ferry won the name of "Old Ossowattamie."

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The border ruffians having been driven back to Missouri, comparative peace reigned in Kansas, especially after John W. Geary, afterwards Governor of Pennsylvania, had been made by a Presidential warrant the chief executive of Kansas. The people ignored the acts and the constitution adopted by the fraudulent Legislature of non-citizens, and elected a new body of representatives, who repealed all the laws that had been passed by their bogus predecessors. Governor Geary, in the beginning, was strongly prejudiced against the anti-slavery people, but in a short time came to recognize the justice of their claims and the correctness of their position, and before long the people he had opposed protected his life from the threatened attacks of the pro-slavery element.

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Let me impress one thing upon your minds, however, and that is that although the pro-slavery men were now in the minority the great body of the people of Kansas were not advocates of the anti-slavery movement. They simply did not want slavery to exist

among them. They were in favor of the freedom of the Territory, but not earnestly committed to the freedom of the slaves. Those who had become settled wanted the protection of the law and were not anxious for further trouble. But the young hotheads, including the men who had followed Martin Stowell and Richard Hinton from Boston, having sentimental notions of their own, wished to embark in a grand slave-freeing enterprise. Their ambition was to set in motion what was known as the Topeka Constitution, and to hurl defiance at the United States officials who were not in sympathy with them.

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This younger element had the heartiest support from the newspaper correspondents who fairly overran Kansas. Right here let me interpolate the statement that it was during the Kansas trouble that the modern American system of newspaper correspondents had its beginning. All the great journals of the land sent representatives to the scene of the conflict. James Redpath was the correspondent of the *Missouri Democrat* and the *Chicago Tribune*; William A. Phillips, afterwards a brigadier-general and Congressman, was the representative of the *New York Tribune*; Samuel F. Tap-

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pan, afterwards one of the Peace Commissioners and in charge of Indian schools, wrote fervid accounts for the *New York Times*; Richard Hinton was the able correspondent of the *Boston Herald* and afterwards of the *Chicago Tribune*; Hugh Ewing, of Pennsylvania, over the signature of "Potter," wrote for a number of Pennsylvania newspapers and also for the *New York Tribune*; Martin F. Conway sent strongly-worded letters to the *Baltimore Sun* until that newspaper became afraid to publish them in that anti-abolition city; Henry J. Kagi, who was afterwards killed at Harper's Ferry in the John Brown movement, was a correspondent of the *New York Evening Post*, and Richard Realf, the poet, who was a devoted follower of "Old Ossowattomie," wrote for a number of prominent journals in the East. These men were thinkers, and the anti-slavery movement did not suffer at their hands.

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John Brown had been watching an opportunity for carrying out a certain scheme that had long been revolving in his head, and he kept a very careful eye upon the Kansas trouble. He was a Yankee Puritan of the sternest sort; a sort of modern Covenanter,

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as it were, with all the rigid ideas of that stiff-backed creed. He had seen the mob in Boston when the negro Burns was captured, and he then and there predicted that slavery would be suppressed, but that it only could go down in bloodshed. From that time forth he never permitted himself to become interested in any work that might prevent him answering at a moment's notice what he described as "The call of the Lord." His sons went to Kansas to settle, and at once found themselves opposed by the pro-slavery people. Their father went out there to assist them, and thus it was that he found himself in a conflict between the friends of the slaves and those who would hold them in bondage. Tjhen he said: "My time has come."

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Contact with those who were actively engaged in the anti-slavery movement enabled him to judge who were the best men to aid him, and he gathered about him a party of young fellows, all hot-headed, but all earnest, and not one of them but expected to lay down his life in the furtherance of the cause he had espoused. This determined coterie consisted, besides John Brown, of John E. Cooke, Henry J. Kagi, Owen Brown, Richard Hin-

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ton, George H. Lehman, Albert A. Haslitt, a colored man named Richardson, Aaron D. Whipple, whose true name was Aaron D. Stevens, he having changed his cognomen on account of his justifiable desertion from the Union army, and one other man then said to be living in Iowa, whose name is not recalled.

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In the fall of 1857 old Brown took this devoted band of followers out of Kansas to a secluded spot in Iowa, where they were carefully instructed in a system of mountain warfare which it was supposed to subsequently conduct in the State of Virginia. The arms with which they were provided were those purchased originally by the National Kansas Free State Committee, and which, having become dead material, had fallen into the hands of George L. Stearns, of Boston, a very prominent anti-slavery man. He transferred them to John Brown with the stipulation that they were to be used for "the cause of freedom." As what I tell you springs from the mouth of Richard Hinton, I should mention here that he was not with his brethren in Iowa for the reason that Preston B. Plumb, afterwards Senator from Kansas, and himself had started

an Abolition newspaper in Emporia, Kansas, and Hinton had contracted to remain by the enterprise for a period of at least one year. He placed the matter before John Brown, and the old Puritan decided that the young English newspaper man would be doing better service for the cause by issuing the anti-slavery sheet than by drilling in the wilds of Iowa. But meanwhile Hinton was on hand at every anti-slavery convention and at every fight.

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In the latter part of 1858 John Brown came back to Kansas for a little while, and on Christmas day of that year he went into Missouri and brought out with him eleven slaves. He and his men were so vigorously pursued by United States Deputy Marshals that in Northern Kansas they were overtaken, whereupon Brown and his band turned about and captured their would-be captors and kept them prisoners until the following day. The grim idea of the man is shown by the fact that John Brown made every mother's son of those government officials go down upon his knees and pray to God for the freedom of the slaves. Brown got to Cleveland, Ohio, with the slaves still safe in his charge, and there on the public

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streets he sold the horses and wagons he had captured with them, stating how, when and where he had obtained the property. Thence he succeeded in conveying the negroes to Canada and freedom. Meanwhile in London, Kansas, he had held a convention of fugitive slaves, presided over by Martin Delaney, a colored man, and afterwards a major in the Union army. In that body was framed what was termed the Provisional Constitution of the United States.

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After the suppression of the famous Harper's Ferry outbreak, Albert Haslitt and John E. Cooke escaped and concealed themselves in the mountains of Southern Pennsylvania, but they were so closely pressed and the pursuit after them was so arduous that they were unable to obtain means of sustenance, and finally were driven by hunger into the open country at a point near the town of Chambersburg. The keenness of the search for them was whetted by a proclamation offering a thousand dollars' reward for the capture of each of them. The moment they showed their faces they were taken into custody and sent to jail in Charleston, Va., where the other captured men of the band were incarcerated.

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In some way, however, the authorities obtained the impression that Hiaslitt was William Morrison, whom they so much desired, and he not denying the accusation was made a prisoner under that name. Of the other fugitives, Frank Merriam was placed on a train at Chambersburg by James Redpath, who then telegraphed to the fugitive's friends in Boston that he was dead. This put his pursuers off the scent and Merriam succeeded in reaching Canada safely. Owen Brown, who was in charge of the remaining fugitives, Barkley Coppic, George Plummer Tidd and the colored man, Osborne P. Anderson, was concealed in the mountains, but he was so suspicious that even his friends could not get near him to render him aid. He and his companions succeeded in making their way through the lower part of Pennsylvania and thence to Brown's home in Ashtabula county, Ohio, where the people defended him and defied the authorities to place them under arrest.

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The real William Morrison, or rather the man bearing that name—he was Richard Hinton—was not at Harper's Ferry at the time of the raid, having failed to reach there in time to

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participate therein. He had almost reached that point when he read in a newspaper an account of the invasion and its failure, and he thereupon appeared in the role of a newspaper correspondent and did all in his power to aid his comrades in their escape, using for this purpose the agencies of the "Underground Railway." Subsequently he went to Boston and assisted James Redpath in the preparation of a volume entitled "The Life of John Brown," and at the same time he endeavored to organize a party to rescue Albert Haslitt—who bore his own assumed name of William Morrison—and Aaron D. Stephens, who were the only two of the eight prisoners remaining unchanged. Through the efforts chiefly of Thayer & Eldridge, the publishers of John Brown's life, the real William Morrison raised a considerable sum of money in Boston, and with that in his pocket he went to Kansas and induced Captain Montgomery, a well-known Free State leader, and fifteen men to return East with him. The band of rescuers assembled at Harrisburg, where Dr. Rutherford, a physician and a member of the Society of Friends, was taken into their confidence. Morrison left them there and went to Boston, and upon his arrival in that city and a state-

ment of the facts of the case, Thomas Wentworth Higginson and W. W. Thayer proceeded to the capital of Pennsylvania. In New York some German radicals volunteered to join the party, among them being a nephew of Prince Metternich.

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While Morrison was absent from Harrisburg various members of the band went forth in different directions to select routes for approaching the jail and for a successful retreat. One of the party, Silas Soule, went as far as Charleston, Va., disguised as an Irish laborer, a character he was well able to represent by reason of his wonderful powers of mimicry. He pretended to be drunk, and, becoming disorderly, was locked in the jail over night. While enduring this confinement and having apparently become somewhat restored to sobriety, his songs and good humor won the kind consideration and the confidence of Captain Avis, the jailer, who allowed him the freedom of the corridors and did not subject him to the rigorous confinement of a cell. During the night he succeeded in reaching the department in which Haslitt, known as Morrison, and Stevens were imprisoned, and in conveying to them the particulars of the plan about

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to be carried out to effect their release. The two prisoners in the most unmistakable terms most positively refused to permit the attempt to be made, stating that sufficient bloodshed had marked the cause and that no good could come of any efforts in their behalf. Haslitt, in order evidently to relieve the feelings of Morrison, whose name he mistakably bore, sent him word to the effect that nothing could be gained by revealing the fact that he was not the man his captors supposed him to be, because if they discovered that Morrison was not Haslitt they would still hang him under his proper name and then prosecute a vigorous search for the more active spirit whom they thought was in their hands. No argument could alter their determination. They said that if their rescuers stood without the walls of the jail they would not walk out.

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Soule returned to Harrisburg and repeated all that was told him to the confederates. A council was hurriedly called before the real Morrison returned, it being deemed advisable that whatever action should be taken should be in his absence, so that it could never be said that he was responsible for any decision that might be reached. At this time, also,

there was a heavy fall of snow, which would have added to the risk of detection in case a rescue could have been effected. Under all these circumstances it was deemed unwise and useless to make the projected attempt, and the band of rescuers reluctantly abandoned Haslitt and Stevens to their fate. A few days afterward they were hanged.

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Morrison was never captured. He moved about in the world until the other day, and no one dreamed who met him that the records of the courts of Virginia show that he was hanged by the neck until he was dead for participating in John Brown's invasion of the Old Dominion.

Under another but his real name, he organized the first troop of colored soldiers who did battle in their own behalf, and he himself was colonel of that regiment.

And his name was Richard Hinton.

The Ker Fighters.

The serious illness of Captain Wm. W. Ker brings to mind a family of fighters.

They were all born so.

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He did his best to free Cuba of the Spanish yoke, before the American folks did so. His record in the Union army is an enviable one. He and three brothers volunteered in the war of the rebellion. None of them was less than six feet in height.

Edward, the youngest, went forth to meet the foe—he was then a mere stripling—with General Geary, but his father had him discharged on account of his tender years. Finding, however, that he would be unable to keep the boy at school, he and the elder brother, Richard, enrolled themselves in Colonel Heenan's regiment, the One Hundred and Sixteenth Pennsylvania Volunteers, it being expected that the friendship of the commanding officer would insure them promotion. It came for Edward at the second battle of Fredericksburg, when a companion saw him throw up his arms, as a rebel bullet gave vent to his life blood. He was but 17 years of age when killed. His body was never recovered.

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William W. Ker, once one of the law officers of the city, and at one time suspected by the Spaniards of being at heart a Cuban filibuster, when not quite 20 years of age became, on May 5, 1861, a private in Company F, Twenty-

seventh Pennsylvania Volunteers, and served actively through the war, rising to the rank of captain.

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George J. Ker, the eldest brother, entered the same regiment, but was subsequently transferred to the Fifth Pennsylvania Cavalry, in which he rose to be captain. Near Richmond he was shot in one arm, but he continued to engage in the hand-to-hand conflict that was raging until he was shot in the head and had to be carried to the rear. General Butler complimented his bravery in special orders and presented him with a sword. As a result of his wounds his entire right side became paralyzed. Shortly after meeting with this misfortune a general order was issued that all soldiers incapacitated for active duty should be at once dismissed from the army. George Ker said that he would not be cast aside like a worthless hulk. He quickly had made an apparatus intended to meet the exigencies of his condition, and by which he could be strapped to his horse. Fastened in this unheard-of manner on his charger, he joined his regiment, to the amazement of all who saw him, and he was afterward referred to in tones of wonderment as the "Paralyzed Captain."

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Strapped to his steed, and made a portion of it, like a veritable Centaur, he galloped after Lee through a long campaign and was present at the surrender. The paralysis finally extended to his lungs, and shortly after the close of the war he died. One day before he breathed his last he was commissioned a regular officer in the United States army. The document that would have revived his fading sight arrived at his home in this city just after the last breath had escaped his body, and it was William Ker's painful duty to reply: "Captain Ker has just died."
Of such stuff were the Ker boys made.

Five Sons for the Union

Now, as a sequel to the Ker story:
Once in the old-time Commonwealth Club in Philadelphia, Governor Curtin was asked a question which led to his quickly reviewing, without apparent mental effort, the military careers of the young soldiers of the civil war, recalling the name of every family in Pennsylvania which sent two or more members into the army. This happened nearly a quarter of a century after rebellion had ceased. He spoke of the Ker family sending four

brothers into the Pennsylvania Volunteer regiments, two of whom were killed, and added, while his face lightened with the recollection: "I knew one Pennsylvania father who had eight sons fighting at the same time for the Union. The saddest case of all that I recall, however, was that of a father who had five sons in our armies and lost them all." In his entertaining way Governor Curtin then related one of the most pathetic stories that ever fell upon the ears of a listener.

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A Lycoming county farmer, blessed by the possession of broad acres and fat cattle and fatter cash account, had given his five sons—more precious than all else beside—that the Union might be preserved. His name was Rankin. His wife was dead and the boys were his only solace. But when war against his country was declared he felt as did Volunmia, the mother of Coriolanus, when she said: "Had I a dozen sons, each in my love alike, I would rather have eleven die nobly for their country than one voluptuously surfeit out of action." So the Rankin boys went to confront grim-visaged war. The life blood of two of them made more fertile the rank

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growth of the Peninsula, and their bodies lay unclaimed amid the thousands who had gone down in the shock of battle. The bowed but not broken father came to the Governor's office in Harrisburg with his tale of woe. Andrew Curtin never turned a deaf ear to such as he. He said: "You are too old a man to go after your son's bodies. I will send a messenger for them, and you can rest assured that you will be enabled to give them burial."

And this was done.

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After the second battle of Manassas the aged farmer again entered the Executive Chamber, and without a word seated himself. The Governor recognized him at once and thought: "Can it be that this old man has been afflicted again?" He bade him approach. The visitor's voice was broken, but his tears did not fall. "Governor, another of them is gone!" For a moment Mr. Curtin could not speak. He silently wrung the horny hand of the despoiled father. When he found voice he said: "You must not go. I will send for him. You shall see him again."

And this was done.

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When the news of the battle of Gettysburg reached Harrisburg Governor Curtin traveled rapidly across country and viewed that memorable conflict. After its conclusion he returned to Harrisburg, and was seated late at night in his room, when again Rankin entered without a word and silently seated himself upon a chair. "My God," thought Mr. Curtin, "it cannot be that the blow has fallen upon this old man again!" He could not bring himself to ask the question, and for fully fifteen minutes—as he told the writer the tale—the two men sat in that room, their heads upon their hands, and neither uttered a word. At last the old man said, as he steadied his voice: "Governor, the other two have gone."

"The other two! This is terrible!"

"Yes, Governor, the other two. They have taken them all."

He wished a pass to enter the lines that he might bring home his silent sons. "You are too old," said the anguished Governor. "I will send for them and they shall be taken home."

And this was done.

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After Governor Curtin had returned to this country at the close of his five years' residence

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at the court of Russia, he was in Philadelphia when it was intimated to him that Mr. Rankin, who was still alive, would be highly delighted if his benefactor would pay him a visit when the ex-Minister was on his way to his home in Centre county. Mr. Curtin said that he would comply with the wish, and when he reached the railroad station nearest to the Lycoming county farmer's home he found the old man waiting for him with a carriage. That evening the people of the surrounding country at Mr. Rankin's bidding flocked to do honor to the ex-Governor. The next morning, after partaking of a breakfast such as only a Pennsylvania farm house can produce, the aged agriculturist invited Mr. Curtin to join him in a walk. He led the way to a wooden knoll near the house, and atop of which was a beautifully sodded enclosure surrounded by an iron railing. Within were five mounds and five headstones. The old man pointed towards them and simply said: "Governor, there they lie." Both men bowed their heads and neither uttered a word. Within a few moments Rankin turned away with a cheery remark about the surrounding country, and from that moment, during the two days' festivities which succeeded Mr. Curtin's ar-

rival, the desolate father never again referred to his sleeping sons.

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Ambassador Choate and the State Portfolio

Talk about Ambassador Choate and the State Portfolio seems to have ceased.

A bright mind; mighty bright.

A brief story will simplify his mental quickness:

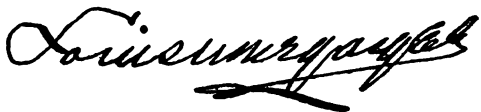
While seated in the inner sanctum of his law offices, in New York City, one of the outer rooms was invaded by a very rich and very fat, pomopus merchant; one of the earth earthy; one of those infatuated beings who imagine money is the make-all. He happened by some accident of marriage to be a relative of the highly revered Bishop Potter, of the Episcopalian Diocese of New York. He was in a hurry. Mr. Choate was very busy poring over some legal papers. It does not require much red tape to reach him, and the fat man was ushered into the private office promptly. Hearing the noise made by the entrance of a visitor, Mr. Choate, without raising his head from the papers he was studying, said quickly

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but pleasantly: "Take a chair; take a chair." The merchant, whose visage became at once of an apoplectic tinge, not being used to such undignified treatment, said hotly: "Mr. Choate, you are probably not aware that I am a close relative of Bishop Potter."

"Take two chairs; take two chairs," said Mr. Choate quickly, without lifting his eyes from the paper he was perusing.

Without exception Choate is the best after-dinner talker living. His witticisms ripple from his lips with the murmur and naturalness of a springtime brook.





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